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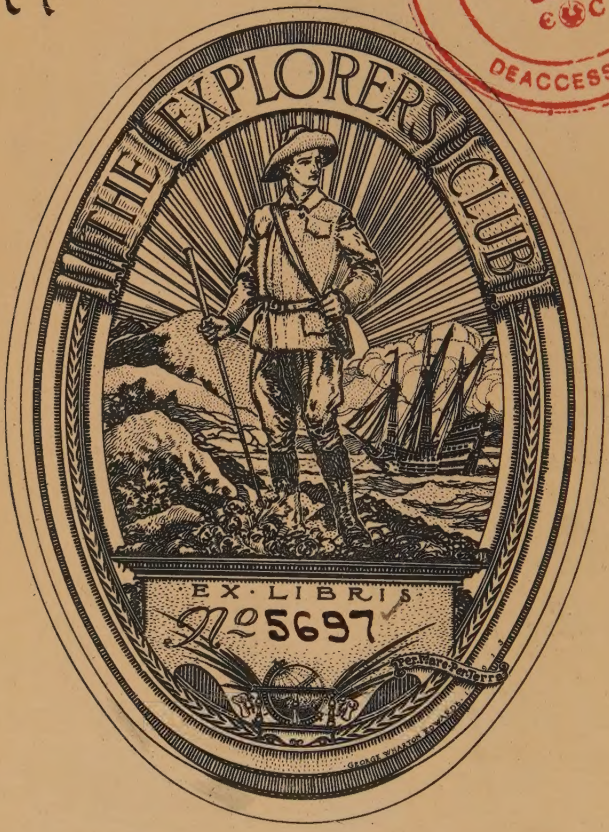

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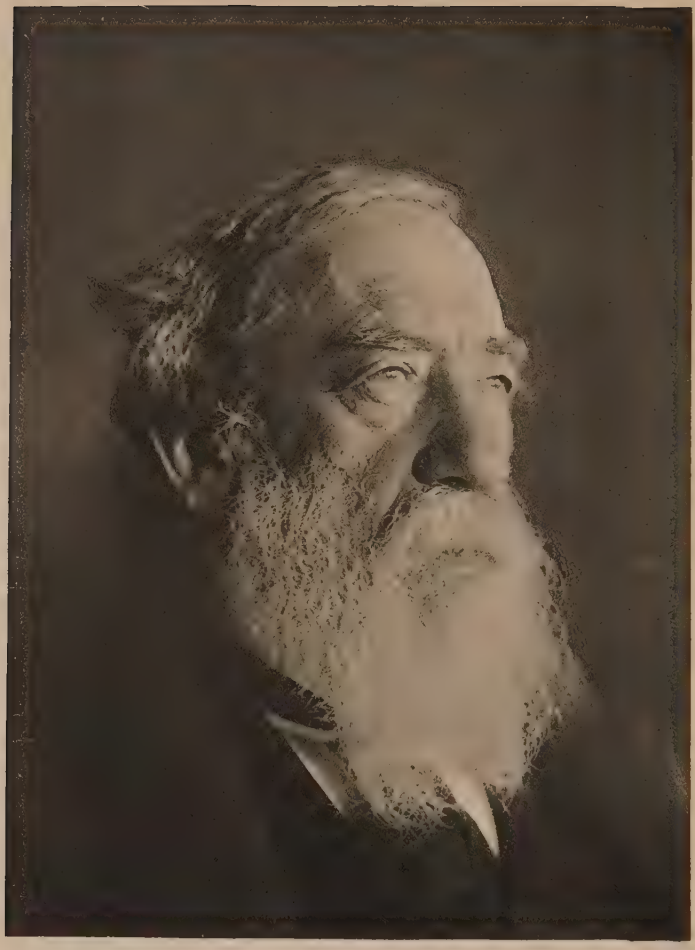
Moncure D. Conway

MY PILGRIMAGE TO THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST



Moncure D. Conway

MY PILGRIMAGE TO THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST

BY

MONCURE DANIEL CONWAY

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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MY PILGRIMAGE TO THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST

PROLEGOMENA

AMID the fantastic Apocryphal fables one poetic tale has found its way into the Arabic Gospel of the Infancy.

"And it came to pass when Jesus the Lord was born at Bethlehem of Judah, in the time of Herod the King, behold Wise Men came from the East to Jerusalem, as Zoroaster had predicted: and they had with them gifts, gold, incense, and myrrh; and they worshipped him and offered unto him their gifts. Then lady Mary took one of his swaddling bands and gave it to them as a little reward, and they received it from her with great honour. And the same hour there appeared unto them an angel in the form of the star which had been the guide of their way before; and following the leading of its light they departed into their own country.

"And there the kings and their princes came to them asking what they had seen or done, how they had gone and returned, what they had brought with them. And they showed them the swaddling band which lady Mary had given them; wherefore they celebrated a festival, and kindled fire according to their custom and worshipped it, and cast the swaddling band into it, and the fire seized it and absorbed it into itself. But when the fire went out, they drew forth the swaddling band just as it was at first, as if the fire had not touched it. Therefore they began to

kiss it, and to place it on their heads and eyes, saying, Verily this is undoubted truth; it is indeed a great thing that the fire could not burn nor destroy it. They took it thence and with the greatest honour deposited it among their treasures."

It is evident from the context that this little tale has been inserted from some foreign source. The next sentence begins, "Now when Herod saw that the Wise Men had departed and not returned to him," but nothing is said of their having seen Herod at all. Their star-angel is Zoroaster himself, who shines through this legend of primitive pilgrims from Persia treasuring even the smallest new truth which their flame could absorb but not consume.

I have dreamed of missionaries travelling to the East as if returning this visit of the Wise Men: they say, "Show us, O elder brothers, the swaddling band your fire could not consume, that we may press it to our eyes and lips; for the bands borne west are consumed!"

It was in studying the Oriental books in my youth that I learned that in all the earth were growing the flowers and fruits of the human heart, concerning which one Wise Man said, "Keep thy heart above all that thou guardest; for out of it are the issues of life."

On May 1, 1859, I preached in Cincinnati a discourse on "East and West," my text being, "The night is far spent, the day is at hand; let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armor of light." It was at the first assembling of the congregation after nearly half of them had left us to found a new Unitarian society, "The Church of the Redeemer." Along with my personal distress at parting with so many friends who could not follow me in my repudiation of Supernatural-

ism, I still felt a sort of relief in having no further need for compromise with the Past. All the rationalists of the city had crowded to my side; and in the enthusiasm of a crisis I said: —

"The sun of civilization rose in the East, and ever journeys Westward. And it is not a fancy, but a fact, that Humanity, as much as the earth, is divided into night and day — historically, East and West. What is the difference of night and day? One is the time for dreams, the other for realities; one has visions, the other actualities. Let us not undervalue the Night out of which our race has emerged; it was a healthful and beautiful slumber which it found there, and by which it was made strong for the day of toil which awaited it. Sciolists speak of the 'dark ages,' as if darkness were the sole characteristic of those times. I tell you glorious stars shone, and splendid worlds rolled on their orbits of light, in that primal darkness. It was a time of dreams, indeed, but they were dreams which the Earth exists and toils to carve into reality. It was the mission of that Oriental world to dream, and it fulfilled its mission grandly: it dreamed out an Eden, a Golden Age; it caught the perfect vision which is bequeathed to our Day under the name of Christianity. We may safely judge this childhood of the world by the phenomena of our own individual childhood; you know that in our childhood we are not practical, but build air castles, yet a true manhood will follow youth's visions. So the Orient achieved no great practical works; its Edens and Ages of Gold fade into poems under the analysis of history. These grandeurs were the rearing of that skilful architect, Imagination, out of very insignificant materials. But there came a time of waning. Visions and speculations grew

fainter and fainter; the moon and the stars were paling in the sky. No prophet could add another tint to the lunar rainbow, which hovered with mystic light over the young world, but could only tell of golden treasures which the future was to find at the rainbow's end. The East had given its message to the world, and must retire."

The doctrinaire provincialism of that discourse is excusable in part by my youth, which was disproportionate to my twenty-seven years, but still more by the exaltation in which American reformers were all living before War came to show that our idealized New World was to repeat and intensify the brutal régime of Europe. After the terrible decade I published (1870) "The Earthward Pilgrimage." I allowed the work to go out of print, when it was having a fair sale, because some of its statements no longer satisfied me. At the request of the Rationalist Press Association in London I recently revised the volume to find if the publication might not be made with supplementary notes, but conclude that the task is impossible.

In reporting "how I left the world to come for that which is," my criticisms on the abandoned dogmas and delusions do not seem unfair, but the world into which I entreated people to follow me is not "that which is," but a mirage of the "Celestial City" thrown by Transcendentalism on the horizon of the world. Millennial dreams survive in my necessitarian "progress," my deity is still dynamic and external, the "collectivist" superstition of some divinity in masses of men lingers; and, worst of all, there pervades the book the fatal fallacy that evil is good in the making.

There are indeed many pages which in an empirical way, or by implication, are inconsistent with the errors, as

I now deem them; and I am reminded by the first chapter of "The Earthward Pilgrimage" of my consciousness of being far from any shrine in the direction I was travelling. "There came to me one who spoke with a voice not to be disobeyed. He laid on me a burden, and gave me a shield called Truth, and said: 'Henceforth thou shalt be a pilgrim. From a world believing in the incredible, adoring where it should abhor, thou shalt depart never to return. *Whither*, shall be opened to thee as thou shalt journey; *whence*, is already plain.'" The concluding pages of that first chapter, written on the threshold of my new world, may fairly preface the present work, originally prepared as a part of my Autobiography: —

"The Interpreter lit his candle and said: 'Do you remember the picture I formerly showed you, in a private room, of a very grave person?' 'I do, indeed,' I said; 'and this was the fashion of it; it had eyes lifted up to heaven, the best of books in its hand, the law of truth was written upon its lips, the world was behind its back, it stood as if it pleaded with men, and a crown of gold did hang over its head.' 'That picture,' he said, 'gradually became so dingy, that once, when an old artist came hither, I accepted his offer to clean and retouch it; you shall see it as he left it.' On entering the well-known room, I saw that the portrait had been changed in several particulars. The grave person's eyes now looked downward; the book, partially closed, was placed on one side; and the world, which had been behind, was now immediately under his eyes, and covered with inscriptions; the crown of gold suspended over his head had changed to luminous dust. When I asked the meaning of this change, the Interpreter said: 'I will show you a new scene commanded by this house, which will unfold the significance

of the picture.' Thereupon, he took me to the top of the house, from which could be seen the two rival cities. What was my surprise to see a dark cloud gathered over the City of Otherworldliness, with lightnings flashing from it, while over the so-called City of Destruction shone a beautiful rainbow! 'Thus,' said the Interpreter, 'that which exalteth itself must be abased, and that which humbleth itself shall be exalted. The city which, from being the domain of the lowly friend of man, the carpenter's son, has been given over to those who care more for bishoprics and fine livings than for mankind, has become the City of Destruction; while that which has cared rather for man whom it can, than for God whom it cannot, benefit, has become the City of Humanity, which shall endure for ever.'

"The Interpreter then said that, as there were unhappily few pilgrims as yet going in my direction, he would be able to accompany me on a part of the way. I was not so near, he said, as I might suppose. 'That great metropolis which you see is not the city you seek; it is Bothworldsburg, and, though commercially connected with the City of Humanity, owns allegiance to the Prince of Otherworldliness, whose powerful agencies therein are marked by its spires. Its inhabitants pass six sevenths of their time in this world, and during the other seventh pray to their Prince, and protest louldly against taking any thought at all for this life. The confines of Bothworldsburg blend with those of the City of Humanity, which you can hardly trace out from here, and, indeed, may have some difficulty in finding. You must go through the tedious paths of Study, Reality, and Devotion, and when you arrive at the suburbs you will still have to be a pilgrim amid many nights and days before you reach the heart of the city.

After arriving there, you will be left a good deal to your own guidance: the inhabitants are very busy; they do not sit on purple clouds blowing golden trumpets. The only prayer to the Lord of that city is work; the only praise is virtue. Its treasures are not obvious, but in hard ores. You will find the pavements golden only when you can transmute them to gold; and only if you have found a pearl to carry in your own breast will its gates become pearl.'"

When a mind starts out under the impulse of a religious sentiment in a direction radically different from that in which it had been trained, it is not a revolution but an evolution that is begun. The important thing is not this or that incident of experience, but the new way of looking at things. Assuming that such a mind would not break with its Past, its circle of sympathies and friendships, except for loyalty to truth, and consequently not bend the commanding facts to suit personal prejudices or interests, it can hardly fail to find that it undergoes a new birth. It then follows steadily that its whole mental environment must become new, — even as an early apostle discovered that in Christ neither circumcision nor uncircumcision availed anything, but a new creation. Thus my whole little world of conceptions must be revised from a new standpoint.

How many books are to be found which deal with the mental and moral facts of human life without prejudice and without estimating them by some traditional standard or authority? How many travellers have told me about Eastern and Oriental religions, — about Catholics, Mormons, Jews, or "Pagan" systems, — without merely measuring them by their remoteness from or proximity to their own particular beliefs? How many can tell me, — without any thought whatever about what they think good

for those foreign "souls," — exactly what fruits of simple human happiness those trees are bearing for individual hearts and homes?

When one ceases to regard mankind as masses rushing into prætternatural heavens and hells, the torments or joys of human beings in this world become of supreme importance.

Intellectually we all necessarily stand on the shoulders of the Past, but here too the revision must determine whether our stand is on real or unreal shoulders. With far less learning than the great writers on Buddha, Zoroaster, Solomon, Jesus, I was compelled to bring on them the searchlight of my simple earthly point of view, apart from all academic or theological interpretations, whether of their worshippers or their antagonists.

In 1882 an invitation was received by me to give lectures in Australia. Two eminent gentlemen of Melbourne, Robert J. Jeffray and Henry G. Turner, who on occasional visits to London had attended my chapel, volunteered to make arrangements for the lectures; my South Place people were content that after nearly twenty years in their service I should enjoy a voyage round the world, lecturers being at hand to take my place; my wife, whose mother (beloved of all who knew her) was able to stay with her, decided that I should go; and so, after being honoured by our fellow-villagers of Bedford Park with a dinner, I found myself — July 21, 1883 — on the ship Arizona bound for New York.

I have always been healthy and happy at sea, but on that beautiful July day when we passed out of land there rolled from my shoulders a burden of which I had been hardly more conscious than of the weight of the atmosphere. Since my youth a public teacher, in the stormy

life-voyage of more than thirty years I had been as one of the crew always under orders, and with but few intervals wherein I could enjoy the easy chair of a passenger and be myself a learner instead of a preacher. And now at fifty, having reached the conscious need of revising my beliefs and taking stock of my ideas, — lo, here shone my splendour of opportunity!

In one of my early years I became curious about the infinitesimal world, and, providing myself with a microscope and some books on that study, was sufficiently interested to begin an essay which I called "The Circumnavigation of a Dew-drop." But I did not get far. The dew-drop was too deep for me. Out of it swarmed surmises about the origin of life, the development of forms, and the moral mysteries of infusorial combats and cannibalism. For such problems I had no competency; and as for the physical revelations of the microscope, I could only recite the discoveries of scientific investigators. And in the great globe which I was to circumnavigate, how little had I seen except through the eyes and lenses of others!

So it might continue in matters of large import, — the physical, political, commercial conditions of the countries through which I was to travel. Grateful am I to sit at the feet of any master, and nothing could give me more happiness than to find a master in the field to which the energies of my life have been given, — religion and religions.

But herein my researches and experiences gradually developed eyes of my own. Whether they are strong or feeble, exact or inexact, they are my own organically, my only ones; and if they cannot weigh the full value of what they see there is always the hope that others will derive from a truthful report some contribution to knowledge, — if only an example of visual perversity!

A company of gentlemen travelling in a far country — savants, artists, writers — casually met together after they had travelled over the same road, and talked about what they had observed. One had added some rare specimens to his collection of butterflies, but could not recall the exquisite landscapes of which an artist had sketches; nor had either noticed the peasants photographed by the anthropologist; and none of those remembered seeing a wondrous mirage which had been observed by another of the company. While they were exchanging their interesting observations, in no case the same, a child passed by with a fragment of yellow-tinted stone in its hand; a geologist present examined the stone, saw gold in it, was guided by the child to the spot where it was found, and the company formed themselves into a syndicate to buy up a new gold district.

Each of us has his own experiences, his particular training of cares and trials, a personal history combined with his individuality; each of us sees really only what he has a mind (of his own) to see. Even impressions that some thought childish have proved to be of equal importance with the most imposing phenomena.

I sat on the deck of the Arizona and read a wonderful work — "The Undiscovered Country," by W. D. Howells. It would have brought joy to Shakespeare had he foreseen that words of his own would make the title of a book so veined with poetry and wisdom. "Wisdom" is a word one connects with a man or a book less frequently as one grows older; but it is surely a secret of Wisdom to see the romance of our time while it is passing. It is easy to recognize the fairyland of our childhood when it is irrevocably lost, easy to recognize the romance of foregoing generations when it has written itself in events and

contrasts: but who will rehearse the romance of the hour that is shining? In this novel Howells takes up the superstitions grouped under the name of Spiritualism, shows us the depth of human tenderness to which this despised thing appeals, reveals the religious sentiment that plays into the hands of impostors.

In a sense, the whole world is mainly an undiscovered country. Ancient Spiritisms, systematized and grown respectable, hide the realities under veils of fable embroidered by poetry and art. Naked truth is ashamed. And there is pathos in this. Had the real earth been sweet and maternal, mankind would not have woven for it those veils lustrous with loves and graces, angels and madonnas. Through rents in the veils made by science the reality revealed in glimpses is so cold and hard that even the disillusioned must use the illusions (quasi-pathologically) for their urgent effects. In Howells's novel the two Harvard scholars detect the lovely "medium," but are disarmed, and even made virtual accomplices, when they discover that she is there alone in mortal combat for the life of her father, saved from fatal despair by her pretended messages from his dead wife. The sympathetic youths represent all scientific sceptics in their tenderness for the illusions that are happy. Bigotry is not so tender, but eager to reduce to tatters all veils but its own, especially if the others are pretty.

Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner. In an undiscovered world we do now and then, fortunately, discover each other — individually — and especially when out of our habitat. On the Arizona the famous Catholic, Monseigneur Capel, took evident pleasure in promenading with an eminent Jewish writer; an evangelist going out to assist revivalist Moody chatted pleasantly with the

accomplished actress, Georgie Cayvan, without warning her that on the stage she was charming crowds to hell. A Baltimore Doctor of Divinity, aware of my heresies, conversed with me without the least "holier-than-thou" accent. In a vision I saw the Catholic Monseigneur leap at the Jew's throat, and the Doctor of Divinity preparing a stake — the evangelist bringing faggots and fire — for my poor heretical self. But Steam is a comrade of Latitudinarianism. The ancient persecutors never experienced long voyages away from their conventicles, with non-elect companies and schismatics, through fogs, near icebergs, amid ocean wastes, with only a thin partition separating them and their opponents from a common abyss.

Goethe said to a friend that he believed in immortality but did not wish to enjoy it with the people who believe in it here. Could we all content ourselves with one world at a time we could fraternize on our planet as on a larger ship floating through space, its passengers races and nations, all eager to get at each other's wit and wisdom; even as at an entertainment on the Arizona our orthodox Doctor of Divinity, in presiding, invited the Jew, the Catholic, the actress, and the heretic to amuse the company, — invited us with a cordiality which gave mystical significance to his opening words: "We feel secure on this ship, thanks to the heavenly Father; but on some other ships people are not so safe!"

Ah, if this amiable Doctor of Divinity could only attain to the idea of a heavenly Father watching as vigilantly and lovingly over the Buddhist ship, — the Brahman, Moslem, Parsî, Confucian ships, — as over the "Ship of Zion" bearing him and his co-religionists! the sun to rise on them, the winds to waft, the waves to support them! It seems that Protestantism, the religion of the most

powerful race, has become the only one that excludes any human being from the paternal care of its deity. The Roman Catholic Church has so universalized its Purgatory that the doctrine of an eternal hell has virtually diminished into an antiquated phrase. Parsîsm even in the time of Zoroaster prophesied the conversion of Ahriman, as Judaism did that of Leviathan. Educated Christians do not believe in the old hell, nor in the eternity of any kind of misery, but the tenacity with which they maintain the old terrors in catechism and creed proves that their "religion" does not aim or hope for a happy earth. Happiness is reserved for another world.

But has not this world as much right to happiness as any other? Unhappiness is the root of all evil. From it springs meanness, vice, crime, bitterness, injustice. Happiness is the sacred spirit, the mother of virtues. What imaginable function has religion except to promote human happiness? If there be a universal Heart it suffers from every human sigh and tear, it bleeds with every falling sparrow, it "answereth man in the joy of his heart."

CHAPTER I

The Cult of Patriotism — Robert G. Ingersoll — A black mark on the Declaration of Independence — Pilgrimages to Virginia — The original aborigines — The first church in North America — Cruelties of colonization — Christmas reunions of revolutionary veterans — A Song of Seventy-six — Mary Washington — Seamy side of the Revolution.

AS we were entering New York harbour one of the wealthiest Americans came out on his fine steam-yacht and carried off his returning son. This young man had been such a genial and unpretending comrade on our voyage that it was only when we were approaching the figure of Liberty that her torch enlightened us as to her remoteness from Equality, the lesson being further impressed upon us — the millionless and yachtless — by our slow progress through the Customs.

But the inequality created by pecuniary conditions is not all to the advantage of the millionaire. The comparatively impecunious are sure to invest him, without respect to his merits or demerits, with an unpleasing reputation. I never met this millionaire, but was told by honourable and well-informed business men that he was an irreproachable domestic character, not luxurious or self-indulgent, forbearing and generous towards those with whom he had dealings, and that like Dives in the parable he was popularly consigned to a bad place simply because he was rich.

In New York my two sons, who had settled there, had made pleasant plans for me, and I remained long enough to meet eminent men; among them John Jay, Cyrus

Field, William and Joseph Choate, Whitelaw Reid, Evarts, Stedman, Youmans, Godkin, Gilder, Charles A. Dana, Randolph Robinson, Horace White. I found them all optimists in their view of public affairs. North and South were now hand in hand, they said, and municipal corruption in New York nearly at an end.

At that time the Jingo did not exist in America: in Europe one might occasionally meet countrymen who paid tribute for passing most of their time abroad by loud encomiums of everything in America and disparagement of "the Old World." One of these, a cultured gentleman from Massachusetts, a bachelor of some wealth, passed his time with literary men and artists in Europe. Once when we were dining together in Paris he broke out with denunciations of Europe as a century behind America, and I said, "My friend, I have been meeting you, and always gladly, for twenty-five years, but never in America. It is always in London, Paris, or in Rome. Even when I have been occasionally in Boston and have inquired for you, they have reported you in Europe. How can you bear to absent yourself from that perfect country?" After a few moments he whispered: "The fault is not in America, but in me; I am not good enough to live in America!"

For myself, it was at a moment when I was not warlike enough for America, as related in my Autobiography, that I was transplanted to London. Always retaining my American citizenship, I yet could not conceive of a country as lovable apart from the people in it. There survives in us the instinct that leads a bird to brood on its eggs; but as it is not supposable that the bird has any maternal sentiment towards an egg, it seems hardly natural that any enthusiasm should arise in a nation for the inanimate

materials out of which its population is produced. In early youth I was possessed by a passionate love of Virginia because the State was personified as the fair "Mother of States and of Statesmen," and was denounced by Northern people because of Slavery, — which had become our new religion. When I gave up that religion I was able to analyze "patriotism," and recognize that it was largely a cult. An ancient Persian said, "Diversities of religion have divided the world into seventy-two nations." Our proslavery religion endeavoured to add another. So soon as the gods mingle in human discussions soul is sundered from soul. The story of Babel looks like a poetic fable by which some primitive sceptic conveyed his theory that mankind worked together harmoniously to build up civilization, but when they reached a point where disputes about gods arose they could no longer understand each other, and all their achievement went to ruin. Each builder surrounded his god with some "sacred soil" and defensive frontiers, and when he had persuaded or tempted others to join him, and others had been compelled to come in, the cult of "patriotism" arose. All enthusiasm for one's country not based on the wise and just men and women in it, and the freedom and happiness of its inhabitants, is of artificial cultivation. And for that very reason patriotism, in this egoistic sense, is able to overpower natural instincts and emotions; just as a religious cult in all time has shown its power to train men to worship and fight for cruel deities whom their unsophisticated sentiment would abhor.

The natural evolution of patriotism would be to consider it as the expansion of the family sentiment. It is not an egoistic but an unselfish feeling which causes us to be especially concerned with that which is within our reach,

and for which we are to some extent responsible. A child run over at my door, or a murder near my residence, produces a more profound emotion in me than the destruction of multitudes in some distant land. It is an artificial patriotism which leads men to national expansions dictated by pride, and it is also a subversive patriotism when it leads to aggressions for the sake of any national interest. The gentlemen whom I have mentioned as having met in New York, some of my early friends, had like myself memories of the years when as boys we lit patriotic bonfires for our country's criminal victories over Mexico; we remembered well the glories gained by our flag by the massacres of our poor aborigines; and how patriotism had summoned us to run with the bloodhounds to hunt men and women escaping from slavery and return them to bondage. It could not occur to any of them that in a few years that same kind of patriotism would summon us to rejoice in a repetition on Spain of the outrage on Mexico, or to be elated when, after freeing four millions of coloured people, we should proceed to purchase ten millions of them, and slay and torture them into submission. Still less could any of us imagine that the artificial cultivation and cult of flag-worship could blind our nation as a whole to the monstrous absurdity that we should assume control over any foreign — especially any coloured — race when we are unable to protect our own negro citizens from being freely slain and even burned alive.

It was inevitable that an old student of literature and art should estimate a country by its great men and women, — thinkers, writers, artists, — to whom he could look up. Many of those at whose feet I had sat in America were dead, and American art was to such an extent transplanted to Europe that it was difficult to set

my native land above England and France; but it seemed a sufficient compensation for the loss of the high peaks if the plains were smiling with fine harvests. I was assured by good observers that the American people were receiving better wages and living in happier homes than the masses of any other country, that they were being educated, and there must spring up a race of thinkers greater than our lost masters.

It was a stage in my pilgrimage to visit in his handsome mansion in New York a man who had for some time appeared to me the most striking figure in religious America, — Robert G. Ingersoll. Many years before a young relative of my wife, William Jenckes, had sent me to London a book on "The Gods," apparently made up of occasional addresses by Ingersoll. He was then styled Colonel Ingersoll because of his services in the Union War, and he had also been a member of Congress. In one of these lectures he had said, "An honest God is the noblest work of man," which became a sort of Western proverb. In 1881, being on a visit to Boston, my wife and I found ourselves in the Parker House with the Ingersolls, and went over to Charlestown to hear him lecture. His subject was "The Mistakes of Moses," and it was a memorable experience. Our lost leaders, — Emerson, Thoreau, Theodore Parker, — who had really spoken to disciples rather than to the nation, seemed to have contributed something to form this organ by which their voice could reach the people. Every variety of power was in this orator, — logic and poetry, humour and imagination, simplicity and dramatic art, moral earnestness and boundless sympathy. The wonderful power which Washington's attorney-general, Edmund Randolph, ascribed to Thomas Paine of insinuating his ideas equally into learned and

unlearned had passed from Paine's pen to Ingersoll's tongue. The effect on the people was indescribable. The large theatre was crowded from pit to dome. The people were carried from plaudits of his argument to loud laughter at his humorous sentences, and his flexible voice carried the sympathies of the assembly with it, at times moving them to tears by his pathos.

That which especially attracted me in Ingersoll's lectures and pamphlets was that his affirmations were conveyed by negations. My friend and relative, Moncure Robinson, Sr., of Philadelphia, recognized the great power of Ingersoll, but deplored its being used to pull down without building up. But I found that what my venerable friend was thinking of was not the destruction of dogmas or of creeds, but his feeling that churches were valuable institutions, and that Ingersoll did not even attempt to found any institution that could assist in the spiritual culture and charities of which families had need. But I felt that this was the only kind of work that could be done really by free thought. Were it to build up any institution it might be founded on scientific doctrines necessarily transient, and imitate the pious habit by fortifying and defending some particular form of unbelief.

The perfect freedom of Ingersoll's mind was often illustrated in his lecture; as for instance, after having cited from the Bible some narrative of terrible cruelty ascribed to the command of Jehovah, he paused for nearly a minute, then lifting his hand and looking upward he said solemnly, "I trust that God, if there be a God, will take notice that I am down here on earth denouncing this libel on his character."

The country was full of incidents and anecdotes relating to these marvellous lectures. Once when he was lectur-

ing at San Francisco on a Sunday evening in a crowded theatre, some man in the audience cried, "Do you believe in baptism?" Ingersoll replied good-naturedly, "Yes,— especially with soap!"

Long before his reputation as a free thinker was made he was noted in the West for his great ability in defending persons in danger of injustice. George Hoadly, former governor of Ohio, told me that on one occasion he defended an humble man charged with manslaughter, which had occurred in some broil. Ingersoll came into court and after listening to the prosecution arose and said, "On my way to this room I stopped at the house of a poor woman. She had been confined while her husband was in prison — the prisoner at the bar. The woman lay on her bed with the infant beside her, and with tears in her eyes she said to me, 'Send me back my husband; he is a good husband, a good father, an industrious man. Oh, send me back my husband!'" There was a moment's silence after Ingersoll said this in his tender voice, and then one of the jury cried out, "By God, Bob, we'll do it!"

Ingersoll never started out in life to be a leader of free thought. He was a very able lawyer, and by his profession gained reputation and wealth; his religious iconoclasm was incidental. In his experience in many States he saw much of the provincial narrowness and intolerance arising from what he considered superstition, and now and then in the intervals of the court sittings he would speak to small clubs of secularists or admirers of Thomas Paine; these addresses found their way to the public and excited pulpit denunciations, and as he was always ready to answer, his audiences swelled until it was difficult to get a seat in the always crowded theatres.

There was nothing of the scoffer about Ingersoll; he did not fling epithets, but argued his case before the crowd as if they were judges and jurymen. In all the lectures of his which I have heard I remarked the chastity of his mind and speech. Even at the cost of a strong point he would avoid dwelling on biblical details which he thought obscene. Of course he did not fail to assert that there were such passages, and in answer to clergymen contending that morality depended on the Bible, Ingersoll said, "I will give any respectable clergyman a thousand dollars if he will read to his congregation on Sunday every word of a chapter I shall select from the Bible." This challenge was of course not accepted, and it was a blow all the more effective because of the orator's always unblemished personal character and his charities.

There were several months during which an ailment of the throat prevented Ingersoll from speaking in public. Curiosity and interest in the South led me to an assembly in Brooklyn met to welcome a Southern revivalist, — Rev. Sam Jones, — who said in his address, "The only way with infidels is to stop their talking; a touch on the throat of Ingersoll" — a burst of laughter from the preachers present ended the sentence. It was something like the scene in Lucian where the gods descend to attend invisibly a debate on their own existence between two Athenians. The atheist getting the better of the argument, the champion of the gods breaks out with personal vituperation, much to the delight of Zeus, who says, "That is the way! when you try to argue you are dumb as a fish!" There being no possibility of personal abuse in Ingersoll's case, this revivalist suggests to Jupiter the only method by which the great lawyer's arguments could be met, — strangulation. But meanwhile Ingersoll in his

[*Letter from Robert G. Ingersoll*]

20 Nassau St
New York

July 14. 92

My dear M. Conway

I will send
the address to
your friend in
Tasmania —
I am glad
that your book

about Paine is
such a mess.
In the next
North Am Review
will appear an
article from
me about Thomas
Paine and
you look
Yours
R G Ingersoll

enforced repose was preparing, and was presently delivering, lectures more formidable than ever.

I was somewhat amused by Mrs. Farrell, who in her boundless devotion to her brother confided to me that she had remarked that "every public speaker who had defamed Robert had somehow come to a bad end." No doubt this lady, a very *spirituelle* and attractive freethinker, has in her mind some chain of cause and effect in the phenomena, — of which she mentioned several examples, — but it recalled the widespread feeling of Thomas Paine's comrades, that his many escapes from imminent death were somehow providential. But there is no doubt whatever about the special providence that surrounded Ingersoll in his own home. As at Harvard Divinity School we used the title of Professor Andrews Norton's book and described his daughters as the "Evidences of Christianity," the happy faces of those lovely ladies, — wife, daughters, sister, — and the domestic happiness of Ingersoll himself, were widely felt as evidences of the benign influences of freethought. Indeed, it could not fail to be remarked in how many tender and touching passages in his lectures were reflected the family affections of this large-hearted orator.

On Ingersoll's last visit to Walt Whitman, — to whom he was bountiful, — he said, "Walt, the mistake of your life was that you did not marry. There ought to be a woman here," he added, looking around at the poor chaotic room. (Ingersoll's address at the funeral of Walt Whitman was the grandest and most impressive utterance of that kind which I have ever heard.)

One very intimate in the family told me that whenever one of them applied for money, Ingersoll never asked how much, or what it was for, but pointed to a drawer and said, "There it is; help yourself."

I have gone far ahead of the year when I first talked with Ingersoll in his own home. My call had no purpose except to pay some homage to the ablest freethinker America has produced. I remember nothing of our conversation except that he surprised me by his thorough knowledge of Shakespeare. He interested me also by some of his conjectures; for instance, that the habit of closing the eyes in prayer may have originated in prayers to the dazzling sun. I did not agree with some of Ingersoll's opinions, but I had recognized the hatred swelling against a man of genius, — more religious in my sense than the old preacher, his father, — and I knew that he was leading an insurrection of human hearts against the inhumanities of the Bible and the cruelties of dogmatic propagandism. I did not, however, then imagine it possible that orthodox hatred could ever so override the old traditions of religious liberty in America as to compel Ingersoll to resign the nomination as minister to Germany, conferred on him by President Hayes.

At Washington I took a long look at the original draft of the Declaration of Independence, and especially noted the long black mark of Jefferson's pen cancelling the paragraph denouncing negro slavery. That mark, dictated by South Carolina and Georgia, widened in less than three generations into the vast battlefield where from South Carolina was fired the first gun. The chief centre of that battlefield was the region of Virginia I was about to visit. I found there that the people had no longer any hatred of the North, and that the whites and blacks were dwelling together peaceably and kindly. The plague of lynching had not yet broken out even in the far South (and indeed it has never ravaged Virginia). On my two previous visits since the war its traces on the country

were more visible than in 1883; the fields were now more smiling. But somehow the desolation of the inhabitants appeared greater. Old age seemed to have overswiftly come upon them. George Sand's grandmother, speaking of her husband, twice her age, said he never got old. "In those days French gentlemen never got old; it was the Revolution that brought old age into France."

The personal events that strike deepest in a man work out their effects slowly. The tree whose root lightning has touched may seem unscathed, but after some months the foliage loses the old freshness, and in another season it stands bare amid the flourishing grove. The mysterious and indefinable lightning that touched the innermost life in me was the virtual outlawry I suffered in 1863 for having proposed to abandon the war against the Confederates on condition of a guaranteed emancipation of all their slaves. There were just two voices that came to me from America declaring that I was right, — that of my wife and that of the Hon. Martin F. Conway, who had just lost his seat in Congress for opposing the war in the interest of justice to both black and white. Those whose friendship I valued much were not unfriendly. "We know you are sincere and your heart right, but we have a country now, we glory in the Union we once wished to dissolve, we worship what we had burned, and we see that you are following a delusion!" Such in substance was what my old anti-slavery comrades said. That I had committed a mistake in supposing that they would not support a war merely for the sake of a political or territorial Union it was easy to confess. For the sake of my family I bent before the storm. But the work of the lurid flash that came out of me could not be undone. I was driven — yes, driven — by every force of mind and heart into

myself. I was compelled to the painful and humiliating certainty that the whole world was wrong. My heart and mind had no relation to a Union that required a half million human sacrifices for its continuance. My country then was not of this world, nor yet of any heavenly world.

What then could I do but set me down in London and from "the little chapel in my own mind" preach to the large chapel of reasoning and humane men and women who desired my ministry?

There little by little the hope — almost the faith — grew that the peaceful and happy country was forming on earth. But along with this came an awakened interest in the Past, in the dreams that led the old voyagers, as sung by Tennyson in "Ulysses," the colonists who built up happy communities before the revolutionary demon had taken possession of the world. My own native State, Virginia, was a land of old romances, one of which inspired me to imagine the tale which opens my Christmas volume, "A Necklace of Stories" (1880). The tale entitled "The Invisible Queen" relates to the lost Virginia colony (1587–1591), and to Virginia Dare, the first English child born in America (August 18, 1587). Seven English youths yachting in that region are led blindfold by merry Indian maidens from their yacht, The Fancy, to the interior of an island, — "Croatan," — and find there an ideal city founded by Eleanor Dare and her daughter Virginia, — the only persons (according to my tale) preserved by the Indians when they destroyed the colony of 1589.[1] The letters C R O (supposed to mean Croatan) carved on a post, had been the only sign left in the perished English settlement nearly three hun-

[1] The coincidence of my plot and some details with Mr. Rider Haggard's *She* (1886) is close enough to constitute one of the curiosities of literature.

dred and fifty years before the seven youths were led to the beautiful city of the same name. They lived there for a time in perfect happiness, but duties carried them back. The years bring them family and fame, but in each household, and each heart of wife and child, there is a legend and dream of the happy island. And finally the coast-steamer, The Iron City, starts out from Baltimore with an English party — the seven and their wives and children — to visit Croatan. For days they explore island after island, but the poor and ragged people on them never heard of any Croatan and say there have been no Indians in that region for a hundred years.

Some excursionists in the Yellowstone Park remarked a Catholic abbé who was an indefatigable sight-seer, and attracted every one by his sociability and intelligence. Sir Norman Lockyer, I think, was along, and expressed his pleasure at meeting an abbé so observant and joyous. The Catholic confided to him a curious dream: he had died, and found himself at the gate of heaven; when about to ask admission the sad reflection came to him that he had hardly seen anything of the country in which he had been living. The thought awakened him, and he at once packed his trunk.

My own reflection, on the eve of visiting other hemispheres, was that even naturally observant eyes can see in youth but little of what is around them, because they are set to study dead languages and nations, and set to dreaming of the gates of Heaven. When I first met Sir Charles Lyell and said something about coming to see the Old World, he said it might yet be shown that America is the oldest world. He meant geologically, but in after years, reading traditions of the Vikings and Vinland, and the letters of Columbus, I queried whether

Eden, so far as actual, was not veritably in my native region where my tale had fixed the Indian Utopia. For Eden is where love and innocency and peace are. The natives whom Columbus found were, as he wrote, "a loving uncovetous people, so docile in all things that I assure your Highness that I believe in all the world there is not a better people or a better country; they love their neighbours as themselves, and they have the sweetest and gentlest way of talking in the world, and always with a smile." This in Hispaniola. At San Salvador "they had much friendship for us," "they neither carried arms nor understood such things," "they are of good understanding." At the Rio de Mares the houses "made of palm branches were very beautiful," "and within were very clean, and their fittings in good taste." Elsewhere — "These Indians are very gentle, without knowing what evil is, neither killing nor stealing."

"I believe," writes Columbus again, "they would easily be converted to Christianity, for it appeared to me they had no creed." But, alas, Columbus had no idea of judging trees by their moral fruits. He was seeking the enchanted land of Prester John — Presbyter John, i. e. aged John, tarrying till the Lord come, in a palace of unimaginable splendour. Some mediæval wag had hoaxed the world with a letter to the Pope signed by this fictitious John describing his throne of diamonds in the land of gold, surrounded by mirrors, in which he could see what was being done in every part of the globe. This letter was taken seriously, and to the mythical monarch Columbus actually brought a letter of introduction penned by the hand of Queen Isabella. The name of Prester John had disappeared before the title *Hombre de tamano*, "the great man," which survives in the St. Tammany of New York.

This St. Tammany, on whom had so strangely fallen the mantle of the beloved disciple, was as an individual fabulous, but he was the typical representative of all that gentleness and humanity of the races which were found not only by Columbus but by the first settlers of Virginia. The tragedies which Columbus initiated in the Southern islands, by turning the gentle natives into gold by enslaving them under the pretext of making them Christians, had spread terror all along the coast, and to that inhumanity were due the tragical events which occurred in this same Virginia neighbourhood where these notes were made.

I am convinced that Maryland was named after the mother of Jesus by the Spaniards who first discovered the Chesapeake and named it the Bay of Santa Maria; and that Virginia was not named after the 'virgin' Queen Elizabeth, but for the Virgin Mary. The first church built in our country was "the log chapel on the Rappahannock," about 1572. The Indian name for Virginia was Iacan, and the chapel was dedicated to "La Madre de Dios de Iacan." It may have stood where our little town of Falmouth now stands, for Father Segura and his little company of priests and five native converts journeyed up the Rappahannock to a village, and probably the largest on the river was near the falls. One of the "converts," a brother of the king of Iacan, christened Don Luis de Velasco, had been carried off years before to Spain (1566). It looks as if this conversion had been under coercion, for soon after his return as a missionary Don Luis resumed his aboriginal character: the entire mission was exterminated, — in Catholic tradition massacred, — except one native (Cuban) convert, christened Alphonsus, on whose evidence eight of the Iacans were

hanged by Menendez to the yardarm some years later. It is said that there still exists in some sacristy in Havana the cross which alone was saved from the log chapel.

In the more cruel time of Anglo-Saxon colonization in Virginia the only living Madonna was the Indian princess called Pokahuntas, who repeatedly rescued the whites from the retribution richly deserved. One of my uncles, John Moncure of Carmora, named a son Powhatan, and wished to name a daughter Pokahuntas, — this not being done because the name was found to be an epithet invented by the whites, the real name being Amonate. I tried to track this exquisite lady in all of the records of the time and gradually reached the painful and humiliating conclusion that she was not the exceptional personage she was generally supposed to be, but the fair type of a gentle and intelligent as well as comely and shapely race. The people found by Columbus in Cuba and by Menendez in Florida and elsewhere were similarly kind and attractive. These happy and hospitable peoples have been steadily destroyed by our white race, which now judges the American aborigines by the red man of to-day. But this contemporary red man is not the creation of nature but of the Anglo-Saxon and the Spaniard, who by their massacres left the only survivor in this silent, grim, irreconcilable figure. He is the monument of the innumerable tribes that have perished, but who might have contributed to our English blood an element of geniality and unselfishness which would have made the American something better than a reproduction of the Englishman. As it is, we are like our fathers, going through the world turning once happy islands and coasts into cemeteries and calling it civilization and christianization.

My pilgrimages in Virginia were to historic spots in

which I had taken little interest in boyhood and afterwards was too deeply in the current of affairs to think of, until now turned fifty. I strolled over the farm associated with legends of Washington's childhood, which really report with more veracity the childhood of his country. I visited the old homestead Chatham, so named by Washington's friend William Fitzhugh in honour of the earl who had so eloquently defended the rights of the Americans. Kenmore, where Colonel Fielding Lewis lived, his wife being Washington's sister, and the home near by where Washington's mother dwelt in her last years, were in fair condition, but the beautiful foliage in which they were embowered had largely disappeared. The monument to Washington's mother was still the picturesque feature of the neighbourhood, and in my eyes the more worthy of preservation because it was scarred all over by the shot and shell which had raged around it near ninety years after the old lady's body was there laid.

A house in Fredericksburg gained during the Revolution the name "The Sentry Box." It was the residence of General Weedon who distinguished himself in the battle of Trenton, and was left by Washington in charge of the Hessians. He was not therefore in the struggle that ensued at Princeton, where his brother-in-law, General Hugh Mercer, fell. For a good many years after the war was over the officers of this region, including General Washington, used to enjoy a Christmas Night revel in General Weedon's "Sentry Box." They used to dress up two little negroes as sergeants on guard at the door, and the colored waiters were in uniform. Judge Beverly R. Wellford, belonging to a historic family of Fredericksburg, gave me the song — probably composed by Weedon — which was always sung by these old comrades.

On Christmas Day in Seventy-six
Our ragged troops with bay'nets fixt
For Trenton marched away;
The Delaware ice, the boats below,
The light obscured by hail and snow,
But no sign of dismay.

Our object was the Hessian band
That dare invade fair Freedom's land
And quarter in that place:
Great Washington, he led us on
With ensigns streaming with renown,
Which ne'er had known disgrace.

In silent march we spend the night,
Each soldier panting for the fight,
Though quite benumbed with frost:
Greene on the left at six began,
The right was with brave Sullivan,
Who in battle no time lost.

Their pickets stormed, the alarm was spread
That rebels risen from the dead
Were marching into town;
Some scampered here, some scampered there,
And some for action did prepare —
But soon their arms laid down.

Twelve hundred servile miscreants
With all their colours, guns, and tents
Were trophies of the day:
The frolic o'er, the bright canteen
In centre, front, and rear was seen,
Driving fatigue away.

And, brothers of the cause ! let 's sing
Our safe deliverance from a King
Who strove to extend his sway;

And life you know is but a span,
Let 's touch the tankard while we can
In memory of the Day ![1]

Ah, how small appears that once grand "Sentry Box!" How strange in the distance appears to me that schoolboy bearing my name who once strolled with awe along this pretty riverside street and dreamed of the giants that peopled Fredericksburg in Seventy-six!

My brother Richard, a diligent collector of Virginia traditions and documents, gave me a letter of Mary Washington to her son John Augustine Washington in Westmoreland, Virginia, undated but evidently written during the Revolution, in which she says: "I am a going fast, and it, the time, is hard. I am borrowing a little Cornn — no Cornn in the Cornn house. I never lived soe poore in my life. Was it not for Mr. French and your sister Lewis I should be almost starved, but I am like an old almanack quite out of date. Give my love to Mrs. Washington — all the family. I am dear Johnne your loving and affectionate Mother." Apart from this note there were traditions which convinced my brother that during that war Washington's mother was what was then called a "Tory," and had no sympathy with the cause for which her famous son was contending. Out there beside her monument I pondered the matter, and also remembered certain things that I had heard from venerable friends and relatives concerning excellent Virginians who had suffered because they would not fight against the British crown, which as official men they had sworn to support.

[1] 1905. If the shades of these merry comrades could revisit the earth, they would wonder at Washington City, and most of all perhaps at seeing there a statue of the man really guilty of the Hessian invasion, the only monarch who to the last refused to recognize American Independence, — Frederick the Great.

I did not at that time know much of the seamy side of the American Revolution, but I knew enough of the meannesses and injustices, as well as of the horrors of war, to conceive a misgiving concerning the heroics which in most minds supplied the place of exact knowledge about that struggle. It brought not only to Washington's mother but to many of the best families just such distress as the Union war brought, — a distress to the conquerors and conquered alike.

And the two wars were branches of the same poisonous tree. What was it that in 1776 enabled two colonies — South Carolina and Georgia — to set aside the anti-slavery feeling of eleven colonies, and compel Jefferson to cancel the denunciation of slavery in the Declaration of Independence? War. It was necessary for victory that the colonies should be united; as Franklin said, "We must all hang together or all hang separately." It was equally necessary after the victory that a union of all the colonies should be formed to prevent defeated and humiliated England from reconquering them singly, and the compulsory cancelling mark reappeared in the concessions to slavery in the Constitution. It was that black mark persistent in the war between North and South which slew half a million.

But little is told by the mere figures. The uniforms hid individual hearts and minds, and those who survive can never be the same. The moral and psychological effects of a war are immeasurable, and no one escapes them, not even those unborn when the visible war occurred. I was three thousand miles away from the Union War, in a beautiful English homestead, when a stroke came from across the sea which not only at once changed my whole outer life but ultimately my inner vision.

The old people in Virginia were kneeling, and some heads prematurely grey were bent to the God of their fathers. Some humiliation of defeat was in their hearts, — perhaps in those who had been soldiers of the Confederacy some bitterness,— so that I had to use tact in speaking of the past. Were they kneeling to exactly the same God whom they had invoked during the war? How few are they who in using the word "God" realize that in that collectivist term are included many various and some contrarious ideals. The only point in which they unite is an omnipotent Will. Among the papers of Abraham Lincoln was found this note written in September, 1862, a fearful moment of the war: —

The will of God prevails. In great contests each party claims to act in accordance with the will of God. Both may be, and one must be, wrong. God cannot be for and against the same thing at the same time. In the present civil war it is quite possible that God's purpose is something different from the purpose of either party, and yet [that] the human instrumentalities, working just as they do, are of the best adaptation to effect his purpose. I am almost ready to say that this is probably true; that God wills this contest, and wills that it shall not end yet. By his mere great power on the minds of the now contestants he could have either saved or destroyed the Union without a human contest. Yet the contest began. And having begun, he could give the final victory to either side any day. Yet the contest proceeds.

Even the historian Froude, in his rectorial address at St. Andrews used the phrase "God of Battles." In that form the biblical "God of Hosts" (that is, the stars of heaven) is anglicized into a terrestrial war-god who makes virtual atheism the only hope of peace on earth.

Well, the corn was waving luxuriantly on the Virginia battlefields, the people were bravely endeavouring to

repair their losses; the negroes gave me good reports of their condition; and my own reception and welcome in the old home helped no doubt to incline me towards the optimistic view. It was a pure happiness to meet again my parents, and to find in them no distress about my heresies; they were even reading my "Sacred Anthology" with satisfaction. In the old Methodist church I saw the silken white head of my father bent in prayer — in which I was surely thought of — and when next day the hour of my departure came he had disappeared. Courageous in everything else, he could not face the parting with one he loved. I never saw him again.

CHAPTER II

A witch hunt at Washington — Yellow Springs, Ohio — Cincinnati — Judge Hoadly — Journey to Salt Lake City — John W. Young — Mormonism and human nature — Elder Penrose as a preacher — Mormon wives and Mormon husbands — The fate of repudiated wives.

AT Washington I had a strange witch hunt! James Parker, once the body-servant of my father, — to remain with whom he had actually fled from freedom with the Northern troops to the Confederate lines, — had settled with his family in Washington. He had a beautiful mulatto daughter who was employed by the wife of a high government official as her maid, but shortly before my arrival the girl (about nineteen) began to waste away. Her mistress was much attached to her, and the best physicians were consulted, but none could explain the ailment that was apparently carrying her to the grave. When I called on her she barely raised her head, saying, "I am sorry for you to see me in this condition." My effort to get from her some explanation was fruitless. When I asked her if she was in love she shook her head, and it was the same when I suggested religious trouble. But I saw that the ailment was mental, and on questioning her father closely he admitted, with some shame, that his daughter once said to him that she feared she was bewitched. With that clue I consulted her employer, and a searching investigation revealed a strange situation. The black cook, having become jealous of their mistress's devotion to the mulatto maid, determined to frighten her away. Knowing that the girl was sensitive and imaginative, she

sought to make her believe herself bewitched, and one morning the maid in making up her bed found beneath the mattress at each corner some bags of powdered glass, with scrawled letters and figures. The cook had kept her face of kindness, and on seeing the charms affected pity and said their fatal influence could not be escaped but by flight. The poor maid was ashamed to tell her mistress, and could not bear to leave her, and was gradually prostrated by terror. The cook being at once dismissed, the girl was soothed and restored by the affection of her mistress, and all went well.

This family was one that I had settled at Yellow Springs, Ohio, in 1862. My dear friend, Mrs. Julia Lawrence, who resided there, had long seen after them for me, and when I met her on my westward journey, reported that though many had settled in other towns, those who remained were doing well.

In Cincinnati there was excitement about an approaching gubernatorial election. The quietest place I found there was the home of the Democratic candidate, Judge Hoadly, whose guest I was during my stay. His residence (on Walnut Hills) had shortly before been struck by lightning, which had penetrated solely to the drawing-room, which contained admirable works by Turner, Corot, Courbet, Frère, and others, but the thunderbolt had so well conducted itself that nothing whatever was touched except the gilded cornice, which was changed to a sort of gilt-toothed comb. This heavenly decoration had been preserved. In 1857 Hoadly had left his party and coöperated with the Republicans against slavery; that issue settled, the Democrats had now summoned him to be their leader. Hoadly was elected, and it was under his admirable administration that the Cincinnati jail was success-

fully defended against a mob of lynchers, which endeavoured to seize and murder a negro youth awaiting trial for murder.

I had some fear of my dear and intimate friend Judge Hoadly entering upon a political career. As a judge he had shown such ability that he really belonged to the United States Supreme Court. But the Democrats had need of him; they had votes enough to elect their candidate if they could find an eminent leader, but nothing succeeds like success, and although the Republican party had lost many virtues it had never parted from that of success. Hoadly was a Democrat on philosophical principles; he believed in the Declaration of Independence, and was such a Jeffersonian that when I asked permission to dedicate to him my "Life of Paine," whom he placed next to Jefferson, he consented, but with some anxiety lest I should repeat the exposure of Jefferson's duplicity given in my work on Edmund Randolph.

I made the most of this opportunity to obtain light on the subjects I had dealt with in my little book "Republican Superstitions." Judge Hoadly inclined to think that Paine, Franklin, and Jefferson were mistaken in opposing bicameralism in Congress. The Union being by the judge's theory a federation of nations, they needed a federal assembly in addition to a popular one, but he did not deny the anomaly I pointed out, that the Senate — the House of these Nations (States) — should have a power over the purse of the people unknown to the House of Lords. Though an advocate of free-trade, always prevented by the Senate, the judge considered the chief defect of the Constitution to be in the words of its preamble — "general welfare." In urging Congress and the President to eradicate slavery when it was trying to

destroy the Union, on the ground that the Constitution ordered them to "provide for the general welfare," few of us reflected that the phrase was double-edged and might be used to interfere with local self-government in the future or even with any individual liberty which a perhaps momentary majority of congressmen considered detrimental to the "general welfare." When I quoted this clause in England, as justifiying some policy of Congress, an able writer in the "Pall Mall Gazette," evidently a learned jurist, answered that the phrase was meant to exclude the federal government from interfering with state or municipal interests and to restrict it to the general (*e. g.* foreign or territorial) interests as distinguished from those of the States. This reply led me to examine the debates of the Constitutional Convention of 1787, but I was unable to discover that the phrase "general welfare" was discussed at all or introduced in that convention.

The steady encroachment of the federal government on personal liberty and on religious equality is traceable in the treatment of the Mormons. The persecutions originally left to mobs were adopted and systematized by our "general welfare" rulers at Washington. Although polygamy appeared to me as the outcome of an extreme biblical letter-worship, I had long recognized, with some of the ablest men I knew in London, that the congressional persecution of the Mormon Church was an unconstitutional policy animated by an immoral spirit under the mask of morality. The law against polygamy had been worded so that a man might maintain as many women as he pleased provided they were not conceded the dignity and legal protection of "wives."

I looked forward with dread to the five days and nights by railway needed to reach Salt Lake City, but it was

travelling in a fine hotel, and I never had a pleasanter journey. This was partly due to a fellow traveller, John W. Young, son of the famous President Brigham Young.

John W. Young was an affable man, with the intelligence derived from the university of life and experience. There was some sternness about his mouth, but his eye was genial. I told him that I should probably use publicly my conversations with him. He held in his hand a book on Mormons by Philip Robinson, and also the statements of Judge Jeremiah Black. I freely agreed with him that there was much in human nature that accorded with polygamy and which had a disastrous development in great cities. The evolution of man, in conquering the lands and seas of the world, his life in camps and ports, had tended to make him a natural polygamist. Mr. Young said, "You can't go contrary to man's nature." "But," I answered, "man's nature is only half the human nature in the world; there is the nature of woman, whom all the conditions of life have tended to make monogamist. Circumstances in some regions have developed other instincts in woman, as in the swarming Asiatic populations, where she finds no career or even support but in marriage, and where the excessive number of women made polygamy a natural, even inevitable, social economy; but these conditions do not exist in the West, where the economic advantages to her of monogamy have developed a corresponding instinct." Mr. Young said, "Woman is necessarily the inferior of man. There are religious reasons why she should be the one to surrender her feelings in that respect." "But was it not found among you that the romance of life and the charm of the relation between man and maid were diminished by this plurality of wives?" He said, "Courtship went on among us the same as elsewhere. I believe

in love but not infatuation. Whatever woman may suppose she loses by being one among other wives is compensated in a greater devotion to her children, for in our system the maternal feelings are regarded as supreme: those feelings are very early developed, and form the chief earthly happiness of women. They also increase the affection of man, who cannot fail to feel a deep tenderness for the mother of his children. It must be remembered that in our faith this feeling concerning the production of the race is a profoundly religious feeling, and brings a happiness not realized where the relations are merely worldly." I asked him whether, in the growth of society in Utah, it was not found that there were not enough wives for all; and was not this to some extent a reason for the hostility of the "Gentiles." He replied, "The men who settle in this region are largely adventurers; they do not wish to settle down in permanent homes; they no doubt desire our women, but they are not generally of the marrying kind." He dwelt largely upon the good order and freedom from crime which had always marked their settlement, even though many outsiders had come among them.

Entering Salt Lake City on a beautiful summer day, I could realize how its site had appeared to the first Mormon pilgrims a land of Beulah. Even before cultivation it blossomed like a rose amid the mountains. William Godbe, whom I had met in London, and his wife had invited me to be their guest, and arranged a Sunday afternoon lecture for me in the Opera House. I found the Mormons were by no means the vulgar people some supposed them, nor the puritanical sectarians I had imagined them, but the Salt Lake aristocracy. In driving about the neighbourhood I met a company of young ladies with fine horses and fashionable riding-habits: all Mormons. At the bath-

ing beach many merry ladies in gay costumes were swimming: nearly all Mormons. In the Opera House Ada Rehan delighted a large audience by her acting in "Article 47," and I remarked the beauty and elegance of the young ladies: mostly Mormons. My lecture in the same house was attended by a fine audience, two thirds being Mormon families, quite as well dressed and intelligent as the families of other regions.

On Sunday morning in the finely festooned Tabernacle the crowd, more than ten thousand, was made up of people gathered from many lands, and some of the devout appeared more rustic than those seen in the theatre. But here I remarked an old-fashioned simplicity somewhat like that of Methodist meetings in the South. It was very hot, and occasionally during the sermon some one would go for a drink to one of the water buckets provided at each door. The scene was unique. There was an organ, stringed instruments, and admirable choir; but in two hymns the multitude joined, and the fervent singing of so many voices was as impressive as the refrain of the people responding to the choir in St. Peter's at Rome. The air was cooled by a large fountain playing in the centre of the building.

And what shall I say of the sermon? It was given by Elder Penrose, editor of the "Deseret News." He stands in my memory as a rather tall and lank figure, with small head and well-chiselled features, a large grey eye, and a voice of wonderful flexibility — even his low tones reaching me distinctly in the middle of the Coliseum-like edifice. He took no text and spoke without notes, without hesitation, and with little gesture except in a few dramatic passages. I was astonished by the ability of the sermon, which lasted an hour and was listened to with that deep

attention which was so impressive in Plymouth Church when Beecher preached. I doubt not that if this Mormon preacher had been a Congregationalist he would have had national distinction. He was, however, in his Tabernacle freer than Beecher in Plymouth Church, having no compunction in occasionally (though rarely) raising the loud laughter that Beecher generally reserved for the lecture hall. It was a complete doctrinal discourse. After a careful account of the patriarchs and their wives, he quoted the promise of Jesus that "many shall come from the east and the west, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven." After this he looked on us for a moment with solemn silence, then lifting his hand with an aspect of despair, expressed his sympathy for the immaculate "gentiles" of Salt Lake; "for," he said, "if Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob are in heaven their wives must be there too; and of course these sinless men who declare themselves so much holier than we will not for a moment remain in any kingdom of heaven where Abraham is seen along with both Sarah and Keturah, his wives." The Elder then on the wide platform gave a little step or two off, indicating the opponents of polygamy rushing off in horror from the patriarchs with whom Jesus said his disciples would sit. There was no extravagance in this or the Elder's other little dramas, resorted to only for satirical purposes. His hour was occupied mainly with a vigorous lawyer-like argument for his system. From my point of view his defence, so far as it was biblical, was unanswerable. I was not surprised by observing in the pew next in front of me a matronly lady, apparently English, with her three youthful daughters, becoming nervous as quotation after quotation from the Bible was set forth. The girls listened with in-

tense interest; the mother grew fidgety and whispered to them, perhaps a proposition to leave; the breathless stillness of the audience would have made flight a disturbance, and the matron contented herself with fanning vigorously her flushed face.

That same evening I met in Mr. Godbe's house a large company of Mormons, invited in my behalf. There was among them only one "gentile" besides myself — the witty and beautiful wife of a general at the neighbouring Camp Douglas. I was acquainted with some of her relatives, and was much pleased to hear her experiences and impressions at Salt Lake City. Though reared in orthodoxy, she told me that in arguing with Mormons she had long ago ceased to quote Scripture. "If I appeal to the Bible I am lost."

Those who gathered in the conference were Mormons friendly to some kind of reform, and known as "Godbeites." I gave them to understand that my chief interest lay in their experiences, in the doctrines that had led them into that religion, and the degree of spiritual satisfaction they had found in it. They were intelligent people of some education; they were not "cranks," and every speaker had to be taken seriously. In one thing they all agreed, namely, that the outer world was mistaken in supposing that any individual was attracted to a Mormon church by sensuality. It was rather the ascetic who left the sensualism of great cities and undertook the burden of supporting a number of wives and their always different residences. They had one and all been attracted by the patriarchal idea, combined with the early Christian communism; and although each person who spoke realized that the political situation in Utah demanded an adaptation of the system to a new order, and the relinquishment of polygamy, their

inner spiritual experiences were not very unlike those I remembered in Methodist class meetings.

Some of the personal narratives were of thrilling interest, and if America could produce a George Sand, Salt Lake would become a classic land of romance. Some of these men and women had come from remote parts of the world where they had suffered poverty and been brought up in ignorance; they had listened to the tale of some wayside missionary concerning the far land flowing with milk and honey, temporal and spiritual; they had journeyed as poor pilgrims, working their way on boats, climbing mountains, and here had secured comfortable livelihood and education such as would have been impossible in their native countries.

I called by request on an intelligent and handsome woman who had been one of several plural wives from whom a well-to-do Mormon had parted in obedience to the law. She was residing alone in a pleasant home, and told me that nothing could exceed the vigilance and kindness with which her former husband and the one wife remaining to him, and to whom he was perfectly loyal, supported her and the two other wives from whom he had separated. She suffered no disrespect in the community. I have often thought of this happy woman in later years while remarking the little consideration given by Americans in their rage against polygamy to the fate of repudiated wives. A story is told of an American missionary on a savage island who managed to make one convert but refused to baptize him because he had four wives. But one day the convert came and said he had now but one wife. "What has become of the others?" asked the missionary. "I ate them," said the convert.

CHAPTER III

San Francisco — Red Cross Knights — Chinese Joss and theatre — Voyaging southward — Flying fish and sunfish — Delia Bacon — Shakespeare-Baconism — Honolulu Sabbath — Captain Cook — Legends — Pele-Jehovah — Rev. Titus Coan — Samoans — Phenomena — New Zealand — Dr. Richard Garnett — Pearl-divers — Our floating Utopia.

SAN FRANCISCO blossomed with banners. Five thousand Knights Templars were holding their "Great Triennial" there; the Palace Hotel was sadly congested, and the whole city swarmed with men masquerading in badges, emblems, sashes, swords, and proudly bearing their cross.

When one looks back upon the ages when the Knight Templar was a real figure, and every sword of his fraternity stained with the blood that made the Red Cross, it seemed a strange thing to find them in the far west become pageantry. There are penalties on taking a thing out of its historic habitat. Here was the cross, radiant on caps that called for bells, not only decorating Joss houses, but vile dens, even labelling the whiskey bottles.

In the Chinese temple was a figure of the Joss, in which I recognized a degradation of Buddha. On his altar was a dish containing vari-coloured candies. The Chinese idled around without reverence or solemnity. One told me that it was a three-day festival or mission. At the end of three days I went that way in the evening, and at midnight witnessed a strange procession. The street for two hundred yards was fringed with fire from little bundles of tow, at which hundreds of Chinese were lighting candles, much in the same way as at the festival of torches (Moccoli),

which closes the Carnival at Rome. Between these multitudes marched the procession, with mechanical noises meant for music. Midway in the procession were six or seven priests in red garb, and behind these, uplifted on the shoulders of four men, was the Joss, a variegated dummy with uplifted arms which startled me. It was like some mockery of the Pope borne in on shoulders to bless the crowd on New Year's Day.

I found the Chinese theatre interesting. An attentive Chinaman sat in my box and undertook to explain to me the plot. The interest of this was that the hero and his wife, pursued by enemies, find that they cannot both be saved; he prepares to die, but she seizes his sword and kills herself. But he, still pursued, cannot be saved except by touching the altar of the Joss. In order, however, to seek that asylum he must needs become a priest; but by becoming a priest he divorces himself from his other wife, who is a sister of the Emperor. This highly decorated wife enters the temple and finds her husband beside the altar, turned priest. With loud lamentations she tries to drag him from the altar. Failing that, she tries cajolery, and we witnessed the fascinations of a Chinawoman trying to captivate her lord. My Chinaman again explains: "She velly sorry. She will have him back. She have no priest. She cry good deal." She did cry a good deal, but while the two were talking the curtain came down, and I understood that the conclusion would come next evening. At any rate, I know not to this day whether the heroine coaxed her lord back or not, or whether he was slain by his pursuers. But it was an ancient story, and in it were the ideas of asylum and of priestly celibacy.

San Francisco struck me as cosmopolitan, occupying a place similar to that of ancient Venice. Along its streets

were costumes and complexions of various tribes, apparently exciting no attention. There was also cosmopolitanism in the absence of any *blasé* air in those I met,—refined and educated people. They appeared notably free from provincialism. Mrs. Norris told me that when Ralph Waldo Emerson was there she asked him how he liked the Yosemite; he replied, "It is the only thing I have seen out here that comes up to the brag." But San Francisco travels fast; it has left brag behind so far that nobody advised me to see Yosemite.

I met some parted from in boyhood and then thought of as if passing into another world. Mr. Valentine Peyton and his sister, relatives whose parting from us in Virginia I could just remember, gave me a grand reception. He had founded a race in San Francisco, and in his house I was surrounded by his children and grandchildren. Mrs. Norris, whom I had known in my student days as the beautiful young wife of Thomas Starr King, entertained me in her mansion, and gave me an amusing account of her journey to the Yosemite with the Emerson party. At the house of Mr. and Mrs. De Young of the "Chronicle" I met people so charming that I began to think San Francisco was after all the proper place to migrate to from London.

Seated on a tug, awaiting mails from the East, with which I am to go out to our royal Pacific ship, an old gentleman beguiled the hours till midnight with his memories of California. He had been one of the "Argonauts;" he had sought the Golden Fleece, and could tell me of the many who fleeced and the more who were fleeced. He was unimaginative, but his dry narrative strung facts sufficiently poetic. He named the millionaires whose mansions stand where once they sold whiskey and their wives cooked

for miners. One generation had witnessed the growth of a camp of nomads to a brilliant city, but to this day he said the majority of those who came to San Francisco have deep in them the hope of spending their last years somewhere else.

Presently we accompanied one hundred and fifty huge mail bags to the ship Australia. Every sack was a witness to the vast numbers who had come to the golden shore only to find it a gate to shores beyond.

At one o'clock our ship moved noiselessly along a glittering path toward a moon just risen like a double eagle; but we soon left it behind us, and felt the warm breath of the southern Pacific. Ah, the South! the South! Deep down in every breast there is a Mignon sighing for the finer gold—

> The land where the citrons bloom,
> And the gold orange lights the leafy gloom.

Voyaging these summer seas, gently gliding to soft ripple of bluest waves, between Elysian dawns and Hesperian sunsets, sinking more and more into a sweet daydream, drinking deeper the draught of Lethe,—we on this floating Pacific island learned more in a week than anthropology can tell us about the islanders. We experienced their evolution. By the time we reached the Hawaiians I was one of them. It took only three days to make our upper deck one of the Society Islands. We had no clique nor caste. Our ship rolled out of Frisco waters, but as it approached the tropic its rolls turned to the easy swing of a hammock. We had hammocks swung on deck, but the Australia having turned into one, they were left for the play of the younger children. I say younger, for though some of us are old, yet all children—or nearly all. The husband who watched so anxiously beside a pale wife,

answered a bloom on her cheek with a smiling certainty that health is gained at last (credulous child!). The speculator who had brooded over lost thousands recovered them all when his number in the sweepstakes on the boat's run turned up winner.

When we first gathered in the smoking-room the conversation fell on Shakespeare. In St. Louis I had been visited by Mr. Holmes, who had written a book to prove that Lord Bacon wrote the plays ascribed to Shakespeare. An Australian gentleman mentioned that the late Dr. Thompson of Melbourne — a great authority on typhus — was an enthusiastic believer in the theory that Lord Bacon wrote the plays attributed to Shakespeare. He wrote a work to prove that theory, and his friend said Dr. Thompson would have parted from anything on earth sooner than that conviction. This is of psychological interest. What is there in the substitution of one name for another on the title-page of a book, to excite such enthusiasm?

Just before leaving California I received from a gentleman in that region an elaborate manuscript advocating this notion, and a note saying that he was "as serenely and joyfully and exultingly *sure* of this as of any mortal thing" — language one might expect from a Salvationist. I once met Mr. Atkinson, Harriet Martineau's famous friend, and found the "Baconian" theory was his substitute for Christianity. That this idea about Bacon writing Shakespeare should flit around the world and fill its believers with an exaltation and peace which the world cannot give, is phenomenal.

One morning a flying fish alighted on our upper deck, causing a sensation among us. His graceful, silvery little body was sent to the cook; his wings were preserved by

the doctor. Poor little transcendentalist! how long had he dreamed of this huge Unknown Power, propelled by an inscrutable screw, passing through the firmament above his element? One resolute flight into the empyrean, one wild effort to penetrate the Unknowable, and he gained full sight of the chess-playing, novel-reading Olympians; but it was only to perish. Meanwhile, among his less aspiring companions of the deep he has perhaps left the legend of an ascension. Less sorrowful was the fate of the huge sunfish caught under the bow of the ship, whence it could not free itself. It was large and heavy enough to retard the progress of the Australia. Efforts were made to secure it; for we all saw it and would have lovingly eaten it; but when the obstructed ship was stopped, and the pressure of the water that held the great fish removed, it darted away. Happy sunfish, that your solar affinities were limited to your name! Alas for your winged contemporary that perished in mounting to our steam-winged sea-monster!

I lay in my hammock dreaming on "the attribute of wings." This was the title of an essay by Toussenel translated by Dr. Lazarus for my "Dial" (Cincinnati, 1860). In his exquisitely winged fantasy Toussenel spoke of the "queen of dance," Taglioni as La Sylphide, "whose wings fall at the first kiss of love." I was too late in Europe to see Taglioni on the stage, but had the honour of being seated beside her in London at a dinner given by the lord mayor to authors and artists; and a lovely and *spirituelle* lady she was, happy in teaching others her beautiful art. For her genius had not all lodged in her feet.

What a contrast between her and the brilliant Puritan lady, Delia Bacon, whose wings expanded under the joint

touch of her eloquent brother, Rev. Leonard Bacon, and Emerson, and led her — unkissed of love — to leap aloft to death! For it is my belief that her delusion about Shakespeare had birth in Emerson's lecture, "Shakespeare; or The Poet" (Representative Men, 1850). After all his exaltation of Shakespeare the ghost of Puritanism seized Emerson's pen and added: "He was master of the revels of mankind. . . . I cannot marry this fact to his verse; . . . it must even go into the world's history that the best poet led an obscure and profane life, using his genius for the amusement of mankind." Two or three years after this, Delia Bacon, a teacher in Boston, sent to "Putnam's Magazine" her denial that the great poems could have been written by the "illiterate" manager of the "sordid play-house." The magazine hesitated to print it, and it did not appear until January, 1856. It was anonymous, and the name of Lord Bacon was not in it; but the concluding paragraph intimates that there was "one" who would be connected with the plays in a further article. But no other article appeared, for Delia had gone to London in 1853, and was deep in her volume, "The Philosophy of the Plays of Shakespeare," which appeared there in 1857. Delia Bacon's chief aim was to preserve the greatest works ever written from association with the greenroom and the playhouse and connect them with the serious purposes of the great and learned men at the head of whom stood Lord Bacon. She was no Bacon worshipper.

But to what a rambling digression have I been led by "Baconian" discussions of the Australia!

It gave me much pleasure to know that we were to pass a whole day in Honolulu, where early travellers had reported a charming play of human life; but alas, we

were all in a manner wrecked there. The desert on which we were cast was the Sabbath. The old Blue Laws of New England, supposed by some to be mythical, were very real at Honolulu. Sabbatarianism is remorseless enough in the South: one who was asked whether he had ever been in a certain Virginia town answered, "Yes, I was there three weeks one Sunday." But nowhere else in the world was I ever so waylaid and plundered by the Sabbath as in Honolulu. A man may be arrested even for having his shop window open. Our ship's company went about in the fervid heat with parched throats, unable to get even a glass of soda water — nor indeed any cold water at all, the sale of ice being prohibited. So far as the natives were concerned, instead of their sports and dances which a civilized Sunday would have shown us, they were about as lively as a cemetery. Apparently the police were doubled for the purpose of pouncing on any poor Hawaiian attempting to sell little souvenirs or fruit, and to prevent our having comfort, much less fun, on shore. How pleased the Lord must have been to observe from his throne how we were offered as human sacrifices to his Sabbath!

Observing just inside the open door of a small conventicle a bucket of water with a cocoanut dipper, I entered and got a cool drink. A Hawaiian preacher was speaking to a small company of his own race in English. All were dressed in solemn and heavy black, — on that burning day, — and after listening a little the black garb seemed but too true a symbol of the gloomy gospel imported into the once happy islands. Passing on through the sepulchral streets, I entered a church where a white preacher was holding forth to humble Hawaiians, offering them dogmatic stones where they needed bread. I imagine

that he was at Honolulu because elsewhere no congregation would listen to such stuff.

The Sabbath is a great snob. In Honolulu it accommodated itself to royalty, for we saw the king enjoying his yacht; also to commerce, for the sailors, assisted by Hawaiians, passed the whole day unloading and reloading our ship.

I was glad to meet one young gentleman, Mr. Frank Damon, who was interesting himself in the health and comfort of the half-caste population, — a mixture of Chinese and Hawaiian, — and who showed me through a large home for the orphans of such parentage. He was thoroughly educated, and familiar with the Chinese language. His father, the Rev. Dr. Damon, whom I also met, gave me some copies of a monthly they were editing, "The Friend" (founded in 1843). In it I read an authentic account of the death of Captain Cook in 1779. His sailors had seized an old wooden god to use for kindling wood. The natives tried to recover their god; there was a fight; and Captain Cook, running up to know what was the trouble, was speared in the back. In 1811 a native youth named Obookiah, questioned about this wooden god, said that the Hawaiians believed that when they had made such a form and set it up the spirit "would come and live in the wood, and when the wood gets old they make a new wooden god, and the spirit goes out of the old one and comes to live in the new." I received a strong impression that the spirit of that wooden god had passed into the Sabbath Idol.

A young Englishman and myself managed, however, to get a Hawaiian to drive us in an open carriage six or seven miles into the country along the seaside. We had thus a few hours' enjoyment of the beautiful trees and flowers

and birds, a delicious bath in the sea, the happiness of our expedition being enhanced by a religious satisfaction in having defied the Wooden Idol.

On the ship we had beautiful days, always blue with soft zephyrs, and I lay in my hammock, gently swung by the ship's motion. In a slumbrous way I read some little papers picked up at Honolulu, the most interesting being an almanac (1883) containing some Hawaiian proverbs collected by H. L. Sheldon. Several of them were original. "Daubed with white" is said of a silly grey-haired person. "Don't be friends with the dog, for the tail will show it," has reference to disreputable acquaintances. "Children always begin at the fountain."

One proverb particularly impressed me: "The *kalo* root is dead, but there are live maggots enough." *Kalo* is the *taro* of New Zealand — *arum esculentum*, a kind of lily, whose root is between a yam and a potato — and when it dies is soon full of maggots. Mr. Sheldon says this proverb was "formerly applied to battles in which the bravest had perished, but in these modern times has been applied by scoffers to the overthrow of paganism and the growth of Christianity in its place."

The story of the overthrow of paganism in the Hawaiian Islands will never be fairly told, but there is endlessly repeated the dramatic legend of the lady convert Kapiolani defying the volcanic goddess Pele by approaching the blazing crater of Mauna Loa, despite predictions of disaster by the priestess of Pele. The lady of rank, it is said, cried out to the fearful crowd, "Jehovah is my God. He kindled those fires. I fear not Pele. If I perish by the anger of Pele, then you may fear the power of Pele; but if I trust in Jehovah and he should save me from the wrath of Pele, then you must serve and fear the Lord

Jehovah. All the gods of Hawaii are vain. Great is Jehovah's goodness in sending teachers to turn us from these vanities to the living God." Pele thenceforth lost her popularity.

Kapiolani is a saint among the missionaries, but according to the legend she had simply substituted a Jewish for a Hawaiian name for the "kindler" of volcanoes. Out of volcanoes came the belief in a fire-and-brimstone hell; Mauna Loa took up the burden of Etna, and Hawaiians are still terrorized by volcanic theology. In "The Friend" I read its fiery gospel. After witnessing an eruption a missionary writes: "We knelt upon the rocks and joined our feeble voices in adoration of the wise, the good, the great, and glorious Author of all." When lava was threatening the town Hilo, a missionary writes: "What a work this fiery serpent is doing, eating every herb and tree, drinking up the rivers, and licking up the dust. All is life and verdure below — all ebon blackness and desolation behind." Thus one of these brethren sees a fiery serpent in what the other kneels to.[1]

The most painful aspect of the course of human events is the frequency with which "self-sacrificing" efforts for human benefit bear evil results. Some of the early missionaries to the Hawaiian Islands, living at a time when even some able men believed that the so-called "heathen" would be damned, left beautiful homes and fairest prospects for wild and dangerous regions to rescue those they

[1] The substitution of Jehovah for Pele was a transfer of the title of Hawaii from the natives to the Christians. It also inflicted on the natives the cruel Sabbath. And further it made more malarious the moral atmosphere; for in 1887 the Princess Liki Liki was said to have starved herself to death as a sacrifice to Jehovah to appease flaming Mauna Loa. She was educated in America, and married an American (A. B. Cleghorn), but the ancient exaction of Pele of a royal victim survived with fatal force under the volcanic Jehovah.

supposed perishing. A pathetic history is that of the Rev. Titus Coan (father of the well-known writer Dr. Titus Munson Coan of New York), who, escaping from long captivity among the Patagonians, reached his home and his betrothed bride, Fidelia Church of Churchville, New York, but only to set out again for mission work. In November, 1834, he started with his bride for Hawaii, exiles from all they held dearest save their united hearts. In such service their fine qualities were given to save and benefit a race which, instead of being cultivated and developed under Christianity, has become extinct. What worth they put into their work was returned to them in their own homes, and in the happiness of some individual natives around them; but as to the Hawaiian race, their power to benefit was not so great as the power of their régime to destroy those poor islanders. Their theology alone might have been innocuous, for the Hawaiians could not have understood it; the moral system, the superstition that nudity is wicked, that gaiety and pleasure are offensive to God, and consequent changes in their ways of life, as Charles Darwin pointed out, — these are the things fatal to tropical tribes. Dr. Titus M. Coan, quoted by Darwin in his "Descent of Man," says: "The [Hawaiian] natives have undergone a greater change in their habits of life in fifty years than Englishmen in a thousand years."

It is the philosophy of "La Grande Duchesse" that "if you can't get what you set your heart upon, you must set your heart upon what you can get." It is a philosophy I found confirmed by experience on the ship Australia. It was tantalizing to voyage with a consciousness that a few hours on one or another of the islands might repay one for all the trouble of coming so far; but our ship was

cynically indifferent to beauty and anthropology. It aimed to make Sydney in time not to be fined for dilatoriness in bringing the mail. As we sailed past the island of Tutuila some natives were considerate enough to paddle around our ship in their canoes, and we felt grateful enough to pay them well for their breadfruit. They were handsome in form and figure and their voices musical. At a little distance they appeared to have on bluish drawers, but close inspection showed that it was artistic tattoo in imitation of clothing from hip to knee. The nautilus-like canoe seemed to be born and loved of the waves on which it floated. In the distance we saw a church steeple, and a gentleman familiar with the island told us that the only trouble of these islanders is a never ceasing civil war between Catholics and Protestants. It breaks out afresh when an official is to be elected, priests and preachers arousing animosities that lead to blows.

From week to week on our little floating world we saw no sail. One can adapt himself to a very small environment. Nobody seemed to find the voyage tedious. An hour passes swiftly to one watching the albatross (with eyes touched by Coleridge), the flying-fish flushed by our prow, the little mystical fleets of pearly "Portuguese men-of-war."

Whatever we see in nature that is beautiful or grand appears so real that we forever renew the Vedic visions, and in each fair object feel that we have surprised some feature of a supreme Artist. The immemorial ages have determined that we shall never see nature as it really is. Like a pious Scotchman who objected to the stained church window, "they might better have left the glass as God made it," we all credit nature with the many-tinted veils woven for it by poet and mythist.

The protoplasm of all gods and myths is present with us at sea, and it required only a week or so to evolve them all in a quasi-realistic way not known in learned books. Afreets appeared in guise of water-spouts. We saw Proteus and his flock in endless illusions, and heard old Triton blow his wreathèd horn in the small hours of night. Classic geographers may conjecture the regions visited by Odysseus, but we found them all in cloudlands of the western twilight, with palms, groves, and grottoes of the Sirens. With every dawn Aphrodite rises from the waves. I watched two stars of the first magnitude; they became the Vedic twin horsemen (Aswins), next the Centaurs; when one sank beneath the horizon, clearly Romulus had slain Remus, and Cain Abel.

As for the sun, he got up for us special performances which interpreted the whole solar mythology. One day he came forth as mariners had never seen him before — pure blue; all day everything and everybody looked blue. Captain Bannerman said this was new in his experience; the astonishment of the crew was evident, and it became anxiety when about three in the afternoon there appeared around the sun a vast ring of copper-tinted mist. Two hours later this mist sank and made the horizon seem brass; after sunset there flamed up an afterglow that appeared mingled of blood and fire. On the following day the sun was blood-red and an hour before the time for sunset sank behind the wall of copper that made our western horizon. I say "wall," for it was not a cloud; it was fixed there motionless and opaque evening after evening, the rest of the sky being clear. On reaching New Zealand we heard of the terrible earthquake and volcanic eruptions in Batavia.

One evening we all crowded on deck for the first sight

of the Southern Cross. There it shone, just above the southern horizon, politely veiling its fifth star — which ought to be at the juncture of the imaginary bars but is not, and when seen renders it difficult to run the bars regularly between the stars that conduct themselves in a more Christian-like way. When we first saw the Southern Cross its long bar was parallel with the horizon, but after some hours it stood upside down, as if for Peter to be crucified with his head downwards, and slowly sank out of sight beneath the Centaur.

The swift apparent revolution of the Southern Cross did not escape the Pacific islanders; they have a belief that one watching carefully would see it at some moment turn half around. In several islands "Quick as the turning of the Southern Cross" is a proverbial phrase.

One or two passengers whispered in my ear that they could not see any cross, and all who saw it the first night were silent, being plainly disappointed. By the second night faith had been summoned and the Southern Cross was clear to nearly all. How little the constellation could suggest a cross to unsophisticated eyes is shown in the label given it by the Pacific tribes: "The Nose of the Man that fell after eating sugar-cane." This refers to some legend so ancient that no one can explain it.

The rough horse-play once usual on all ships crossing the equator is now suppressed on respectable steamships; but probably there was some potent origin for that usage, for about that line sports are commonly got up. We had them on the Australia — foot-race, steeple-chase, handicap, high jump, low jump, and tug-of-war. In this last the English and Americans were outpulled by the Australians. There was a pretty race around the deck between three little girls; three ladies ran an egg and spoon

race, won by her who first reaches the winning-post without letting the egg fall from her spoon. A pretty young bride from Shropshire won the prize against an American and an Australian competitor. The English lady's success was due to dressing for her task in a way that her competitors were too prudish to imitate; her skirt fell a little below the knee.

In the evening we had concerts, readings, recitations, lectures. I spun for them all the yarns I knew of the sea, — the Flying Dutchman, Atlantis, the search for Prester John, and the Micmac Saint carried by the original Whale to the Happy Isle. A learned rabbi disposed of the notion that the English are "the lost Tribe," or that any tribe was lost, — this "Anglo-Israelite" delusion being then abreast with the Baconian. There was something striking in the venerable figure of the rabbi disclaiming for his race all connection with the race on whose empire the sun never sets, — a certain half-conscious pride as of an old aristocratic family repudiating a parvenu connection. The venerable Jew declared there was to be no return of Jews to Jerusalem, and no personal Messiah to come; but he repeated a poem prophetic of the glory of Israel in the future — itself the Messiah. His ecstasy of faith in this Israel-Messiah was pathetic, — as of some devoted woman ever waiting for the return of her beloved. He can never return, as others know, but she never doubts; girlhood has grown to maidenhood, age has silvered her hair, but she has denied every other wooer, and through her spectacles still gazes on the horizon where his sail disappeared. Yet her constancy is not without some reward. Even here, thousands of miles from Palestine, she on Sunday sits invisible beside the rabbi on deck, and listens to Gentiles in the saloon chanting the prophecies and

psalms with which she has sustained her heart in the long night-watches.

In crossing the 180th parallel it is necessary to drop a day. On our voyage the omitted day would by calendar be Sunday, and the prospect of getting a fortnight without a Sabbath gave joy to the card-players. But they had a cruel disappointment. Captain Bannerman could not venture to drop a Sabbath; Saturday must be substituted. Efforts were made to dissuade him, but he answered, "What would the pious ladies say? It would disturb them all the rest of the voyage to feel themselves on a godless ship!"

Nevertheless some of the card-players appeared to feel that this particular Sunday was not a genuine one, and as it was rainy the lack of amusement in the smoking-room was serious. As the captain did not keep a vigilant eye on the room that day, three young poker-players resolved to go as far as whist. Their difficulty was to find a fourth hand. Only two others were present — myself, absorbed in a volume, and a large middle-aged man who appeared in his corner to be asleep. Had I been invited I would gladly have taken a hand, but my ministerial office probably denied me that pleasure. The other man had boarded our ship at Honolulu and for some reason had not made acquaintance of the smoking-room. On this Sunday he had all the appearance of a Presbyterian preacher. He was six feet, his face clean shaven, his countenance severe. He was dressed in black broadcloth from head to foot, and his standing collar and plain shirt-front did not need a white cravat to stamp him as a Puritan minister. However, the three were desperate, and when the imposing man unclosed his eyes a little one of them said, "Would you, sir, object — ah — to — ah — taking a hand at whist?"

The black-garbed man turned on them fiercely, his dark eye flashing. "I am surprised," he said solemnly, "that men well dressed, on a respectable boat, should ask me on the Lor-rd's Day to join in a game of whist!" The three young men cowered before the rebuke, but the ministerial figure added, "Whist, sir? — no! But I don't mind joining in a little poker." There was a shout, and the "puritanical" man, who turned out to be a granger of New Zealand, seemed to keep his pile of money at a good height. My impression was that the stage had lost an admirable actor in that granger.

The patron saint of the good traveller should be the god Krishna, who so multiplied himself that every shepherdess believed she had him for her partner in the dance. It is important that every traveller likely to be cited shall find the most beautiful lady he ever saw in Boston, in New York, in Richmond, and in each of the western cities. It is especially important that a voyager round the world shall find each harbour he visits the most beautiful in the world. And after all, is not the most beautiful place always that you are in? The others are too distant to be lovely. The Golden Gate being three weeks distant, I had no hesitation in declaring the approach to New Zealand the finest I ever saw, while a score of voices warned me not to commit myself till I had entered Sydney harbour.

However, ever since I left London, I had felt a growing consciousness that my admiration for the "grandeurs of nature" had become more slight than formerly. It was, as I afterwards realized, a result of my going deeper and deeper into the corollaries of Darwin's discovery. Day by day as I swung in my hammock on the Australia, seeing around me the play of human life, the expressions and interchanges of affection and kindliness, the contrast of

these with the terrible water-spouts forming and re-forming here and there, — once dangerously near our ship, which would have foundered under its touch, — and the cruel monsters of the deep pursuing their prey, our own monster ship destroying fleets of the pearly nautilus, and many things pressed in on my long interval of leisure the recognition that Nature is fundamentally predatory.

My real interest was in man. I could only pass a day in New Zealand, and it was devoted to seeing as much of the New Zealanders as possible. I had an English-speaking native to guide me about, and made myself welcome in their homes by little gifts to the children and purchases from any who had things to sell. They impressed me pleasantly, and I was inclined to think well of their English rulers on seeing the happy well-fed look of these humble people. They had pretty costumes also — the women, that is, for these are the last in all colonies to affect the garb of the white race. Most of them wore a sort of "jersey" of some bright colour, sometimes nearly diaphanous, and they were shapely enough for it to be becoming. In my conversations with them through my guide I found them candid and witty.

On returning to our ship the passengers told me of various crags and waterfalls and distant prospects they had managed to see by drives, but I felt satisfied with the glimpses I had secured of a variety of humanity. I left New Zealand with reluctance, and with hope in my heart that I might some day return. For in a certain part of the island an influential family belonging to my London chapel had settled, and in laying out a village they had after a sharp controversy succeeded in naming the streets after the great scientific heretics — Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall streets, etc., and they had often de-

manded that I should come over and lecture in that ideal village.

But in the course of time what will these names signify to the people of that region? Even while those men lived there were comparatively few to comprehend their precise addition to knowledge, and it was impossible that they themselves could perceive the logical results of their own generalizations. Every individual light must shine at last (if at all) in the sum of the average mind; the thinker's undergraduate or casual or superannuated words are confused with his real contribution to science; the emancipator of thought in his own time is liable to become its oppressor in the farther time. I had pleasure in telling Dr. Tyndall and Huxley that they had named streets in New Zealand. I remember that Carlyle, though he declined a title offered by Queen Victoria, was gratified when a pretty place at Chelsea was named "Carlyle Square."

The company on our ship consisted mainly of well-to-do and fairly educated people, most of them rather young. They showed enthusiasm for natural scenery, and those who resided in Australia supplied me with advice where to go in that country. "Such a view! Such superb precipices!" "Are there any aborigines?" "Oh no, they have long disappeared." But they have left behind them curious folk-lore, proverbs, legends about all those hills and precipices, and my fellow travellers also are seeing their admirable scenes, not as they really are, but as transfigured or decorated by their faith or by their favourite poets.

On my way to Sydney I fell in with Mr. Young, a nephew of James Bryce, M. P., engaged in the pearl business; and his charming tales about the divers and the pearl oysters so illuminated the ocean's depths that there

appeared a new mythology even down there. The Persian Isle of Aval linked itself with our English Avalon, the Arthurian paradise. Two months before a poor fisherman had found a pearl which brought him four thousand pounds: long ago Browning's Paracelsus had seen and named the two points in the adventure of that diver: —

> One, when a beggar, he prepares to plunge;
> One, when a prince, he rises with his pearl.

And who of us trained in the Solomonic similitude of wisdom, in the parable of the lost pearl, in visions of the Celestial City whose every gate is one pearl, could ever see a pearl as a mere bit of encisted dust diseasing an oyster?

Flash! a great light blazes over our ship; it is not St. Elmo's fire, but the wondrous searchlight at Sydney sweeping our sea at midnight like an all-seeing eye. It was the last evening of our voyage together, which for a full lunar month we had managed to make merry and even ideal. Much is said about civilization, but really there is no such thing except in small oases here and there in the great swarming nations. But I feel bold enough to say that the Australia on that occasion was a little floating example of civilization; and it was made so chiefly by the sovereignty of the ladies. Nearly all of these were young married ladies with their husbands along, some on their honeymoon voyage; but there being on board more gentlemen than ladies by a third, these ladies showed themselves gracious and agreeable to the companionless with that charming freedom of which only innocence and refinement are capable. A shade of sadness therefore comes over some of us, even as we gaze on the sublimities of Sydney Harbour at dawn: a beautiful and

unique thing had budded off the Golden Gate and flowered through its month; its petals were now to be scattered through the prosaic streets of cities, never again to be united. Everything passes.

That poor Australian who under pressure of poverty sold his little field for a pittance and became insane on learning that the sterile field was a gold mine, can be sympathized with by the pilgrim who discovers too late that he has passed some rich treasure and seen only the earthen vessel containing it. Could I only have known even a little of the wonderful story of New Zealand told by Dr. Richard Garnett (1898) I should not have returned to England without really seeing more of that colony. I had long known Dr. Garnett, as far as it was permissible to encroach on that scholar who long sat in the British Museum as preëminently the interpreter for literary inquirers, always the most modest of the chieftains of culture, and the most gracious. But as much as I appreciated his varied knowledge, it was with surprise that I read his contribution to Fisher Unwin's series of the Builders of Greater Britain, "Edward Gibbon Wakefield, the Colonization of South Australia and New Zealand." I do not believe that there is any other volume of four hundred pages which contains so much well-digested knowledge of the motives and forces that go to the founding of an English colony, and such clear and comprehensive insight into the conditions — physical, political, and religious, which modify and complicate such ideals and aims as those of Wakefield. Nor does any romance of our time surpass in interest the story told without embellishment, of the admirable man Wakefield, who alone of the many English idealists gave his entire life to the practical realization on earth of the Utopia he had written on paper.

In 1882 a company of Maoris came to London for the purpose of seeing Queen Victoria and laying before her sympathetic heart their grievances. My wife and I met these still nominal chieftains in London at the house of Mr. and Mrs. (Ottilia Blind) Hancock, always anxious to comfort the distressed. And these Maoris were in deep distress, not so much because of the troubles that had brought them all the way from New Zealand, but because they were not permitted to meet or see their Queen. One of them who spoke English, speaking for the rest, moved the large company of ladies and gentlemen almost to tears as he told of the grief with which they had journeyed so far only to find themselves motherless. They did not, so far as I can remember, tell us what their grievances were at home, but in reply to our questions spoke of the cherished dream of all their race that they had in England a supreme and benevolent Mother who could and would end all the troubles of her remotest children if she knew of them. Since reading the work of my old friend Dr. Garnett, I have written to ask him about this New Zealand deputation, and he says in a private note: "They had several interviews with the colonial secretary, Lord Kimberley, but he prevented their seeing the Queen, who would, I think, have insisted upon their being admitted to her presence if she had known the circumstances."

CHAPTER IV

The Melbourne Cup — Joss House — Sects in Victoria — Governor of Victoria — Bishop of Melbourne — Rev. Charles Strong — Australian insanity — Ballarat gold mines — Hon. Peter Lalor — Hon. A. Inglis Clark — Hobart — Campbellites — Nature's oddities — Relics of transportation times — Extinction of Tasmanians — My ordeal in Sydney — Impaled with Bishop Moorhouse and Rev. Charles Strong — Fusion of Freethought and Spiritualism — The Botany Bay myth — Justice Windeyer.

IT is odd that Melbourne, rigidly Presbyterian, should have for its Pan-Australian synod a horse-race. Melbourne has, however, made its racing week a social congress of the colonies. The betting is universal. Sweepstakes were arranged in the schools (by the teachers), and Cup Day is a holiday. It was stated that after the Cup race a carriage horse was observed to throw down a mouthful of hay given him, which his mate pounced on.

Early in the morning I walked over the course, so to say. Byron Moore, secretary of the Racing Club, guided me, and I saw the artistic arrangements for this great event. The apartments for the governor and his company, the committee rooms, the medical rooms, the ladies' rooms, — all were elaborately elegant. There was fine floral decoration everywhere; cosmetics in the ladies' room, and needles threaded with every colour, ready for use.

In the element of grotesquerie the English Derby has large advantages over the Cup, where respectability was carried to an extreme; there was hardly a side-show, nothing characteristic of the country, no aborigines, no boomerangs. It all impressed me as too much a Presbyte-

rian Vanity Fair; no one could fail to be struck by the multitude of beautiful ladies and fine looking men, but they appeared so serious! It was pleasant to see so many people without any tipsiness, but there might have been some fun.

The Chinese Joss House in Melbourne presented more primitive peculiarities than I discovered in the San Francisco institution. There was a mortuary where the Chinese who can afford it can keep little four-inch tombstones of themselves while they are alive; at death the man's inscribed stone is set up on a consecrated shelf. There were over twelve thousand Chinese in Victoria (1883), and their chapel suggested wealth. In the main temple one approaches the altar past the ferocious but impossible lions and sees six pink candles arranged like those on Christian altars; at the end of each row of candles is a foliated pillar about two feet high, set in a pot, around which coils a dragon whose head is bearded and horned. He guards a little tree growing out of another pot. Near by is a bell and drum, the object of which is to drive away evil demons, — for it is universal demonology that demons cannot stand order; when the air is made musical or rhythmic they must fly to a wilder atmosphere. Over the altar is a well-painted picture of a Chinese triad — Kwan-yin, Kawn-Tom, Ti-tom. The last two of these names I had to take phonetically from my Chinaman, and now write them with misgivings. About Kwan-yin much might be written, for she is a classic saint, or may even be called the Madonna of the Chinese Buddhists. She is the woman who refused to enter paradise so long as any human being is excluded. "Never will I receive individual salvation," she said, and still remains outside the gates of heaven.

The census of 1881 gave Victoria a population of 862,246 and registered 144 denominational names. Some of these names in the official Year-book are novel: "God-fearing," "Saved Sinners," "Silent Admirer," "Free-Trade," "Nature," and three men gave their name as "L. S. D." To the "church of Eli Sands" five belonged — all women. This I suppose to be the eloquent New York Methodist (1830–1868). One woman records her faith as a "Walkerite," Mr. Walker being a secularist lecturer in Melbourne. And there was one "Borrowite." Numerous entries indicate the fermentation in Australia, — "Believers in parts of the Bible," "Liberty of Conscience," "Liberal Views," "Justice and Liberty," "Free Religion," "Natural Religion," "Rational Christians," "Reasonists," "Eclectic," "Neutral," "Humanitarian." There were 53 "Agnostics," 37 "Atheists," 14 "Infidels," while 7277 registered themselves as without creed or sect. The number of those who rejected every form of Christianity was 20,000.

The Unitarians numbered about one thousand. In 1851, when registration of opinions was compulsory, seventeen hundred confessed the Unitarian faith. In that year the Victorian government voted to divide fifty thousand pounds among all the churches in proportion to their members (giving the five talents to him who had five and the two to him who had two), and the subsidy was continued many years. Under that arrangement the Unitarians received a good piece of property. It now had for its minister Mrs. Webster, who began preaching there as Miss Turner. She is a sister of Henry G. Turner of the Commercial Bank of Australia, himself a literary man and editor of the "Melbourne Review." Mrs. Webster is a rationalistic Unitarian, and her discourses are very

impressive. I had the pleasure of preaching to her society, which consists of educated and influential families.

The Australians had the infirmity of most colonists of imitating the nomenclature of the mother-country. One finds poor little villages named Brighton, Chiswick, etc., and the imitation extends to things gastronomic. At the mayor's banquet in Melbourne, held on the same day as that of the Lord Mayor in London, nothing could have been richer than the hall and its decorations, — the flags of many nations; but the imitativeness of the affair was amusing. There was turtle soup, the only occasion on which I saw it in Australia. Turtle abounds in Queensland, but the neighbouring colonies care little for it, and not at all for the delicious kangaroo-tail soup, nor for the *bêche de mer*, but stick to everything English.

The Australians go beyond the English in loyalty. Not only Queen Victoria's birthday but that of the Prince of Wales (now Edward VII) was a general holiday. I was told that there were more holidays in Australia than in any other country.

The Marquis of Normanby, then (1883) governor of Victoria, politely entertained me in his palace and gave me much information concerning the condition of Australia. At Lord Normanby's drawing-room, which was brilliant, I met my London friends, Eustace Smith, M. P., and his wife and daughter, and afterwards travelled with them to various places. Lord and Lady Rosebery mingled very affably with the gay company. The ladies at the drawing-room were all in full court costume.

Throughout Australia gentlemen often wear evening-dress on informal occasions when it would be omitted in London, but ladies even in large evening companies

mostly wear the convenient and high-necked black silk. I have remarked in various parts of the world that in every country the sex that exceeds the other in numbers arrays itself finely, the minority sex dressing plainly. In Australia the women, being relatively few, are sure of husbands without resorting to decoration.

A great deal was said in the religious press about "larrikins," that is, insolent rowdies. The crowd appeared to me decent and orderly, and I do not recall having ever seen a drunken person in Australia. In fact the whole population are tea-drinkers. The nearest approach to "larrikinism" I observed was in the pious press itself.

My reputation for rationalism had been made for me by a lecture agent selected by my friends Mr. Jeffray and Mr. Turner. Some handling of religious themes was expected of me, but my opening lecture (on Darwin) must have revealed to the keen-eared sectarians heresies of which I was not yet conscious. I afterwards realized that during the months elapsed since my last sermon in London I had been taking stock of my beliefs, and that especially during those four weeks on the Pacific my Theism had been analyzed severely. What I now describe as the "collectivist deity" — that is, a mind in nature creative and controlling the evolutionary forces — was rejected. I felt myself one with those who eighteen centuries before me had turned from worship of a cruel cosmic deity to the suffering god — "forsaken" by the Power he had trusted. These ideas had not crystallized in my mind sufficiently for me to formulate them, but they had affected my modifications on the Australia of a London lecture on Darwin. In giving this first in Australia I put my worst foot foremost. Melbourne also put its worst foot foremost by giving me the most unscientific hall man

ever spoke in. Every word I uttered returned in startling echoes, and a third of the fine audience could not hear. For the next lecture I had the desk moved to a side of the hall, and was fairly heard. The first lecture, however, well reported in the admirable "Argus," elicited public letters vehemently vindicating the functions of pain in nature. The ablest of these I had to answer, simply maintaining that no advantages could justify Omnipotent Love in selecting pain and wholesale torture of sensitive creatures as the method of Evolution. My argument was not answered, but I was angrily abused.

My case, however, was of slight importance compared with that of Bishop Moorhouse and the Rev. Charles Strong. The Bishop of Melbourne and the minister of the Scots church were admittedly the ablest men in the Australian pulpit. They were "broad" in their views, and had managed to get gibbeted together as "pals" propagating infidelity in the southwestern hemisphere. They were both imprudent enough to invite me to their houses, and I found them cheerful martyrs, quite able to appreciate the amusing features of the combination of Scotch Presbyterians and English Hard-churchmen by whom they were pelted. Strong's offences were manifold. He never preached dogmas; he introduced Emerson's essays into a class of young people; and he invited a rationalist — Judge Higinbotham of the Supreme Court — to lecture in his church on "Science and Religion." There was another offence of which Mr. Strong did not tell me, and which I discovered by attending his grand and crowded church: he was too eloquent. The National Church of Scotland to which he belongs is united with the two others in the Victoria Presbytery, but that did not prevent the latter from feeling some emotion at seeing their congre-

gations becoming thin and the Scots church plethoric. Nor did they fail to observe that notorious liberal thinkers had pews in Strong's church, among them R. J. Jeffray, a man of remarkable ability and influence.

The Bishop of Melbourne became implicated by consenting that a Broad-churchman, Rev. Mr. Bromby, should exchange pulpits with Strong. In answer to accusations the bishop delivered an address before the General Assembly so full of catholicity and liberalism that in the discussion that followed his lordship was fairly baited. He and his sister gave me an account of incidents suppressed by the papers. Some of the laymen who arose to speak were unable to do so because of their excitement. One, rising to call another to order, could get no farther than "I ca-ca-ca" — The bishop entreated the speakers to be calm and polite; whereupon an opponent exclaimed, "Your lordship, I call a spade a spade." "I am glad to hear it," said the bishop; "from your tone just now I should have expected you to call the spade a sanguinary shovel."

Bishop Moorhouse was entirely too fine a man to be hustled by ignorant people. They were just at him again when I met him. Miss Jennie Lee was having a grand success as Jo in "Bleak House," and offered a benefit performance for a charity with which the bishop was connected. The appearance of his name as patron of a theatrical performance was the signal for an evangelical fire all along the line. The pious hostility to the bishop was augmented by his popularity among the cultured men of the world, but I could see that he and his sister were tired of the provincial tempests in teapots, and it was a relief to both of them when he was made Bishop of Manchester.

In Australia I heard of several cases of insanity that

struck me as "antipodal." One was literally so — that of a lunatic at Sydney, who, maintaining that at the antipodes all customs of the other hemisphere should be reversed, held his knife and fork by the blade and prongs, ate with their handles, wrote from the bottom of a sheet upwards, and so on. At the asylum near Hobart there was a man who alternately fancied himself Christ and Antichrist, his changes from one to the other being sudden.

I saw a woman at Hobart who believed herself the queen of England. She went about freely, and was treated with a certain mock respect.

Brunton Stephens wrote a striking poem on a case said to be genuine, — that of a shepherd who went mad on hearing of the discovery of gold in a field where he had long tended herds, and which he had sold for a pittance.

The Australian gold-fields have been largely populated with men who made each his pile of gold. There is a story that at Ballarat some were seen eating sandwiches made of bread and bank-notes, in sheer bravado. The absence of any near market depreciated their gold, and they scattered it like chaff. A few women who found their way out among the tents that occupied the site of Ballarat in 1860 were bid for and bought at auction for sixty or seventy pounds apiece.

With Eustace Smith, M. P., I sank at Ballarat down a narrow aperture eight hundred feet into the earth. We had to dress for the descent in mud-spattered garb, huge boots, and horrible hats, insomuch that we agreed to call each other "bloke," and to divide any "swag" we could annex in the mine. Through the slimy sides of the grave we descended shuddering, and after sundry blood-curdling creakings and stoppages, were deposited in a puddle.

Clutching candles, we waded through white mud-purée till we came upon men who, with a grunt or groan at each stroke, picked at the hard quartz. For nine hours' daily toil in this Hades each obtained seven shillings. The workman's eye flashed as he told us, adding that he had had about enough of it.

Then we went over the adjacent establishment, where the quartz is crushed and washed, where the gold dust adheres to the carpets and blankets over which the yellow water passes, and so on through the stages by which the mint is finally reached, and the gold goes forth with saintly George and his bright-scaled dragon stamped on it. That serpent on the English sovereign must eat the dust all its days.

The first Australian digger was Edward Hargraves, who, having been reduced to sell his sheep as tallow in Australia, migrated to the newly discovered gold-fields of California. He did not do well there, but he observed the similarity of the auriferous soil in California to some he had noticed in New South Wales, whither he returned. The Hon. Mr. McIntyre of the Victorian Parliament told us that Captain Devlin met Hargraves in California and assisted him to return to Sydney. On an old horse, to obtain which he had borrowed money at a hundred per cent, Hargraves travelled to the Blue Mountains, telling every one he met of his hopes. All laughed at him save one Mrs. Lister, at whose inn he stopped and who sent her son to be his guide. The gold was found and Hargraves broke into a laugh, saying to young Lister, "This is a memorable day in the history of New South Wales. For this day's work I shall be created a baronet, you will be knighted, and this old horse will be stuffed and sent to the British Museum!" But he was plain Edward

Hargraves still (1883) in Sydney, and had been rewarded by fifteen thousand pounds for the Pactolus he discovered for others.

He was more fortunate than the discoverer of gold in Victoria, James Esmond, who also got his training in California. His discovery was near Ballarat, at a place then called "Poverty Flat." After getting a fair fortune, poor Esmond lost it all in trying to make it bigger.

I had the pleasure of meeting the Hon. Peter Lalor, speaker of the Victorian Parliament. He was a striking figure, but his glory was the stump of an arm lost while fighting against the Victorian soldiery at the Eureka mine. The government (under Governor Hotham) had imposed on each digger the necessity of a license costing thirty shillings a month. A man was liable to be suddenly accosted by a policeman and his license demanded, and if he did not happen to have it about him was at once chained to a log, there to remain for trial next day. The diggers' blood boiled over at last, and in the way of old English agitators they took to soldiering. They made Peter Lalor captain, raised a flag, — the Southern Cross, — and built a stockade. Government blood can boil too. At Ballarat the soldiers attacked the stockade, and after a considerable number of lives were lost on both sides, the matter was settled. The leading rioters were tried and acquitted; the license was reduced to one pound, then to ten shillings, and finally to five. My friend Mr. Jeffray, who was among the early diggers, told me that once when some measure was before the legislature involving the rights of diggers, Peter Lalor, in speaking, made a gesture with the stump of his arm which elicited a wild cheer from the assembly and helped to carry his case.

So far as I could learn, comparatively few of the great

fortunes of Australia had been built up on gold mines. As we drove through Ballarat many houses were pointed out far sunken in the earth by reason of the excavations beneath them, and the wealth excavated appears to have rested largely on a similarly insecure foundation. There are true legends haunting these Australian gold-fields which sound as if invented by some sage to teach the vanity of luck. There is in Victoria a town of ruined houses — Matolock. Its life began in 1864, with a rush of diggers. The last inhabitant left in 1879. In that fifteen years Matolock had found a fortune and seen it turn to dross. The diggers lost their wits, as at Ballarat, lit their pipes with bank-notes, and played at skittles with bottles of champagne.

Deeson, the poor man who went out one day with his children's hungry cries in his ears and returned with the nugget ("Welcome Stranger") that sold for ten thousand pounds, was a man of good habits, but he did not know when he had enough. He invested his fortune in machinery and lost it all. He toiled on through life in poverty a hundred yards from the spot where a single stroke of his pick turned up a fortune.

My visit to Tasmania was in response to an eminent young barrister, Hon. A. Inglis Clark, just entering on the public career which has given him fame as a jurist and legislator. (He is now (1906) attorney-general of Tasmania.) He told me of a small club of liberal thinkers who met together to read liberal works and discuss important subjects.

The novel "For the Term of his Natural Life," by Marcus Clarke, with its tragical power, had so darkened that island that I shuddered at the thought of visiting it. And on the voyage thither from Melbourne there was at

night an uncanny phenomenon: on one side of the ship there appeared to be a hundred yards distant a gloomy forest past which we sailed for hours. While walking the deck about midnight I asked some passing officer what land that was; he said we were several hundred miles from land.

All gruesome imagination about Tasmania vanished when I found myself in the delightful home circle at Rosemont, residence of the Clarks at Hobart.

Beautiful for situation is Hobart, with its opalescent harbour and the green mountains surrounding it. Over it watches Mount Wellington, whose cloud-capped summit I could not reach, but from whose high shoulder I saw the finest scene I beheld in the colonies. Still more interesting did I find my walks and talks in the fields with my philosophical friends, at every step seeing new and curious plants, flowers, birds, whose near acquaintance I was enabled to make by their scientific interpreter, Robert M. Johnston. His intimacy with the fauna and flora and the charm of his personality revived in me recollections of my beloved teachers, Baird, Thoreau, Agassiz.

On Sunday morning I selected out of the list of churches the smallest conventicle in Hobart, simply because it was "Campbellite." Alexander Campbell was the only Virginian who ever founded a sect, a little brick chapel in our town, Fredericksburg, being by tradition the first built by Campbellism. I never entered that except to hear Gough on temperance, but now availed myself of my first opportunity to hear a "Campbellite" sermon. It turned out, however, that there was no preacher. A shipwright and a saddler spoke briefly to about thirty people, and one or two others said a few words; but all sang with fervour familiar hymns. It

was all so humble as to be touching, and the pathos was increased by the little fraternity's history, which I had the curiosity to search out. Some years before there had come to Hobart an evangelist from Kentucky. He had a rapturous kind of eloquence, also a magnetic personality; he drew large audiences, and filled some with the enthusiasm that built for him this little chapel. After a time family affairs called him back to Kentucky, but he left a promise that he would return. But year after year passed without their hearing from him; some of the fathers fell asleep; their children asked, "Where is the promise of his coming?" and fell away; and only a few of the old congregation remained. These poor people still cherished the faith that their inspired founder would come again to them. I had reasons for believing that he would never return.

Ah, my poor "Campbellite" brothers, how many times in later years have I remembered you sitting there in Hobart and keeping alive the memory of your leader! As I have strolled through Concord and about Walden, remembering how we walked there with Emerson and Thoreau, and about London, meeting no more the morning face of Browning or the deep eyes of Carlyle — but the list would be long of the bereavements that remind me of those lowly watchers for their Beloved, who would never return.

After listening to the Campbellites we walked to a hill, which having no name I insisted should be called Transit Hill. On this pleasant elevation, covered with sward, many children were playing around the queer iron pillar four feet high and the square flat stone which the American astronomers set there when they observed the transit of Venus. In climbing this height and the great Mount

Nelson, we made our way over the fallen trunks of enormous tree ferns which were piled one on another, and looked like huge saurians.

Agassiz said to our class at Cambridge, "There are jokes in nature." One or two examples I remarked in the fauna of Australia. There is a funny pertness in the "hand-fish" that climbs up on the beach and props itself on its fingers and inspects one curiously. The "laughing-jackass" cannot be heard without responsive laughter, especially if one can see the bird while it is performing, for it seems so very solemn just before and after it has filled the air with inextinguishable laughter. The he-haw inhalations ending the laugh suggest the "jackass." It seems a kind of burly kingfisher, dressed in white and brown, with slightly crested head and a remarkably bright eye. It is never killed — not in Victoria because its skill in destroying snakes protects it legally, and in other colonies a friendly feeling protects it. In the bush it is called the "settler's clock," because it sings — though not exclusively — at sunrise and sunset.

There is a general belief that the Australian birds, though fine in plumage, are poor songsters, and when pretty songs are heard in the Botanical Gardens it is common to hear them ascribed to imported varieties. But in this the Australians are in danger of falling into the mistake that the old Virginians made in calling their best songster the "English mockingbird." In the Australian woods and gardens are some notes not to be heard elsewhere: those of the honey-eater, which is like touches on a guitar; the bell-bird, hearing whose tinkle a wanderer, it is said, knows that water is near; and the flute-like notes of the magpie. The magpie is the pet of

colonial homes and is taught songs. In Hobart I was awakened the morning after my arrival by a neighbouring magpie, whose matin was "Polly, put the kettle on," to which another responded with half the theme of "The Bould Soldier Boy." As to plumage, the wonderful decoration of the lyre-bird is hardly paralleled; but I was especially interested in the "firetail," because of the native fancy that the touch of pure fire on its tail came through its ancestors having been scorched in saving an ember for man when some demon was robbing him of the Promethean blessing.

In California I had been admonished to be careful about the "Tasmanian Devils." At Auckland I heard this animal described as fierce, untamable, dangerous. At Sydney the Tasmanian Devil was described as fierce but not often encountered; at Melbourne he diminished into "an ugly little beast." In Tasmania the little nocturnal creature is very timid and so rare that I sought it in vain. *Sic transit gloria diabolorum.*

The queerest thing I saw was the so-called "bulrush caterpillar" or "vegetable caterpillar." This also is found in New Zealand, where the natives name it "Aweto-Hotete;" but two specimens found in Tasmania were given me by the librarian of Hobart, Alfred Taylor, to whom I am indebted for the facts about it. The plant is a fungus, a sphæria, which grows seven or eight inches above the ground, generally in a single stem, round, and curving at the end like a serpent. This end is thickly covered with brown seed for some three inches. It grows near the root of a particular tree, the "rata." When pulled up its single root is found to consist of a large caterpillar three inches long, which is solid wood. Every detail of this grub is preserved. The sphæria always grows out of the

nape of the neck, strikes root, and completely turns the interior of the creature into its own substance. Externally the shell is left intact, no smaller rootlet appearing anywhere. The aborigines in New Zealand eat this pure white grub, and Mr. Taylor said that taken raw it is delicious. They also burn the caterpillar-root and rub it into their tattoo wounds. A good many white people believe that the plant actually develops the caterpillar form, and we cannot laugh much at our ancestors who believed in the vegetable Scythian Lamb and the Mandrake Man, of which last a specimen is preserved at London in the Sloane Museum.

The great surprise that awaited me in Tasmania was its representative character in an important feature of civilization. It is probable that the thrilling novel of Marcus Clarke, "For the Term of His Natural Life," with its terrible pictures of prison life at Norfolk Island, had something to do with making the institution comparatively excellent, — I went through it observingly, — but also with the steady emptying of it by the passing of its inmates to the freedom of good service in Tasmania. The stout arms and strong passions which in the crowded cities of Great Britain were trained only to crime had here made Tasmania into a garden. By good behaviour and service the exiles after a time obtained release from penal labour, though not liberty to leave Tasmania. With some little means to begin with they generally become useful inhabitants, and rarely return to crime. A lady told me that the best nurse for her children she ever had was a young woman who, as she afterwards discovered, had been transported from England for killing her illegitimate child. A good many of the sentences are for limited periods, but most of the exiles prefer to remain in Tasmania.

Numerous stories are told about these criminals. One was of an English judge who visited Hobart, and went into a barber-shop. The barber while shaving him said, "Judge, you don't remember me." The judge said he did not, and the barber continued, "I have the advantage of your honour; you gave me six years out here!" The razor moved gently, however, over the judge's throat, and he paid a good fee for a good story to tell in London.

I cannot vouch for the exactness of that incident, but one occurred in my own experience. In company with a young Englishman I drove about in a thinly settled part of Tasmania. At noon we halted at a small tavern to get refreshments for ourselves and our horse. In the parlour we found two respectable men with greyish hair and spectacles, playing cribbage. In conversation we inquired something about convicts said to be working in that district, and they said there were a good many and doing well. One of these pleasant persons went out with my companion to see about our horse; the other one, when we were alone, advised me to be careful how I talked about convicts, adding, "That man I was playing with came out from England under unpleasant circumstances." After our good luncheon and departure, my companion told me that the man who went with him gave the same advice, remarking that his opponent at cribbage had come out originally as a convict. Of course I cannot be certain that these elderly persons had not devised a little comedy for the entertainment of inquisitive strangers.

The last of the Tasmanians has perished. In English imaginations the natives had loomed up into ferocious creatures; the phrase "Native Devils" paralleled "Tasmanian Devils." A considerable number of troops were sent out to search for natives, but could find none. At last they made

a cordon across one end of Tasmania and advanced day by day across the whole island, catching in their net two aged people! Their photographs were said to be those of the native king and queen: the faces are haggard and disfigured by want and woe.

The extermination of a race by no means bloodthirsty was not due to British violence, but to ignorant and puritanical missions. The earlier missionaries were self-sacrificing, but as of old it was not the worldly pagan emperors who persecuted, but the religious ones, so it was those missionaries who took their dogmas seriously who did the great mischief in Tasmania. In 1834, as Australian annals record, "a fund was raised in England for the purpose of clothing the native women. Among the subscribers were the Duchess of Kent, Lady Noel Byron, and the Hon. Mrs. Wilbraham." It was these pious prudes who killed off the Tasmanians. It was the belief of every scientific man I met that they all were attacked by tuberculosis soon after they put on clothing.

I lectured in various parts of Tasmania, and had the honour of being attacked in the papers by orthodox writers. My lectures were not theological, but my account of London, my sketches of scientific men, and the fact that I was there by invitation of distinguished rationalists gave sufficient ground for this clerical imprudence, which filled my halls wherever I went.

One thing especially impressed me in the religious atmosphere throughout Australia: there was a friendly alliance between Freethinkers and Spiritualists. The whole population seemed to have their eyes set inviolably on the future life. Most of them or their fathers had migrated to that distant shore to seek their fortunes, and then to return to the old threshold and the loved hearts

at home. The emigrants were no doubt mostly of sanguine temperament, eagerly looking forward, and perhaps there may have been thus engendered the spirit that "never is, but always to be, blest."

I was shown a paper read to the club by the naturalist Robert M. Johnston, on "Common Fungoid Illusions," accompanied by a diagram showing the relative value of observations, as determined by the nature of the testimony and other conditions under which the observations are made. There are shown the gradations from the scientific evidence, where all the senses in their health, specially trained, in good position, equipped with tested instruments, conduct the inquiry, through observations made where these aids one after another fail, down to the lowest degree, the zero of intelligence — insanity. "The insane are forced by disease to live always within a world of wonders such as those sought after at times by the ignorant."

On my voyage from Tasmania I read three novelettes about ideal islands or societies, — "The Garden of Eden," "The Island of Duhitadiva" (by James Smith), "A Few Hours in a Far-off Age" (by Mrs. H. A. Dugdale), and closed them all with a feeling that it would suffice could I dwell with that circle of aspiring spirits at Hobart to whom I had just bidden a last farewell.

Between Melbourne and Sydney one travels nearly a day amid gum-trees, whose trunks, according to one's mood, may seem silvery or blanched in death. Many of them are indeed dead, girdled by the farmers. The bush has a desolate look. In the grey morning, as our train passed, a large "native bear" was seen clasping a telegraph pole. As to bears are attributed a passion for honey, I believed it was a cub deluded into the belief that the

humming of the wires indicated the proximity of a hive. My theory was speedily upset by the reminder that the "native bear" is no bear at all, but a marsupial (koala); however, it loves fruit, and possibly honey. A way the Australians have of calling things by inappropriate names is inconvenient. Their bear is no bear, their whiting fish is no fish, their flying fox is only a big bat, their cherry is no cherry. Most of us have heard it reported that "Australia is a place where the oysters grow on trees, the fences are made of mahogany, and cherries grow with their stones outside." There is no real mahogany-tree in the country, so far as I could learn; the so-called "cherry" is a kind of cypress whose stones do grow outside its red berry; and the truth of the oyster saying is that about some harbours oysters cover the beach rocks and occasionally the roots and fallen trunks of trees growing near the water.

When I was seated at the hospitable table of Bishop Moorhouse and listening to Rev. Charles Strong in Melbourne, I little supposed that I should ever add to the troubles of either of those gentlemen; still less that they would ever add to mine. So, however, it came about. Before my arrival in Melbourne the agent into whose hands my scheme of lectures had been entrusted had issued circulars that when I saw them took my breath away. I was proclaimed as "the famous Champion of Civil and Religious Liberty," etc., and all this was succeeded by the following quotations: —

As yet struggles the twelfth hour of the Night. Birds of darkness are on the wing; spectres uprear; the dead walk; the living dream. Thou, Eternal Providence, wilt make the Day dawn. — *Jean Paul.*

God speed Mr. Justice Higinbotham, and teach him,

by methods which we cannot follow, secrets of divine truth which may glorify his Master and ours. He is still our brother by virtue of his true love for Christ. — *Bishop Moorhouse.*

There are plain enough indications — witness the bringing out of Mr. Moncure Conway — that sooner or later the Battle must come. — *Rev. D. S. M'Eachran.*

In view of recent events and of the present ferment in the public mind, Mr. Conway's visit to this city appears to be very opportune. — *The Argus.*

The three quotations following that from Jean Paul Richter fairly conscripted me into the vanguard of an imminent battle of whose conditions I knew nothing. The very names of the four generals were given. My lectures closed at Melbourne on October 16, and on November 12 the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Victoria was to meet. The Melbourne organ of the anti-Strong party, "Daily Telegraph" (which had ingeniously utilized my statements), detached from their context, to fling at Moorhouse and Strong, mixed my humble self up with those leaders on the morning of the General Assembly's meeting in an adroit leader. I cite a specimen: —

The chief disturbing influence which threatens the Presbyterian Assembly comes from outside. One, at least, of our contemporaries undertook long ago the cheerful task of writing the Presbyterian Church out of existence. The only thing it has yet succeeded in destroying is its own literary reputation and the patience of its readers; still it sticks to its curious policy with a perseverance worthy of a better cause. Mr. Moncure D. Conway's cheerful theory about the churches is that they are inspired and kept going *by the devil.* He "keeps the churches flourishing," and "provides Christians with their religion." It would "be impossible," Mr. Moncure D. Con-

way assures mankind, "*for any church to last long without the devil.*" Our contemporary publishes this remarkable theory of the origin and nature of churches to the world, and evidently itself acts upon it.

The statement in my lecture on Demonology, thus clipped up for a purpose, was an account of the part played by Satan and Antichrist in ancient times in terrorizing the people, and the degree to which in recent times "the terrors of the Law" stimulated revivals. I invited an interview with a representative of the "Melbourne Argus" for the purpose of relieving the bishop and Mr. Strong from any participation in my views, and went off to Sydney with sorrow that I should be made to add any weight to the millstone around their neck.

But when I reached Sydney I found reason for dismay at the millstone those gentlemen had hung around my neck. The "Melbourne Daily Telegraph" and other sectarian organs, also an ingenious Melbourne correspondent of the "Sydney Herald," had given me a fame in Sydney ludicrously disproportionate to my deserts; and though probably none of my accusers reverenced the character of Jesus more than I did, I found myself a full-blown apostle of Antichrist. The eyes of all Australia, and especially of Sydney, were fixed on the General Assembly that met for combat November 12, and on the evening of November 13 my opening lecture in Sydney had to be given. The subject I had announced was "Toleration of Opinion, or Pleas for Persecution." My first lecture in Melbourne was on "The Pre-Darwinite and Post-Darwinite World." Although introduced with personal recollections of Darwin that were applauded, my statement of the extent to which religious philosophy had been affected by his great generalization excited an outburst in the sectarian organs, and

I resolved to put my right foot foremost in Sydney. I had taken the utmost pains to make my lecture on Toleration conciliatory. It was given in Protestant Hall, the chief one in Sydney, to a good audience which included the Premier, Sir Joseph Parkes, other ministers, and eminent citizens. But hardly had I given the exordium when crowds assembled at the doors and windows, shouting Salvation Army hymns. Each crowd sang a different hymn, the result being a confusion of yells which my voice could hardly surmount. When, however, these noisy saints discovered that my voice was not quite drowned, some of them repaired to a bowling alley adjoining a wall of the hall and zealously rolled the balls.[1]

Care was taken by the managers of Protestant Hall that the annoyance should not be repeated, but the balls went on rolling in the "Sydney Herald," where in anonymous letters my lectures were distorted. For instance, I gave a sketch of Cardinal Newman, and of my going some distance on a terribly wintry morning at daybreak to his oratory (Birmingham), where he usually conducted mass,

[1] My case, however, was mild compared with that of an Orangeman who ventured to speak in the hall shortly before. This was at a Home Rule meeting gathered to listen to John Redmond, M. P. Redmond's thrilling eloquence had excited his Irish audience to the last degree of intensity. After he had finished, the bland Irish chairman said that if any one wanted to put a question Mr. Redmond would answer it. Whereupon the Orangeman rose and said sharply, "I wish to put a question." He was invited to the platform, where he began some sharp criticisms, when an excited Home Ruler on the platform steps jumped up and felled him. He lay apparently dead, and had to be carried out into a back room, a doctor following. There was a wild scene, the crowd rising up and yelling "fair play," "served him right," etc. It was long before quiet could be restored. The little chairman, totally without humour, then said politely, "Does any other gentleman wish to ask a question?" No one responded. I afterwards met Mr. Redmond, who told me that this story was very near the fact.

though hardly expecting that the aged man would arise on such a bitter morning, substitutes being at hand. His presence on that occasion, when only two or three attended, was mentioned with admiration, and every word I said was to his credit. Yet some silly — or malicious — Catholic described what I said as an attack on the cardinal! Though other statements about my twelve lectures were equally misleading, this particular one annoyed me most because it had been a sort of specialty of my ministry for thirty years to maintain that Protestantism, theologically and morally, was a relapse into the stony ages from the height to which evolution had carried Catholicism, with its merry Sunday, antiquated dogmas, exaltation of a feminine divinity, and cult of the fine arts.

But a good many in Sydney were ashamed of its hornets. The chief club (Union) elected me an honorary member, and I met there cultured gentlemen, besides being able to escape from the poor "chief hotel" to good accommodations in the club. I was invited to give the annual lecture before the philosophical and scientific institution, and for some days was the guest of the admirable Justice Windeyer, who presided on that occasion. Several ladies whom I had known in London, married in Sydney to excellent men, entertained me in their houses, arranged pretty excursions for me, and introduced me to the best people. The Fates, who during my first week in Sydney were ugly as Furies, presently took on the lineaments of the Windeyer ladies, of Mrs. Heron, Mrs. Harris, and in their beautiful homes my hurts were healed.

In fact I began to excuse the hornets. As a lecturer I was a disappointment to the average lecture-goer; I was not a "spell-binder," taking up large world-themes, with a millennial magic-lantern throwing on the popular eye

visions of England, America, Australia, transfigured in the near future. My mission, if I had any, was still to individual minds. I lectured about the great literary and scientific men whom I had known in Europe and America, trying to interpret their influence and their contributions to thought and knowledge. In a sense these were to the masses another-worldly interests, while I was not other-worldly enough in religion. An eminent scholar said to me, "Nearly every thinker in Sydney agrees with you, but we do not speak publicly on such subjects. Why reason with people who do not know the meaning of reason?"

The fusion of Freethought and Spiritualism (or Theosophy), elsewhere referred to, had become so complete in Sydney that an orator combined both in his lectures in a theatre every Sunday evening. I regretted not hearing this able man, Charles Bright, who insisted that I should take his place on my only remaining Sunday. The theatre was crowded, more than three thousand being present. This strange movement had, I was told, almost swallowed up Unitarianism. The widow of the latest Unitarian minister (Mr. Pillars) had married Charles Bright, and had been occasionally lecturing for her husband in the theatre with much effect. About the same time a female evangelist, Mrs. Hammond, was drawing larger crowds than any regular preacher attracted. This revivalist was preaching in Sydney while I was there, and in my fifth lecture ("Woman and Evolution") I referred to her apostolate as showing how far society had travelled away from the Pauline doctrine against women preachers, and congratulated the city on having two eloquent ladies in the religious conflict of the time.

In the Museum I saw the newly discovered skull of the *Thylacoles*. When Professor Owen was in Australia he

was shown a small bone which puzzled his friend Dr. George Bennett (who repeated to me the story) and other naturalists in Sydney. Owen drew an outline of the head of the unknown animal suggested to him by the bone. I was able to compare the drawing with the complete skull (found in 1881), and the two — especially the jaws — conformed remarkably.

In the admirable Zoölogical Gardens I saw some large ground parrots, a New Zealand bird once of good character, but sadly demoralized by the introduction of English sheep. For a long time it contented itself with thefts of fleece, but at length took to perching on the back of sheep and digging down till it drew out the kidneys. This was the only part of the sheep it seemed to relish. It may have been once a pretty parrot, but those I saw were ugly assassins, the breast coloured like rusty iron. I showed my horror of their crime by lunching on cold parrot at the first opportunity, and during the indigestion speculated on the moral effect likely to be produced on Anglo-Saxon humanity by transplantation amid the strange fauna of the southwestern hemisphere.

Some friends took me on an afternoon excursion down the harbour to Botany Bay. I thought it a gruesome direction, but found to my amazement that Botany Bay was not and never had been a convict settlement. When anciently the first shipload of convicts arrived, it was decided that the place would not answer at all, and the prison was erected far away near Darling Point. But consignments from England, where the change was for a time unknown, continued to be directed to Botany Bay. In this way the name of a favourite bathing place has become proverbial for the wretchedness that is nearer to the sweet name "Darling." Here, then, was another parable!

Justice Windeyer, a learned Freethinker and Spiritualist, told me that a large number of those who listened with highest appreciation to my lectures still remarked with regret the absence from them of anything relating to the spirit-world. I discovered that the same "medium," Foster, who twenty-five years before had made a ridiculous fiasco in my house in Cincinnati, had afterwards converted multitudes in Australia. After his lectures, said Justice Windeyer, he gave all who came up to him messages from their departed friends, the recipients bursting into exclamations of joy and happy tears. Another very learned gentleman, Professor John Smith, was inclined to credit the marvels of Madame Blavatsky, and made me promise to visit her in India and test her powers.

I derived from my experiences in Australia a suspicion that veracity affects but little beliefs involving the immediate happiness of the world. If an error increases what the mass of men deem their well-being and happiness, no demonstration of its erroneousness can do more than cause it to cast an old skin and slip into another. One of my lectures in Sydney was on "The New Prometheus, or the Martyrdom of Thought," in which I related the legend that Prometheus, in order to make man attend to his present world, took from him faith in a future life, and left him only the *hope*. But evolution has overruled Prometheus. The majority of mankind find that life is hardly worth attending to, or even worth living, unless it be the vestibule to a world in which their ideals are realized. Human evolution, therefore, has turned the Promethean hope into a faith, and this, true or not, will continue under one form or another unless a new human species is formed.

CHAPTER V

Colonial Chauvinism — King George's Sound — Weird coast names — Australian aborigines — An uncivilizable maiden — Dangers of federation — Krakatoan lava — Voltaire and Wesley on the Lisbon earthquake.

THE Australians could never forgive Anthony Trollope for calling them "a nation of blowers." The novelist said a hundred good things of them, but his whole pot of ointment was ruined by that fly. No doubt it was a hasty generalization on his experience of some gentleman whose loyalty to his colony amounted to lunacy. I met one such on my travels. He had travelled around the world, and found nothing of any kind comparable to the corresponding thing in Australia. He had visited every theatre in Europe, and never seen any actor who would be more than tolerated on the Melbourne stage. He would not deny that England contained some fine people, but he had not seen a gentleman in America. Nor had he seen a well-formed sheep or cow in America. And so on. The Australians who heard all this sat on the enthusiasm of their countryman, and snubbed him fiercely; they feared I would "trollop" their whole country on his account, and explained him away as well as they could. But I reassured them, by rather taking the side of the fanatic, and citing the opinion of a philosopher that no great enterprise is ever completely carried out without its assuming celestial proportions in some minds. It requires a degree of enthusiasm amounting to semi-craziness to cause a man to do his whole part in the development of a colony. An old farmer, who had toiled sixty years near little Abbots-

bury in England without leaving it, was visited when dying by the clergyman, who spoke to him of the joys of heaven. "It may be a very good place," said the dying farmer, "but for a constancy give me Abbotsbury."

Yet oftener was I reminded, especially in the way so many speak of England as "home," that with all their loyalty to Australia a majority of the people have a subconscious feeling of exile. When our homeward-bound ship was about leaving Melbourne, large numbers crowded to the deck to see us off. There were partings, and I thought I observed more tears shed by those left behind than by those departing. Somehow the multitude suggested a vision of shades on either side of the Styx, some longing for Charon to ferry them over to Elysium, the Elysians longing to voyage back to the upper earth.

We stopped half a day in beautiful Adelaide, where I was able to pass a few happy hours with a family of dear friends I had known in London.

Early in the morning we approached the coast of West Australia, and a forbidding coast it is — low, sandy, treeless land, breaking up at length into promontories and islets of scarred rock. Who could have been the bold man who first fixed his abode at King George's Sound? It was amid such blanched crags that Mephistopheles advised Faust that theologians displayed less wisdom than peasants who called such places after the devil — Devil's bridge, Devil's punch-bowl, and the like. They who named these sea rocks guarding King George's Sound have not gone the length of the Mephistophelian theory, but they have interpreted the stern chaos of the coast. The first island, a black rock, resembles a pallid coffin in the distance, and is named "Coffin Island." Farther on we find "False Island" and "Mistaken Island."

On enquiring of some one familiar with the coast the origin of some of the names, he did not know, but suggested explanations of a depressing character: "Eclipse Islands" were probably named after some ship wrecked on them, and perhaps "Two People's Bay" marked where two people perished. Why might it not be that two young people — like the eloped and forgiven young people whose honeymoon began on our ship — there found their paradise? Up Rhode Island harbour the early mariners sailed past islands named Faith, Hope, and Charity, landing at Providence, where Roger Williams had founded the first religiously free and tolerant state ever known in Christendom. But no Christian colony on our planet is now benign enough to suggest optimistic names for its hard features. The aborigines of Australia, if they ever believed in any beneficent powers, have lost them under British rule, and now believe only in the evil ones. And the English navigators followed them in their instinctive pessimism, as we follow the navigators. None of us looks at the hard, unfriendly coast without feeling that the two people never went to Two People's Bay willingly; they were drowned, or perhaps gibbeted there. And yet there were a thousand people dwelling at Albany willingly, nestling between the sea and the rock-hills.

We entered Albany Harbour between an ugly Scylla and a dismal Charybdis, listening to an account of how the Clyde was wrecked there. Having gone ashore on a launch, I caught sight of a newspaper sign and promptly entered. The editor of the "Albany Mail" was cordial and intelligent, and his four weekly pages were well worth the sixpence they cost. The paper, started that year (1883), had collected facts about the settlement. In 1826 a rumour reached Sydney that the French intended to occupy

King George's Sound, and a military force with a gang of convicts was sent to take possession. The panic about the French proved idle, the conversion of the natives was undertaken, and in 1834, though no clergyman could be got to go, the pious ladies in London sent out the evangelical clothing by which the poor Australians were rapidly killed off.

Albany was delightfully primitive. The walls were placarded with notices signed by its two justices of the peace, giving a list of names of persons (Europeans) to whom it is forbidden to sell alcoholic drinks. A law forbade selling liquor to aborigines, only about twenty of whom were left at Albany. It was said that eighty miles away there were five hundred. They are communists, those who earn anything from the whites sharing it with the rest.

I saw a lovely half-caste girl of about ten years in the village, but had to go a mile out to find other aborigines. Five or six of us went, and the natives were evidently expecting visitors from the ship. Twelve — all pure blooded— presented themselves, petitioning for "bobs." They have that word for shillings, and I also observed that their best talker in English dropped and inserted her "h" in cockney style. They were all related to each other, and were in trouble because one of their number had been locked up for fourteen days. The prisoner's wife walked in proud distress, a conscious object of compassion. Finding that she spoke English fairly well, I asked her what had been her husband's offence. "Deserted his master," she answered. "It is wrong, it is wrong," said the oldest of the men.

The language in which those people conversed with each other was musical, and their voices in pleasant contrast

with their general appearance. They were darker than I expected, though the men and two of the women had made themselves like chromo-lithographs with ochre, which they called "wilgee." The women used it only on their cheeks, but most of the men were smeared from head to foot. Some one told me it was put on to keep away vermin, and I did observe that the peculiarly pertinacious flies of Albany did not alight on these living chromos so much as on the rest of us. But the more probable explanation is the fierce, fiery appearance it gave them, making them terrible and demoniac to their foes. That may be the reason why the ochre is mostly used by the men.

The men were pleasant to their women, but it was told me in the village that when a man was leaving home for a hunt requiring some weeks' absence he sometimes wounded his wife with a spear sufficiently to make sure of her remaining at home until his return. On the back of every woman's shoulder a regular series of five or six scars, each about two inches long, excited my curiosity; a "gin" woman told me they were her lover's "kisses." Such lacerations are made at regular intervals by the lover up to the time of marriage. "On my breast, too," she said, but that was carefully concealed by a kangaroo skin. She then pointed to a jagged four-inch scar on the inside of her forearm and said proudly, "When he make that I am married." It is not easy to astonish these astonishing people, but I managed to do it by asking the men to show me the corresponding caresses gashed on them. No such scar existed, of course, but smiles were exchanged by the women. The most aged of the women had her face also scarred, which looks as if the earlier treatment of her sex might have been even more severe.

We were shown their exercises with spear, waddy, and boomerang. The performances were most wonderful. With their ten-foot finger-thick switch of a spear they struck a shilling on a stick fifty feet away. The waddy, a heavy yard-long inch-thick stick, was also thrown with precision. The hurling of the boomerang was as beautiful as amazing. Thrown at a point near the ground twenty yards ahead, it gradually rises beyond, and curving upward a hundred feet, soars back and alights behind the thrower at the distance he desires. The boomerang revolves swiftly on its passage through the air and has a beautiful falcon-like appearance. I was never weary of watching this marvel of savage skill and strength, and they were delighted with my admiration, especially so long as it was represented in shillings. I purchased the best boomerang, though the owner was reluctant to sell it. But nobody believes in the boomerang miracle who has not seen it.

An amateur photographer was with us, and the natives were all glad to be photographed, their chief remarking, "When I go into the ground I will still live in that picture."

They all wore garments of kangaroo skin, those of the men falling behind and leaving them in front naked except for the groin cloth. The women were thickly wrapped from below the shoulder to the knee. Neither sex had stout legs. The feet of the women were delicate and shapely. The group presented a pathetic appearance, and it was painful to observe the repugnance of the Australian whites generally regarding them. Were it not for the filthy skins and blankets on which the British prudes insist, they would by no means be repulsive. They possess considerable intelligence and humour. One need

only read Brough Smith's book on the Australian aborigines to recognize the remarkable character of their legends and folk-lore. We paid them well for entertainment, but for which our half day in Albany would have been dull, and left them squatting in a row, backs to fence, each with his and her clay pipe.

They cast no envious looks towards us, these survivors of a dying race. Repeatedly has the experiment of surrounding them with "civilization" been tried. Mr. Knight, the commissioner at Albany, and Mrs. Knight, took into their home an exceptionally bright and pretty native girl, christened her Mary Cameron, taught her to read, write, and play the piano. It was hoped she would do something for the aborigines, and a schoolhouse, I believe, was built for her to teach in. But soon Mary was found with her civilized clothing cast off, far away in a cave beside a stream, enjoying a feast of raw crabs and lizards. She stoutly refused to return to "civilization," from which she retained only one thing, a passion for reading novels. Her discoverers gave her some blankets and novels, and left her to her cave and freedom. Perhaps there was too much catechism and too much brimstone in the "civilized" régime, and she may have been saving her soul from a false God.

What a distance stretches from these haggard shreds of a wild tribe to the handsome Anglo-Australians before whom they melt away! But how will the descendants of these last appear to the traveller of the far future? The evolutionary forces that produced the aborigines do not altogether cease to work.

On the evening when our ship left King George's Sound, while we sat at dinner, an English journalist humorously invited me aloud to drink a glass of cham-

pagne with him in felicitation on our leaving Australia. The jest was not liked, and I did not respond even merrily. The Australians could not quite like Darwin because he expressed the little regret he felt on leaving Australia nearly fifty years before.

The journalist had probably suffered in the poor hotels, the dull churches, and the remorseless Sabbaths. I had enjoyed lavish hospitalities, charming companies, and the society of some of the most intellectual men I ever met. But I left Australia with a feeling that I had seen it at its best, and that the tendencies were in a direction of retrogression. Many of the best people were already looking forward with favour to that federation of the colonies which has since been achieved, and which I felt would be as adverse to intellectual and moral development as the union of Scottish churches had been to the liberalism of such men as Charles Strong and Bishop Moorhouse.[1] Where either individuals or states are fettered together, their movement must be that of the slowest; and the slowest is apt to be the colleague that refuses to move at all, unless backward. The more free individuals, whether men or communities, the more chances for those variations from which higher forms are developed. The old shout of

[1] The day before I sailed for India I dined at the house of Rev. Charles Strong with our friend R. J. Jeffray. Strong had resigned his pulpit and looked like a Daniel rescued from the lions' den. In April, 1884, when he was at Balfurming, Helensburg, Scotland, I received a note from him in which he said, "I was delivering a short lecture last night on Australia. Strange and horrible to say, a young lady who was playing the harmonium on the occasion took fire, her dress having come in contact with one of the footlights. What a scene! Luckily the fire was got out, but her arms were badly burnt. What interpretation might not the Melbourne Presbytery place upon this!"

Mr. Strong returned to Melbourne, where an independent church was erected for him.

"Liberty and Union, one and inseparable," has a fine sound, but so has the prophecy of the lion and the lamb lying down together. The lamb will be inside the lion, and Liberty be devoured by over-centralization.

On our voyage towards Ceylon our ship sailed a whole day through thick masses of floating lava, which rattled perpetually against the hull. Now and then we passed floating palm-trees which had been hurled and then perhaps drifted until they were a vast distance from Krakatoa, where they were uprooted. Their leaves were still green, and on them perched many different birds. We passed within a few yards of one of those palms. Its trunk was completely covered by sea-birds of all sizes and varieties. Side by side they stood in a row, motionless, silent, peaceful, but all looked disconsolate. They were not disturbed by our ship or our shouts.

Enough of the lava was drawn up from the sea in buckets for all of us to carry away souvenirs of that Batavian event which, had Krakatoa been under control of any purposing Power, should have renewed in every heart the defiance of Prometheus. How many of us might have found in our handful of lava a symbol of the fragments of volcanic theology hidden in the brain of the most rationalistic?

In the middle of the eighteenth century two men divided the religious attention of Europe — Voltaire and John Wesley. Voltaire was a lion in London among the aristocrats at the very time Wesley was ordained a deacon; and thirty years later the two men respectively represented to "salvationists" of the time Christ and Anti-Christ. While these two men were promoting each a revival of his own kind in Europe, the great Lisbon earthquake occurred, when men, women, and children were

destroyed like flies. Both issued pamphlets upon it. Voltaire invited the theologians to stand with him beside that vast grave in which innocent people were buried alive, and say whether it were the work of a providence whom men ought to worship. Wesley summoned the world to witness the judgment of Jehovah upon a region where the Inquisition had flourished, and added an account of a landslide at Whiston Cliffs, which, though it hurt nobody, was meant as a sign of what God could do if he wished.

In New England Thoreau thought that Atheism must be comparatively popular with God himself. No doubt any respectable deity would rather have on his side one Voltaire than millions of "larrikin" devotees. But nevertheless, so long as the Collectivist deity has to bear the burden of the volcano and the agonies of the world, and suffer the patronage of brainless masses, the orthodox have a good chance of making the world as depraved and miserable as their creeds declare it. The gospel of lava — of fire and brimstone especially for the Voltaireans — is vomited still from thousands of pulpits, and we rationalists are somewhat like the disconsolate birds on their floating palm-tree.

But what about even our palm? It looks green enough while we are sitting on it, but after all it is uprooted, and we must seek some other ark. Voltaire, though his faith in providence perished in the Lisbon earthquake, held on apparently to some ghost of deity; but a deity practically useful only so far as churches make him so has disappeared from unbiassed philosophy.

As I write out these notes (May, 1902) in New York, a volcano is devastating Martinique. By some unexplained coincidence that volcano bears the name of the terrible

Hawaiian goddess, "La Pelée." It is, however, notable that no voice important enough to be heard is proclaiming with John Wesley that these disasters are the judgment of Jehovah. Nay, the destruction occurs simultaneously with the beginning of a retreat by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in America from dogmas that grew out of just such destructive courses of nature. It was the destructive forces of nature that proclaimed a god of wrath, and the indiscriminateness of such destruction — not even babes and helpless animals being spared — which proclaimed a curse on the earth and on mankind. The old Westminster Creed is now turned into a literal "confession." It is confessed that for many generations a great church has been imposing on mankind as divine truth a grievous error. The physical sufferings of the two finest scholars in Geneva slain by Calvin, of the Catholic victims sacrificed in Ireland by Cromwell, and the victims of Puritanism in America are slight compared with the inward tortures of human hearts, the parents weeping for the possible damnation of their babes, the ruin of happiness for many millions terrorized for centuries by dogmas now confessed to be delusions.

CHAPTER VI

Ceylon — Plain living and high thinking — Talks with the Buddhist Perera — Origin of Whittington's cat — "Rodyas" — A Sinhalese law court — Judge Arunáchalam and his wife at Kattura — A ramble with Sinhalese gentlemen — My Buddhist plea for a suffering snake — Hindu shrines in Buddhist temples — The learned priest Subhûti — Sinhalese homes — A Moslem on Heber's verse about Ceylon — Temple at Khandy — A Moslem sermon — Kellania — Buddhist folk-tales — "Merits" — Nirvana — My Christmas lecture at Colombo — High priest of Adam's Peak — Conferences with Buddhists in their college — An unpublished Pitaka — "Covetousness" — Of actions at once right and sinful — The extinct order of female priests — English masqueraders — Bishop McIlvaine and Bishop Temple.

ON a warm summer day, in the middle of December, voyaging on a sea of glass, I beheld a seeming long white cloud low on the horizon. It was Ceylon, — the land of my dreams. Poor Columbus! You who saw a cloud that turned into America, and were welcomed by gentle natives, — unarmed Buddhists in their peacefulness, — how pitiable you appear! "They knew not the use of weapons, and cut their hands in handling our swords; they know no evil; what a pity they must be damned because they know not Jesus!" So wrote the discoverer who, disappointed in not finding the land of gold, bethought him of transforming the gentle natives into gold and into Christians. Four centuries have passed and Christendom is singing of the vileness of the Sinhalese, the most innocent people on the face of the earth!

It was a new world I was entering. I had studied the Sinhalese Buddha and Buddhists, and knew I was leaving behind Anglo-Saxonism, — cruel, ambitious, canting, ag-

gressive, — to mingle with people who knew "the blessedness of being little." Here at last was a country without any revolutionary party. They were free to think and feel and dream, to find happiness in making their wives and children happy, and in sharing the thoughts of the world's teachers.

But I was too sophisticated to adapt my mind at once to the extreme unworldliness of the Buddhists. To find philosophers living in thatched cottages with earthen floors was an astonishment. Sitting with one such man, talking of Emerson and Carlyle and Max Müller, — he knew their works by heart, — I could not forbear contrasting the abode of even well-to-do Buddhists with the villas of their English and Hindu neighbours. We were not far from the governor's palaces, and he pointed to a mounted escort entering the palace court on prancing steeds. He said, "Would you like to be in the place of that captain with his red coat, high cap, and steed?" "No," I answered. "Well, that is the way we look upon these planters and officials and their fine houses. They do not appeal to us in the least. We are glad to be quite out of their sphere. We have good food, good wives; we love to see our children, as you see, nearly naked, playing on the grass; and to read, think, converse on great subjects, and are content to let the world go prancing on its way while we go on ours."

Mr. Perera, a highly educated Buddhist, told me that the story of some English authorities of Buddha's birth from a virgin is unknown in Ceylon. Buddha's mother, Maia, died some days after Buddha's death, and in popular belief she was born a male god. My expressed hope that Buddha's father had become a goddess amused him. The great Buddha tree at Kellania, believed to have been

part of the original Bo-tree in India, is said to have been brought thence by a queenly priestess.

Mr. Perera also gave me some specimens of the domestic form taken by the Buddhagosha parables. In illustration of the effects of bad company Buddha once related that a certain king had everything perfect around him, — his wife was the best, his horse the best, and he especially prided himself on having the finest elephant in the world. But this elephant went mad. Great doctors were summoned, but none could cure him. The elephant-keeper, questioned sharply, said: "One night wild animals in the jungle near by talking together said, 'This would have been the king of elephants; here he is a prisoner chained up; we who live in freedom in the jungle are far happier.' The elephant heard this and it made him wild and mad. But the priests came and preached to the elephant high morality, how to do good, and the dangers of hell. So the elephant was cured and the Buddhist proverb arose, 'Even the wild beasts may be converted by good company.'"

My friend was a loving reader of Emerson, but could not at all feel the interest of our philosopher in immortality. Indeed he said that he thought a belief that death was entire extinction would be to the vast majority of the human race glad tidings. What he said on this matter reminded me of Shakespeare's thoughts as expressed by Hamlet and also by the condemned youth in "Measure for Measure." The humble millions of the world fear death largely because they have been terrified by notions of torment after death, or of interminable journeyings through vile forms.

It seems that there is a sort of popular belief that the lower animals are immortal. The sufferings of animals

which so troubled the faith of Sarah Flower Adams, the writer of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and of Sir Henry Taylor, and Frances Power Cobbe, who could conceive of no future redress or moral benefit for animals, is escaped by the Buddhists, who look upon these inferior forms as their humble spiritual ancestors and poor relations. The familiar London folk-tale of Whittington and his Cat, which I once traced through many parts of the world, originated in a Buddhist parable whose moral was the base ingratitude of man to the animals that befriended him. The cat, having ingeniously made the fortune of a poor peasant, is cast aside to perish in wretchedness. This lesson against ingratitude faintly reappears in the early versions of "Puss in Boots," but has entirely disappeared in the story of Whittington, in which the cat is supplanted by the Providence which watches over the speculations of the pious and loyal British merchant.

Some relics of tribes are found in India whose passive and unprogressive character was probably derived from ages of subjugation. The raid of John Brown in Virginia was enough to prove that in the evolution of a docile slave the old insurrectionary elements that had produced such leaders as Toussaint l'Ouverture and Nat Turner had long been trampled out of the negro race in America. It was no doubt so with the taciturn Tamils in Ceylon, and traceably so in the "Rodyas," who have their legend, according to which an offence against some half-mythical monarch by his "nobles" led to a decree isolating them, and their descendants had become a separate tribe. Their women were forbidden to wear clothing above the waist, and the men had some similar disqualification which kept them from mingling with people in cities. Two

Americans accompanied me to the forest of the Rodyas, and when we saw the men with long knives sheathed in their loin cloth we felt as if we had strayed beyond the line of safety. But the knives were relics falling to a harmless generation. The women had cultivated long hair, and when we passed covered their breasts with it, Godiva-like. One of these held in her arms a very beautiful baby, into whose hand I put a coin. The mother smiled, and said something to her husband. He advanced and walked with us to a house where there was a person who conversed with us pleasantly in English.

I made an excursion to Kattura. A law court was in session there, and the proceedings were mostly in English, the case being between a native and an Englishman. The chief lawyer was a fine-looking Sinhalese gentleman, whose golden tint was occasionally revealed by a gesture. The young judge had an attractive face which I had somewhere seen before, and he sent down a note from the bench requesting me to remain near by, as he had known me at Cambridge, England. Judge Arunáchalam was an undergraduate at Cambridge at the time of my Sunday evening lectures there, which he had heard. He also possessed several of my books and sympathized with my religious views. He insisted on my visiting him in his house, and as the court was not to be resumed for three or four days, said it would be a pleasure to him to go with me through the neighbourhood. The opportunity was welcomed. The judge (Hindu) had recently married a Sinhalese lady, and they resided in a beautiful villa. His young wife had an English governess, and was assiduous in her studies. One of her favourite books was my "Sacred Anthology," and when her husband took me to his house and went off to inform her that he had brought a guest,

he presently returned with the pleasing information that his wife would be present to receive me at dinner. He told me that she had never in her life met any gentleman of the English race, and felt a little nervous at the venture; she could not depart from usage so far as to eat at the table with us, but was anxious to meet me and for the first time to try her English with one from abroad.

The house and garden filled up all my old visions of Saadi's "Gulistan" or Rose Garden. The villa, embowered by palms, twined about with blossoming vines, the open sides of the drawing-room tapestried with flowers, the air perfumed by the breath of roses, made a station in my "Earthward Pilgrimage." But when the Sinhalese lady appeared all of these flowers and decorations wove themselves into a sympathetic frame around her.

The English governess was handsome, but no type of beauty previously seen had prepared me for that of Lady Arunáchalam. Her complexion was of lightest gold-tint, a slight rose-mist appearing and vanishing on her cheek; her features small and fine, her ample black tresses fell around her oval face. The timidity in her large eyes was scarcely veiled by the long lashes, but there was also an expression of infantine curiosity. She was hardly seventeen, I suppose. It was in December, the tropical summer, and the lady was not burdened with garments; her simple white but toned drapery folded softly around her with two or three coils, and she wore jewelled armlets.

She said something in Sinhalese, which the judge interpreted: "She welcomes you and begs that you will be seated." She herself took a seat on a divan and said presently with an accent I might have thought comical in another, but now found charming, that she loved to study English. With some aid from her governess she told me

that she had heard that in England women were free, that they were able to enter into the employments of life; in India and even Ceylon women had few advantages. I gave her an account of the progress in that direction in England and America, telling her particularly about the female physicians and artists. Her colour went and came as she listened and answered, "I am very glad." She had heard that when the Prince of Wales (Edward VII) was in India, and made grand parade in the cities attended by all the Hindu princes in their richest costumes, he had requested that on each such occasion the ladies should be allowed to witness the scene. The Prince had acted the part of many a fairy prince in oriental folk-lore, and in the impression made on Lady Arunáchalam, the only lady of high caste with whom I was able to converse in that region, I could perceive that he had not only left his image in the zenana along with the canonized heroes, but had been the means of placing slightly ajar those close-barred doors which ultimately perhaps may be thrown open.

The judge was delighted with the freedom of his wife in conversation with a stranger, and now and then put in an encouraging word or two, but she was left to follow her own will. She requested some suggestion of interesting books in English, and before leaving I made out a list.

Judge Arunáchalam had arranged that on the next day, Sunday, the most intelligent Buddhists of the neighbourhood should meet me at the train and bring me by an interesting road to his house; by breakfast time his preparations for Monday's court would be finished, and we could together visit villages and temples. About twenty met me, headed by the English-speaking lawyer.

On our way we came upon a snake reduced to helplessness by red ants. It was a harmless "rat-snake," valued

as the chief exterminator of rats. It had received no wound, but these red ants have power to paralyze and bind a creature five feet long. The snake was coloured red by the Lilliputian swarm, and I proposed that it should be delivered by death from its motionless misery. But there were murmurs against this. I was given to understand that it was contrary to their religion to take life, even that of the ants. We went on some sixty yards in silence, when I turned and requested that the snake might be brought. It was brought on a pole, then at my request was dipped in a pool and cleared of ants, and finally laid across the road. It was evidently half dead, but if left might linger in agony some days. It was on the first Sunday of 1884 that I thus found myself in a forest of Ceylon preaching to Buddhists in behalf of a snake, bringing back to them from the West a more humane interpretation of their own doctrine. I told them how painfully it impressed me that the mercifulness of Buddha should result in the torture of any creatures. The compassionate heart of that great teacher, recoiling from the cruel sacrifices of altars, from the agonies inflicted by man on man, and the disregard of animal sufferings, had testified against such cruelties; but what would he say could he now see that his tenderness had ended in leaving a harmless animal to be slowly devoured alive during several days? What would the compassionate Buddha, for whom a serpent is said to have made a throne with his coils — what would he do if he were in the presence of this misery which we cannot relieve but can end? As I said this, each word being translated to them as uttered, a youth stepped forth and with one vigorous blow of a stick ended the snake's life.

The company then began to talk among themselves,

and presently the lawyer communicated to me their point of view. The snake's situation was the result of its previous history in other forms, and its death by ants might be a necessary condition of reaching a higher future, such death being its self-determined path. To this I answered that our passing by was as much its destiny as the attack of ants. The merciful hand that struck the blow of deliverance was the poor reptile's destiny. And why, I urged, should we not at all times and to all creatures be a good destiny, counteracting the cruelties of nature? This won some favour.

After a luxurious breakfast with Judge Arunáchalam, we began our ramble by visiting a temple in which by the side of Buddha stands a small shrine of Vishnu, to whom offerings of flowers are subordinately made. We found hanging from the hand of Vishnu a Buddhist's written vow of a certain number of baskets of flowers and one hundred lamps in case of the offerer's success in defending himself on a trial for theft. Judge Arunáchalam, before whom the man had been acquitted, was amused by observing these duly paid debts to Vishnu. Among these gods transformed to guardian genii is now Maia, the mother of Buddha. She introduced Buddha among the gods to humanize them. I was scandalized that her sex should be changed; but a priest explained to me that by continued merits a woman might be promoted to be a man in the next world. I could not forbear saying that I hoped the time might come when it would be believed that a man, by extraordinary virtues, might be rewarded by becoming a woman.

At one temple we met the priest Waskaduwe Subhûti, to whom the judge paid marked honour. He was known to European scholars by his Pali Grammar (1876), and I

had in my pocket a letter to him from Max Müller. He spoke excellent English, and was a gracious old gentleman. His residence was some distance, and he was brought in a sedan carried by four men. I ventured to allude to this devotion on the part of his people. "It is," he said, "because I have been with them very long and am now too feeble to walk the distance from my house." But I was desirous of knowing why he did not come in a carriage drawn by horses. He said that life was so sacred that he was afraid a horse might be vitally injured by carrying him. "But," I said, "might it not be the same with one of those men while he is carrying you?" After a moment's silence he said very sweetly, "But a man can tell me if he is suffering."

Subhûti was an exact thinker, and the elevation and sweetness of his spirit excited my veneration. He was the Buddhist I had dreamed of. The affection of his people for him was touching. He had some pleasant word to say to each of them. The mothers brought their children to him that he might smile on them, and some of them brought him white lotos flowers.

I got information from Subhûti on the popular Buddhist folk-lore and ideas of future existence, for I knew that the "will to live" had long pressed Nirvana (annihilation) to a remote place. Siva has transferred his punitive power to Yama, whose throne is on a sword's edge, and over him a mountain: should he show the very least partiality in any judgment the mountain will fall on him and the sword cleave him. One's evil deeds turn to his devil. Killing animals is the sin most severely punished, but a Buddhist may eat meat of an animal slain by another. A man killed a goat to give food to a noble who visited him; the slayer had to suffer as many years as

the goat had hairs! In heaven all of inferior merits wait on those of superior merits. The next Buddha will not be found under the Bo-tree but under the Iron-wood-tree,—a tribute to beauty, as this tree has rosy leaves. There is no marriage in heaven, but the sexes remain. (In a fresco I remarked only one she-demon among many male ones.)

As we were walking through one of the villages a woman ran out from her house and threw herself on her knees before the judge, the tears flowing down her cheeks. She touched her forehead on his feet, then laid aside her cape, and thus naked to the waist (symbol of utter abasement) clasped her hands. While she was pouring forth her heart-broken prayer, the judge whispered to me, "Her son has just been arrested." After listening to her story — her son, her only support, excited by tree-toddy, had struck somebody — the judge placed her garment on her shoulders, and lifted her gently. He then went to the doors of several neighbours and enquired about the case. The reports were all favourable to the character of the youth, the blow was not serious, and he spoke words that brought hope into the widow's face.

The judge told the group who had collected (so he informed me) that I honoured Buddha and read his teachings to assemblies in England; and he desired me to be shown their household arrangements. I was shown through several houses, and women brought out their utensils and implements. One young woman brought a stone mortar and pestle and beat corn into "haddy" (meal). Another exhibited the stone oil-press. All such things were done by women. Their flesh was like the lightest bronze; their forms and movements graceful, and in their faces was the happiness and innocence of children. The only tears I saw in Ceylon were those of the widow about her son.

SUBHUTI, A LEARNED BUDDHIST AUTHOR

The judge (not a Buddhist) said that crime in Ceylon was very rare so far as Buddhists were concerned. They had few and simple wants and no hunger for riches or splendour. I received an account of a curious case of theft which had occurred in the cold months. A Buddhist had stolen a ring from an English lady, confessed the theft, and been imprisoned. He then sent word to the English lady where she would find her ring. She found it, and was curious about the proceeding. It was discovered that the man's hut was so out of repair and wet that he could not live in it during the cold season, and had determined by this theft to obtain for a time comfortable support in her Majesty's agreeable prison.

Among European men of the world acquainted with Ceylon, the lines about that island in the Missionary Hymn —

> Though every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile —

are regarded as a huge joke. A Moslem jeweller, of whom I was making some purchases and who was fluent in English, told me that it was perfectly well known there how Bishop Heber came to write those lines: a Eurasian Christian jeweller in Colombo sold Heber a big emerald that when he got home turned out to be glass, so he sat down and wrote that man in Ceylon is vile! It is certain that in any great city of Christendom there is more crime in one day than Ceylon knows in a year.

There are in Colombo several "vile" houses depending for patronage on travellers. When our ship arrived, agents came out on the tender and went about recommending those houses, declaring that the inmates were all Christians.

When I arrived in Ceylon there was much excitement about an attack that had just been made by the Catholics upon a Buddhist procession. A bit of what was believed to be the alms-bowl of Buddha, found at Sopârâ near Bombay, having been presented to the Buddhists of Ceylon, they were bearing it to a shrine when they were attacked. The Catholics thought they were mimicking their own processions and carrying aloft a crucified ape. The Buddhists were following usages older than the Christian era.

In Canterbury, England, there is an English Church training-school for missionaries, in which I once saw youths fresh from universities learning carpentering and other mechanic work that might be helpful to primitive tribes, but the one art needful they were not learning — that their first duty was to comprehend a religion before trying to destroy it. That ancient seaport town, Sopârâ, which one tradition pronounces Buddha's birthplace, and where the relic sent to Ceylon was found, has been identified by Benfey as the Ophir of Solomon; the Portuguese made converts there over seven centuries ago, and the Christians continue as a caste, though in rites and dress and beliefs hardly distinguishable from the Brahmans. The Portuguese are usually the most friendly missionaries, and their only outbreak, that of 1883, though nobody was harmed, was unfortunate. It gave the American theosophist, Colonel Olcott, an opportunity to pose as the patron and advocate of the Buddhists, — an opportunity he made the most of, — and to ally Blavatskyism with Buddha, lowering the latter in the unlearned mind. On the other hand, the disgrace of the Portuguese missionaries in Colombo was the means of admonishing all missionaries that the Empress of India was the head

A BUDDHIST TEMPLE

of the Buddhist Church in Ceylon, and that no disrespect to it would be tolerated.

In the ancient temple at Khandy the priest unfolded for me the various sacred vestments, which bore striking resemblance to those of Catholicism. I mentioned this to the priest, who said that they (Buddhists) well knew the origin of the Catholic vestments, but did not wish to cause irritation by talking of the matter.

I observed just outside the inner door of this very ancient temple a small lamp with red light over a basin of holy water, from which each one coming out touched his or her forehead; there were also shrines, relics, altar bells, and rosaries. It is not easy to believe that the Buddhist and Catholic forms are of independent origin and very difficult to determine which was the chief borrower. On the outer walls of the temple were mural paintings representing monstrous hells and devils, and the torture of human bodies. I asked a learned Buddhist how it was that a religion of mercifulness, which in all history never shed blood nor harmed even dangerous animals, could thus menace mortals with supernatural terrors. Surprised by my question, he replied that it was the great aim of Buddha to save mankind from those sufferings. "But who, then," I asked, "is responsible for the existence of such tortures in the universe?" "No one is responsible. These are the evils of nature, the conditions of existence, which no God or demon originated or causes, which not even the power of Buddha could abolish, but which he taught us how to escape." I wished to know the popular, as distinguished from the theological view of this matter, and asked an intelligent layman what was his own view of punishment after death. His reply was: "None is ever punished by other than

himself. All the evil that a man does during life, if not overbalanced by the good he has done, forms at his death a retributive self of that man; an image of himself, unconscious as a machine, tortures him according to his demerits."

In one ancient fresco at Khandy temple there is pictured a man of noble figure on a cross in hell. The demons vainly try to harm him, while the human forms worship him. The painting is too dim for me to discover how the form was attached to the cross, or to make out the precise shape of the cross. It seems to me much earlier than the Portuguese mission in Ceylon four centuries ago, but I naturally ascribed that particular picture to Christianity. Nevertheless the word *Stauros* in the New Testament, which we translate "cross," really means stake, the cruciform appearing only at the close of the third century. I possess an old Persian picture representing a personage of great dignity in hell, seated on a sort of throne, and unharmed by the demons. It may be that the figure in the Persian picture is meant for Zoroaster, and in its transition to Khandy caught up the Christian emblem. However this may be, the Parsi and the Sinhalese conceptions of the future are nearly the same. In one of our talks Subhûti said, "One's deeds change to his devil." In the vision of the ancient Parsi, Arda Viraf, it is written: "In a region of bleak cold wandered a soul which had departed from the earth; and there stood before him a hideous woman, profligate and deformed. 'Who art thou, who art thou, than whom no demon could be more horrible?' To him she answered, 'I am thy actions!'" The good meet their actions in the form of beautiful maidens.

I passed a night at Khandy, and in the evening my interpreter, a Moslem, told me that there was to be a dis-

KHANDY TEMPLE

course by a missionary of his faith in a private house, to which, being a Moslem, he could take me. The room was crowded by perhaps sixty people. Unfortunately my guide could not whisper any translations of what the speaker said, but I managed to gather from the exercises something about them. The preacher or mollah was clearly not a Sinhalese, and I believe he was a Persian; he was perhaps forty, with some colour in his cheeks, an eye alternately expanding and closing, a small intellectual face, and a voice which easily passed from one tone to another, — didactic, pathetic, humorous, — with quick gestures of arms and fingers for every turn. There was nothing notable about his dress, but he had beside him four readers in solemn garb, each with atlas-like Korans before them. From these they recited in unison suras on which the mollah made commentaries, introducing narrative illustrations which deeply impressed and moved his hearers. My guide told me afterwards that the narratives were those of great leaders and teachers of Islam who had passed through ordeals and perils and achieved great results. The Koran readers recited the verses with rhythmic beat and measure, *staccato* monotone, as if the four had one tongue. The speaker waited in silence, then suddenly joined them with exact rhythm and tone for one line, at the end of which the readers stopped, while the orator without any pause linked that line to his next sentence, in which his own style was resumed. At the end of that comment he fell into the *staccato* monotone, which the readers caught instantly, and went on with another Koranic passage, while the teacher sat still. The man's art was perfect; there was no loudness, no trick, but an uninterrupted flow of thought and feeling as of a fountain, his whole form and face shimmering

with its play. At times there was an instant of something like laughter in his voice, but it was quasi-hysterical, and no one smiled. I could not understand a word, but was sorry when it was over, and went off with thoughts of the bird said to have once perched on the shoulder of Mohammed while he was preaching.

An extremely ancient temple in Ceylon is Kellania. Near it is an enormous Bo-tree said to have descended from a slip of the original tree at Gya under which Sakyamuni received his illumination and became the Buddha. It is nearly a day's journey in the heifer-drawn vehicle; the sun was very hot, the region thinly settled, and there being no inns it became trying. My driver knew little English, and it required pantomime to tell him I was thirsty. Instantly he dropped his rein, quickly climbed a palm, and plucked off several green cocoanuts. With his knife he cut a hole in the husk of one, transforming it into a flask of perfectly cool nectar.

When I reached the temple a beautiful boy, nude but for his loin girdle, approached me. He was about twelve, spoke English, and was delighted at the prospect of guiding a visitor. There was no village near the temple, which was a good deal dilapidated. The tree was wonderful, but that which most interested me was the crop of Bo-tree legends which had grown around it and were related to me by the boy. One was represented in an isolated wooden house. To this the lad conducted me, opening the door with a key. Inside was an image of Buddha seated under a tree artificially modelled and erect in the middle of the room. The leaves on this tree were all spear-heads. When I enquired about this the lad related the legend in words that I wrote down as nearly as I could: —

"Our Lord, when the evil Mara tried to tempt him

many ways, would not yield to his evil will; then the evil Mara went and brought a great many horrible monsters to make our Lord afraid; but he was not made afraid; then the evil Mara made his horrible monsters to swoop down on our Lord; but all at once every leaf on the holy tree was a spear, and the horrible monsters were all stuck fast on the spears; and our Lord sat there; he was not tempted, not afraid, not hurt!"

I can hardly believe that the boy's tale was literally memorized, for his face was radiant as he told it; there were also hesitations, and probably I was more concerned to get the legend exact than to write down his every word. I was often impressed by the care with which children of Buddhist families are instructed in the moral tales and parables of their religion. While the Christian mother is telling her child the story of the Prodigal Son, the Pearl searched for, the Leaven and Meal, the Buddhist mother is telling her child tales and parables just as sweet; and so far as they come from the unsophisticated mother's heart such instructions are alike in justice and compassionateness.

There are many folk-tales in the region of Kellania, and one of them is similar to a legend of Charlemagne. Elâla, the Tamil king, placed beside his bed a bell to which a rope was attached extending to the gate of his palace. Any person in his kingdom, however humble, who suffered any injustice might ring this bell at any hour and the king would instantly arise and never sleep again until the wrong was redressed. This was in the region of the "Nagas," or serpent-men, which may possibly be connected with the legend that a snake once coiled around the rope and rang the bell of Charlemagne, who responded, and followed the snake to its nest, found occu-

pied by some other animal, which was duly tried, sentenced, and slain.

When I had the happiness of receiving a call from Subhûti I questioned him about the Christian missionaries. I knew him to be incapable of untruth or unfairness. He said that some of the missionaries troubled Buddhist families; they obtruded into the homes of the humble people and frightened them. They could only worry them, as a Buddhist peasant was quite unable to comprehend any of their dogmas.

The idea of salvation by one's own merit prevails in every religion on the face of the earth except Christianity. In the Buddhist world it is the lesson taught from the cradle; it is the daily bread in every household. In one of the villages through which I passed with Judge Aruná-chalam I noticed a beautiful baby in its mother's arms, and pressed a piece of silver into its pink hand. The child whimpered faintly, and the mother said something to it as if it could understand. When we left, the judge repeated what the mother said: "Why should you fret when you have received a gift from a meritorious hand?" The word "meritorious" was a definitive religious expression, and referred to what my indulgent friend had said of me.

I do not remember a child really crying in Ceylon. I mentioned this to a gentleman from Philadelphia while we were walking through the crowds on a market day. There were swarms of children, but we failed to hear any crying, nor did we hear an angry word exchanged between grown-up people. I could see something of the serene Buddha of the temples in every Sinhalese face. Of course it was different with the dark-visaged Tamils; these are taciturn, and have a look of melancholy.

On Christmas eve I heard the beating of tom-toms in

Colombo, and learned that from immemorial times December 25 was the sacred day of Buddha. Evil beings were frightened away by the tom-toms. By this time I had formed friendships with several Buddhists in the town, and one of them — a learned man — went about with me. I found that the beating of the tom-tom was altogether by women. My friend took me into several houses. Behind each was a tiny yard and a circle of women seated on the ground, all beating little drums and singing, though they paused now and then to converse. At the centre of each circle was a small fire. As the night was warm, the fire was no doubt of some religious importance.

It is only within the memory of many now living that Buddha has become an eminent name in England and America, even among scholars. The popular enthusiasm for him was largely due to Sir Edwin Arnold's poem "The Light of Asia," an adaptation of Buddha to occidental pietism of little value to critical students. The long and universal circulation of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" was a good preparation for the exaltation of a fabulous Buddha who, after seeing the various types of human misery, abandons family and friends like "Christian;" and it was natural that Sir Edwin should discover some sort of Celestial City in the Nirvana — the living suicide — sought by Buddha. Lady Arnold's father, Rev. W. H. Channing, on one of his pilgrimages to Concord (one of his old homes) gave there a lecture on Buddha, whom he so exalted that next day a company of ladies called on him to demand another lecture to say why they should not all become Buddhists. Channing replied that he was exceedingly distressed that they should have such an idea, but that it was impossible for him to give another lecture. In Channing's earlier years, under the stimulating breath of

New England Transcendentalism, the word "Come-outer" was not jargon, but a solemn title of pilgrims coming out of their several Cities of Destruction. Though Buddha was known as a Hindu nonconformist, he remained an academic figure, not being associated with any ideal of progress or reformation then appreciable in the West. Since then a great Buddha literature has arisen, but without bringing out any original or distinctive teaching by Buddha which can explain the enormous proportions of Buddhism. Both in the East and West interest and enthusiasm centre in the supposed or the real man. What mankind want is a divine master, a preternatural person; and when the particular cause or urgent occasion which raised the leader into eminence has disappeared the authority of his name remains to be claimed and utilized as a label by each and every competitive sect and school of philosophy. There have thus been two Buddhas running side by side through the ages, — the Teacher and the miraculous Person. We owe to a few modern scholars, and chiefly to Professor T. W. Rhys Davids, LL. D., the discovery of a real individual under all those legendary and spiritistic wrappages which Sir Edwin Arnold has glorified in "The Light of Asia." There was then a great man named Siddhartha, but he has left no writings, and it is difficult to discover in teachings ascribed to him any original idea of an affirmative or constructive kind. The phenomena seem to imply vast and radical negations.

If there is anything historical about Siddhartha it is that he denied the existence of any deity, and denied conscious immortality. And no one who has studied the superstitions that passed for "religion" in his time can wonder that clearance of the universe from deified phantasms and substitution of eternal repose for a frightful

future were then glad tidings. Of course evolutionary laws modified such negations. If Nirvana (annihilation) is the supreme thing the unborn are there, and no logical Buddhist could bring any human being into existence. Their race would come to an end.

On my arrival in Ceylon a delegation of young Brahmans and Buddhists had invited me to give a public lecture on Christmas day, and I consented. I had with me a comparative study of the Birth-legends of Jesus and Sakyamuni, of which modifications were suggested by my experience in Ceylon. The lecture was appointed for the afternoon, and I passed the morning in the great Colombo temple. There, in a series of ancient frescoes, the Earthward Pilgrimage of Buddha is told. The earth blossoms when he is born, all gems in the earth send up flames, and from afar Wise Men (not angels) come to foretell peace and good will of man to man. In another picture the babe is seen walking, and every step brings forth a lotos flower. The legendary sign of Christ's birth is a star; that of Buddha's birth a flower.

A wondrous Christmas day for me! The Brahmans and Buddhists had united to make my lecture a grand event; canopies had been raised over a large open space; a platform had been made for leading natives, and benches for the crowd, which was large, the lecture being gratuitous. All had come in fine raiment, — many-coloured robes, jewelled turbans, — and nothing European to mar the effect. Around us were no walls but palms and flowers.

Was it a dream? How had I got there? Was I in any sense the same as that Methodist youth who thirty-two years before had left his home beside the Rappahannock to preach Methodism?

I was assured that my every hearer understood English, that most of them were familiar with religious discussions, and some were men of letters. The object of my lecture was not to establish resemblances between the Birth-legends of Christ and Buddha, but rather to point out that in their respective myths were reflected their different aims, — one, happiness in another world; the other, happiness in this world.

Beside me on the platform sat Sumangala, Priest of Adam's Peak, Primate of the Buddhist world, with whom I afterwards had much conversation. He was amiable as well as erudite and acute. Our first conversation related to the Theosophists, who had a hall in Colombo in which I heard a Buddhist neophyte preach Sunday morning, in English, a sermon showing familiarity with Ingersoll's works. In the recent attack of Catholics on the Buddhist procession, Colonel Olcott had hastened to Colombo and demanded of the government redress for the Buddhists. These were naturally grateful to him, but Sumangala was troubled by the expositions of Buddhism given by the Theosophists. The pretended Mahatmas, such as "Kotthume," he declared non-existent. In Buddhist traditions there were famous ancient Rishis, but they are now thought of only as Abraham and other patriarchs are by Christians; no real Buddhist imagines any of them still living.

The Priest of Adam's Peak presides over Widyoaya College, the Buddhist institution some miles out of Colombo, whose faculty invited me to meet them and the students there. My particular friend, the Hon. P. Ramanathan (Brahman), solicitor-general of Ceylon, called to say that if I would go he would accompany me and interpret what was said. It was arranged that the séance

SUMANGALA, PRIEST OF ADAM'S PEAK

should occur about dawn, in order to escape the heat in our drive. Mr. Ramanathan came to my hotel with his carriage at daybreak, and we drove five or six miles through the enchanted land. For by this time I had fairly delivered myself up to the sense of being in Fairyland, and it was without any surprise that I alighted at the ideal college.

About twenty-five were present, a third of them being priests, others Pali scholars and young students. They were all Buddhists except the friend who came with me, he being, however, a sympathetic student of Buddhist literature. I was conducted to a chair in front of the chief priest, who sat on a circular platform, with a table before him, on which lay his ancient palm-leaf books. We were sheltered from the glowing sky, but no walls were around us. The palm-trees rustled in the breeze, the birds sang their matins, the breath of flowers and blossoming trees interfused incense of the fresh day with thoughts that, after two thousand years, had power to blossom out of their palm leaves and send forth an odour sweeter than laurel or lotos. Sumangala in his orange-coloured garment smiled on us all as he took his place. Opening one of the three Pitakas, the Arugutta-ranikaya Sutta, written before 250 B. C., he read in a clear sweet voice Buddha's plea for free thought — then never translated into English and to me new. At certain parts he was moved, his voice tended to intone, and his eyes rose glowing upon us, as if demanding homage for sublime ideas. I obtained a careful version of the passage as read (Sumangala had slightly abbreviated it), and it is here given.

Buddha came to Bihar. There certain princes welcomed him, telling him whence they came. They said: "Various priests and Brahmans pass through our towns and

preach their own doctrines, speaking ill of the doctrines of others. Each set is followed by another, who tell us what was preached before them is not true, saying 'Listen to us!' They who go into and they who come from the wilderness meet here. Thus our mind is unsettled; we do not know what to believe." Buddha said: "That is but natural. Now hear what I have to say! Accept not the doctrines that are mere hearsay — what somebody says another is preaching. No doctrine is to be accepted because believed by one's father or grandfather. Sometimes a clever man clothes a doctrine in fine language. Not because a doctrine is thus decorated is it to be believed. Not because a doctrine is written in a book is it to be believed. Sometimes a preacher will express a doctrine logically; but not because it is so expressed is it to be believed. Sometimes a doctrine is conveyed by the Nyaya system of logic, but not even for that is it to be accepted. Sometimes a doctrine may appear acceptable on its face; not merely for that is it to be believed. Sometimes a preacher caters to the existing belief of his hearers; not for that is his doctrine to be believed. Not because a preacher conducts himself according to orthodox rules is his doctrine to be believed. Not because your master or teacher says it is true should you accept a doctrine.

"But this is the way doctrine should be accepted. In your own mind you must judge. What the wise have rejected, and you yourself know to be bad, that reject. There is covetousness; will it bring good or evil?" "Evil," answered the princes. "The coveteous man," said Buddha, "might murder, steal, commit adultery, bear false witness, influencing others and causing them to follow his ways; will he not suffer a long time?" "Yes," they replied. "Supposing hatred engendered, will good or evil follow? Through hatred a man may murder, steal, bear false witness; will he not suffer pain?" "Yes," replied the princes. "Mental obscurity, demerits, crimes — have the wise praised or rejected them?" "They have rejected them." "If one accepts these as good, evil will follow. If a man purifies his mind of covetousness, he will enjoy happiness. If a man destroys all hatred, he

BUDDHIST PRIESTS OF CEYLON

will enjoy happiness. If a man have wisdom, he will enjoy all happiness. Now ye have judged for yourselves. He who covets not, who hates not, is the disciple of Buddha. Good will come to him; he will be enlightened, he will love all beings. He will be merciful, he will be happy in others' happiness. He will not hate one and love another, but be equal toward all. His friendship, mercifulness, sympathy, good will, shall go forth to all. His equanimity shall be boundless. In this life he will obtain fearlessness in four things: He may say, 'If there be another world, and if ill or well affects it, I shall be happy. If there be no other world, I have harmed none and benefited others, and am happy. If after death only the wicked suffer, I have done no evil, and need not fear. If there be no punishment for the wicked, I am secure.'" Buddha said to the princes: "Are these doctrines good or bad?" They replied, "They are good; better than any taught us before," and they became his disciples.

So ended the reading from the Sutta, and for a few moments there was silence. Mr. Ramanathan whispered to me: "Is it not strange that you and I, come from far different religions and regions, should together listen to a sermon from Buddha in favour of that free thought, that independence of traditional and fashionable doctrines, which is still the vital principle of human development?" "Yes," I said, "and we, with the princes, pronounce his doctrines good." To me, indeed, it was thrilling that from a past of seventy generations should come this voice summoning man to rest his faith on his own reason, and trust his life for eternity to virtues rooted in his own consciousness.

Invited to question, I asked the priest about covetousness, and why it occupied such a cardinal place among the sins. I observed that all commerce is developed from man's desire for what belongs to his neighbour. I asked whether it might not be possible that originally the covet-

ous eye meant the evil eye; it being still believed in some parts of England that if one strongly desires a thing belonging to another, that thing may be so rendered useless to its owner or even destroyed. The priests knew of no such superstition, and Sumangala said that covetousness was not associated with the things a man desired to exchange, and that it was regarded by Buddhism as especially evil because of its lasting effects. "There are short sins and long sins. Anger is a great sin, but does not last long. Covetousness is a small sin, but endures long and grows. Even if a man loves his own things strongly, it brings unhappiness; still more if he strongly desires what belongs to others. He cannot ascend in the path to Nirvana, — the extinction of desire. There are five sins especially destructive of what bears man to Nirvana, and these we reckon worst, though in immediate effects they may appear least." "But suppose," I asked, "a man strongly desires to go to heaven; is that covetousness?" "Yes," said the priest, resting his chin upon the table and levelling his eyes like arrows at the head of Christian faith; "yes, it is covetousness to desire paradise strongly. One who goes there with such desires is as a fly stuck fast in honey. Paradise is not eternal. One who goes there must die and be born again elsewhere. Only the desire for Nirvana escapes from the mesh that entangles all other desires, because it is not desire for any object at all." I asked: "Have those who are in Nirvana any consciousness?" I was then informed that there is no Sinhalese word for consciousness. Sumangala said, "To reach Nirvana is to be no more." I pointed to a stone step and said: "One is there only as that stone is here?" "Not so much," answered the priest; "for the stone is actually here, but in Nirvana there is no existence at all."

HON. P. RAMANATHAN, SOLICITOR GENERAL OF CEYLON

A few days after this interview I received from the high priest an invitation to renew our conversation at the Pali College. On this occasion he had with him several of the most eminent priests in Ceylon, and generally consulted them before giving me answers. I enquired about the Buddhist doctrine of never taking the life of any creature. This doctrine he affirmed very strongly. I put a crucial test: a man sees a tiger about to leap on his child; a gun is in his hand; should he kill the tiger or let it kill the child? There was considerable consultation among the priests over this crux, at the end of which I received the following reply: "It would be right to kill the tiger, but it would be a sin." To persons unfamiliar with theology this might appear a supersubtle distinction. In fact, however, in western as well as oriental theology there are things at once right and sinful. In England it is sinful to disobey the New Testament, yet if a man strictly obeys the prescription for the sick given in James v, 14, and does not seek medical aid for his sick child, the law holds him guilty if the child dies. The development of a similar anomaly in Buddhism suggests that the so-called "atheism" of Buddha himself was not philosophical anti-supernaturalism but moral insurrection against the vile and cruel phantasms of popular fear. Buddha's Sinhalese hymn would run —

> What though the spicy breezes
> Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
> Though every prospect pleases
> And only gods are vile.

But his purely human protest shared the fate of every religion invested with supernaturalism: it will develop theological, i. e. fictitious, notions of right and wrong with the invariable result that the real is subordinated to

the unreal good and evil. It is possible, however, that Buddhism caught this notion of "sin" from Christianity. If Bishop Heber had been asked about the people of Ceylon, after his visit there in 1826, he would have described them as innocent and kind; his word "vile" means no more than the "miserable sinners" which pure English maidens and children call themselves in their Litany; it has nothing to do with human virtues or morals, but with mysterious failures in observances or etiquette towards God. This is the Solomonic explanation of the reason why benefits come to the unjust as well as to the just. A hundred offences will not harm one who fears God properly. (Eccles. viii, 13, 14.)

Every Buddhist priest I met impressed me favourably. They are celibate, but it is perfectly easy for one who wishes to marry to "disrobe," as they say; he is not disliked. Possibly this complacency is the result of old experience. One of them told me an amusing legend: a god disguised himself as a monster dog whose function was to devour immoral priests; immediately every monastery became vacant! Easy divorce from priesthood appeared preferable. If a priest "falls" without "disrobing" he is disgraced.

Subhûti told me that there was once a body of female priests in Ceylon. It was necessary for a woman to ordain a woman. The line became extinct, he said, by reason of the wars. In telling me this, Sûbhuti suggested to me more than he intended. It helped to confirm my belief that the inferior position of woman and her political disability were due to her unfitness for bloodshed.

In 1906 it may be pardoned that Reginald Heber, a young theologian of 1826, ignorant of Ceylon or its lan-

guage or religion, wrote such lines as "they call us to deliver their land from error's chain," "only man is vile," "bows down to wood and stone" (the chief example of bowing to wood being homage to a cross from which the crucified has vanished). That is pardonable; but that such a hymn should remain in any modern hymnal can gratify only those who find satisfaction in everything discreditable to Christian missions. It does not gratify me, because I know that where the Protestant missionary becomes incompetent there is a soldier behind him able to make up for his failure.

We had a story in London of two young English scholars (I will not name them) perfected in eastern languages, who were travelling together in Arabia. They had got themselves up with the exact Arab complexion and dress. At one old village where they arrived they found themselves without money, their London remittances being sent to a farther city. While thinking what to do they observed a deserted mosque in bad condition. They awaited the proper hour for Moslem prayer, and from the little outside pulpit sounded the loud usual call. The startled villagers hastened out, and the two stained Englishmen recited finest passages from the Koran, professed a mission to look after all desolations, and warned them to renovate that mosque or else prepare for hell. Then they took up a good collection and went on their way rejoicing. If any of the Bedouins had suspicions they were allayed by the collection. The collection is a sign of orthodoxy in all religions.

Both of these masqueraders were admirers of Mohammed, and one of them always called himself a Moslem. But practically he could hardly be a Moslem. It appears that none of the older religions now wish to make

converts. They are pleased by the sympathy of aliens with their doctrines, but it is doubtful if any one born outside could obtain practical membership as a Brahman, Parsi, Buddhist, or Israelite. Buddhism, Christianity, and Islam started as missionary religions, but now Christianity alone seems to be very active in that respect, and its older churches seem tending to confine missions to their own scattered flocks.

It is no joke when the youngest of nations, whose constitution ignores religion, stains itself morally with precisely that criminal complexion which was once attributed to Mohammedanism. Fifty years ago Protestant preachers were never weary of accusing Mohammed of propagating his religion by the sword ; but in the opening twentieth century, our government sends warships to the chief Moslem nation and says in effect, "Pay for that American missionary property damaged by a mob or we will murder your people and burn your capital." And I heard a missionary, lecturing in our Century Club, New York, boast that by this menace the American mission was the only one that got its money! Of course, so long as comfortable "collections" can be made in this way it can hardly be expected that churches will turn from the spurious "Go ye into all the world," to the genuine words, "Go not into any way of the Gentiles, and enter not into any city of the Samaritans." "If they persecute you in one city, go to the next." That will not do for missionaries wrapped in the stars and stripes!

But how far have we fallen below President George Washington, who in 1796 sent to the Senate a treaty with Tripoli, whose opening words are these: —

As the Government of the United States of America is not in any sense founded on the Christian religion, —

as it has in itself no character of enmity against the laws, religion, or tranquillity of Mussulmans, — and as the said States have never entered into any war or act of hostility against any Mahometan nation, it is declared by the parties that no pretext arising from religious opinions shall ever produce an interruption of the harmony existing between the two countries.

On July 3, 1872, St. Paul's Cathedral, London, was the scene of a combination of functions of international interest. A large number of dignitaries of the English Church gathered on that Wednesday to receive a present from the American Episcopal Church. This was a silver alms-basin. It was brought by the eminent Bishop McIlvaine of Ohio, who was an excellent representative of the American clerical type as distinct from the English. He had an intellectual face, delicate features under a strong forehead. Dressed in plain black, he bore the enormous basin (nearly a yard in diameter) up to the altar, where he had to support it while the Bishop of Lichfield gave an address. This bishop then received the basin and carried it before the altar; there he was met by the Archbishop of Canterbury, before whom he kneeled, and who made a good fraternal address. The archbishop then set the basin on the communion table, and proceeded to read the texts suggestive of alms. There were about ten other bishops present, with a great deal of scarlet in their robes, and each in succession walked up alone, knelt before the basin, dropped a coin into it, and retired. (I saw a Japanese near me make a note of this apparent worship of the silver basin!) After the bishops the vergers came up with a dozen red velvet purses. The Anglo-American function had been united with the anniversary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

The alms-basin thus began its career by receiving gifts for the propagation of the Gospel around the world, which now, thirty years since the good Bishop McIlvaine was buried with honour in London (1873), has come to mean a propagation by the edge of the sword. The humility of the Ohio gentleman could not conceal the complacency of the sect which in its address spoke of itself as the "American Church," which with that of England made the "two branches of the one Holy Catholic Church." I remember an exchange of smiles among the large contingent of Broad Church clergymen at the high ecclesiastical tone of the address; and indeed it had for some time been a sort of proverb among them that the "apostolic succession" notion was American. Mrs. Hewson, daughter of Bishop McIlvaine, told me that her father was cabled while in Europe to present the basin, and, his episcopal robes being in America, the English bishops tried to find among their own one that would fit him. In vain. All were too small for the tall American, who, his silk stockings being out of sight, was hardly distinguishable from an ordinary clergyman. Was this inadequacy of the English prelatical dress for the American prelate symbolical? It was noticed by the Bishop of Lincoln that the gift from America nearly coincided with the date of the Declaration of Independence, and it appeared to me droll that in theology independence should be more characteristic of the English than of the American Episcopal Church. A demonstration of this was given in the fact that the sermon on the occasion was by the Bishop of Exeter, — even that Dr. Frederick Temple, author of a rationalistic chapter in "Essays and Reviews," whose promotion to the Bench of Bishops was so heavy a blow to the protesting Evangelicals. Those who hoped that in

this sermon on the Propagation of the Gospel the Bishop would unsay what he had said, as simple Dr. Temple, in his startling essay on "The Education of the World," were disappointed. The sermon was a *concio ad clerum*, and those who had ears to hear recognized in it the same central idea as that of the censured essay.

His text was Rom. xi, 15, "For if the casting away of them be the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be but life from the dead?" The bishop showed that the casting away of the Jews was due to the expansion of the gospel to include the Gentiles. The Jews had gathered in great numbers to the religion of Christ, until Paul and others began to interpret it as a religion for mankind. They were ready to embrace it so long as they could regard it as only a reformed Judaism. He then went on to suggest that the spread of Christianity among the nations of the earth was very slow, and its conversions in foreign parts very few, chiefly because it (Christianity) was undergoing a process of expansion. Christians will not see their religion triumph in the world until they have learned their own lesson better. It must first become a larger thing in their own minds.

This tall, large-framed bishop, with his glittering black eyes, and black hair and whiskers, and his loud clear voice, spoke without any accent of timidity either towards the right-wing churchmen, whose eyes were fixed sharply upon him, or towards Dean Stanley and his group, who were all present. He said that although the foreign propagation of Christianity was at a standstill, the important fact remained that Heaven had married heavenly light to earthly light. "The wisest and most civilized nations are Christian."

This almost seemed true when that same bishop be-

came Archbishop of Canterbury. But alas! since his time the American churches have apparently resolved not to let foreign enlargement wait for their own spiritual enlargement at home. The marriage is of Gospel to Gunpowder. As the late Lord Salisbury said, the missionary is regularly followed by the soldier. Of course there are some rationalists who, believing that the process makes ultimately for "progress," may see with satisfaction Christianity rendering itself odious all round the world. The missionary already alluded to, who lectured for us at the Century Club, invoked our horror at Turkish intolerance because they are forbidden to sing such hymns as "Onward, Christian Soldier!" For myself, that gave me an impression that the Moslems have now become the peacemakers, and that they know by long experience that the "Christian Soldier" has never been contented with a mere spiritual sword. The title of Chinese Gordon in the Soudan was "Our Christian Soldier."

CHAPTER VII

New Year's eve in Cinnamon Gardens — Hon. P. Ramanathan's banquet — Devil-dances — Sinhalese demonology — Entertainment in the palace of Mutu Kumara Swamy — The Nautch dancers — "The Martyr of Truth" (Harischandra) — Wagnerite music.

AMONG the conceivable sensations of existence I had never imagined — unless in some early day-mare dream of transmundane torments — any comparable with those which made memorable my New Year's eve. The Hon. P. Ramanathan invited me to his beautiful bungalow in Cinnamon Gardens, and there I met at dinner a number of Hindu and Sinhalese gentlemen who possessed scholarly knowledge of the history and traditions of their island. It was no heavy prosaic dinner such as their English neighbours might have imported to give them the ailments they ascribed to the climate, but light and dainty: Sinhalese oysters, snipe, curries, salads, bandaka (egg-plant), other delicate vegetables, island fruits, and the lightest French wines.[1] While we were taking our cigars and coffee on the veranda, soft breezes whispering through the palm and mango, fireflies fringing the entire gardens, the air laden at once with fragance and rhythmic cadence of a myriad tiny creatures in their slumbrous vespers,

[1] At the Gall Face Hotel, Colombo, our Scotch host had a poor table, but on Christmas we saw "sweetbreads" on the menu, and prepared for a treat. The sweetbreads were little cakes of dough sweetened with sugar! Surrounded by coffee plantations, we could not get a cup of coffee, but only tea. He promised one day to procure us coffee, but when it came two mornings later, it was so suggestive of a decoction of burnt corks that we contented ourselves with the tea. Between San Francisco and Venice I found no good hotels.

wafted me into dreamland. Presently, I said, a turbaned magician will clap his hands and all will disappear — these pleasant gentlemen, these palms, the fireflies — all! I shall rub my eyes, see a London fog, turn over, and doze again. Not so! But the dream is destined to pass into a fantastic realm.

My host had read my "Demonology and Devil-Lore;" he knew my interest in the diabolic fauna of Ceylon, and determined that for once I should have enough of them. The wild people called "devil-dancers" are not found in or near Colombo; English customs have frightened them into remote places. My host with characteristic considerateness had brought twenty or more devil-dancers from the hills to perform their weird orgies before the door.

The Hindu servants of the family are accustomed during the month between December 12 and January 12 to design a mosaic of flour and flowers with small animal figures on the ground in front of the veranda. At five points of it are flowers, their stems stuck in small balls of a substance which it requires all a cow's sanctity to dignify. Petals are also strewn about over the figures, whose object is to drive away the devils; and one may remember how in Goethe's "Faust" the angels pelt the devils with flowers, which sting them like flames. But these Hindu charms had no effect upon our devil-dancers. It was just there that the scene took place. Unforewarned of any performance, I was bewildered by a flare of torches approaching from various quarters, held by men nearly naked.

Then there was low beating of tom-toms. Presently a man began to drawl out a wild wailing chant, in which another and then another joined. There were words, but the gentlemen present, though all linguists, could not make out the patois; one of them told me the singers

DEVIL DANCERS

themselves probably did not know the meaning of their rune. By this time a considerable crowd of people had gathered about the outer columns of the portico, and the flaring of the torches on their shining black bodies and eager faces made a wondrous scene.

At length a robust fellow cleared a space, and we were informed that the devil-dance would be preceded by a "kolum" (extravaganza). Thereupon two appear in grotesque masks, embroidered red and green blouses, belts with jingles, white trousers reaching to midway the leg, and plumed caps. After a minute's dancing around each other they stopped and conversed. Their words were translated for me: "Can you dance?" "Yes." "How do you dance?" "As you have seen me doing all this time." "Can you turn a somersault?" "I am going to do that." The questioner grapples and hugs him roughly. "I have been stopped from a somersault by your embrace." "I am Don Helenes de Silva, soldier." "And I am Milord the soldier." Both of them then recount the terrific battles through which they have passed, conquering all their foes, and compare their multitudinous wounds. They then dance slowly around in cautious pursuit, as if for a grapple, but suddenly take to their heels.

An old man with a long white beard now approaches — led by a young woman whitened by chalk. After some dancing by these two, the old man stops to cough and gasp. The young woman mimics the cough and everything else done by this aged man, whom they call "Pannikera," which may mean "pantaloon." A young man enters and tells the bystanders that the aged man is his son. They cry out at the impossibility. The old man says that he had been three times married, and adds (to the youth), "I am here to dance by the king's order, but have re-

ceived no invitation; as penalty you must dance and go." This the youth did, and the ballet ended.

During this performance the tom-toms and the unison of intoning voices were incessant. But when "kolum" had ended, and the devil-dance was about to begin, the vocal and instrumental overture was furious. There was no change in the tune, but the time was accelerated, the beats changed, the voices became louder and wilder. There was something distinctly diabolical in the notes, which, in combination with the silent throng of nearly naked people, their white eyes lighting up their dusky faces, along with the lurid torches, caused sensations to shoot through one's nerves.

A deafening succession of tom-tom thumps accompanied the entrance before us of the Serpent King, Naga Rajah. His mask, face and crown together, represented every terrible and beautiful curve and contortion of the cobra. Serpents (realistic in the dusk) coiled out of the corners of his many-fanged mouth and about his huge protruding eyes and made the pendants of his ears, the heads and hoods of five cobras rising to make the canopy of his crown. With him came his prime minister, who also succeeded well in his mask of serpent decorations, having above his head three huge hooded cobra-heads and three smaller. With these was a third, crowned with five cobras. The three faces were blood-red, goggle-eyed, tusky, the forms dressed in red with touches of green, beneath which patches of black skin were discernible as they threw themselves about in sinuous ecstasies. The theme of their dance, though they spoke no word, was evidently the serpent; they coiled, twisted, twined, and wrung their necks so long as to make one uneasy. Possibly we were witnessing a travesty of ancient rites of serpent-worship.

These Nagas (serpents) are the legendary beings believed to have inhabited Ceylon before it was occupied by human beings. Ferguson identifies them as serpent-worshippers, but I incline to the conjecture that the serpent was their ensign. Besides the Nagas the Sinhalese believed in Yakkhos, a sort of hobgoblin formed from human beings who lived wickedly, or who were not burned or buried with proper ceremonies. There were swarms of these whom the priests were often required to expel from the houses, all domestic mishaps being attributed to these mischievous creatures. These two classes of demons — Nagas and Yakkhos — have official leaders, and some of these have special traditions. I recognized a legendary personage in a performer who followed the three Nagas just described. They called him Kalu Cumara, the Black Prince, but none present seemed to know his legend, with which I met some years before. The manager of the show told me, through a gentleman, that this Black Prince "lived on a mountain and was surrounded by she-devils." I asked if it were not true that women attributed all their ailments to him, and was promptly answered, "Yes." The early legend, which had died out of popular tradition, was that this prince was once beautiful; a race of female warriors besieged his kingdom, but on seeing him all fell in love with him. Each tried to appropriate him, and among them he was torn to pieces. He then became a demon, and has since avenged himself on the whole female race. The classic Amazons have thus survived as she-devils. I glanced around me and thought I could see a shrinking back in the crowd when this Black Prince came dashing in. He flared large torches with both hands, and two other torches were held in each corner of the mouth of his hideous mask. He never rested an instant, but danced

and leaped furiously, going through movements expressing convulsions, gripings, delirium, epilepsy, often setting fire to his beard and clothes in an alarming way.

When this fiery demon had vanished the tom-toms became slower, the chant more solemn, and there marched in King Nala and his Queen Damayanti. The king's crown was a sort of pyramid of small gods and goddesses, that of the queen a temple. The complexions of the two were fair, and their movements majestic. They were followed by a hideous snaky Naga, whom I took to be the serpent-king — said in Hindu legend to have bitten King Nala. This king gambled away his kingdom, and while wandering was transformed to a misshapen dwarf by the Naga's bite. Nala recovered his wife (Damayanti) and kingdom again, and forgave his brother, who by charmed dice had won his kingdom. All that we here saw of the great episode of the Mahabharata, which Dean Milman translated into English verse, was but the ideal king and queen and the possible Naga. There was next a female Naga, said to personify some disease. A Sinhalese physician presently told me that when a woman is ill of chorea or other nervous complaint, they place before her some such hideous image. Then the devil-dancers begin to dance in order to draw the "possession" from the patient to themselves, and presently the patient gets up and dances with them. Then they speak to the demon supposed to possess her, and say, "When do you mean to leave this woman?" Generally there is no reply until after they have flogged the patient once or twice, when through her lips the demon says he will leave when a certain branch of a certain tree falls. She names with precision the tree and branch, and somebody always manages to have that branch fall soon. This physician said it was all mesmer-

ism; but that the only ailments cured are imaginary, as is the method of cure.

Next we had some Hindu demons — Rakshasas, for the Yakkhos, formidable in Ceylon, are in India the generally harmless goblins called Yakkhas. The grand king of the Rakshasas (Ravana) made his appearance, about which the most notable thing was his terrible teeth. This conqueror of nature, prince of this world, for whose destruction Vishnu was incarnate as Ramachandra, seems to have been shorn of some of his terrors in Ceylon, notably of the ten heads and twenty arms ascribed to him in the Ramayana. However, he was sufficiently ugly, as indeed was Purnakaya, the Sinhalese Devil. The latter was followed by "Kotiya," the tiger-demon (spotted and crouching), and "Mukara Toranaye," a fish-demon. Not so ugly, yet fierce, was Kalinga, the lion-man, from whom the Veddahs (primitive inhabitants of Ceylon, of whom two thousand remain) are traditionally descended. A fox-demon, a house-devil, passed before us; and then there was an interval in which were represented oriental costumes and characters — a Pariah, a Dobi (washerwoman), Chitty (tradesman), etc. Among these was a negro (the only one I saw in Ceylon) in military dress, his cap marked "1882." One performer had the headdress of a Mudliar (personage of high rank), but otherwise wearing only the Tamil loin-cloth. This caused merriment. "Who are you?" asked our host. "A Mudliar," was replied from beneath the mask. "Why have you not the Mudliar's dress and sword?" "I was too sleepy to put them on." There was good cause for the poor fellow's sleepiness; it was midnight. In the finale there moved before us an embodiment of malaria that recalled to me Blake's picture of the same as a slimy green sower scattering seeds;

then delirium appeared, and finally a fearful livid mask, with abysmal mouth, and teeth like a saw, — Death. This was the last.

The chief Hindu deity, Indra, and Sakra, his personified *alias* in Ceylon, came to bid us good-night and receive compliments on the interesting demons provided in their universe. They were all demons, personifying the diseases and obstructions of the physical man; there was not a devil among them, for devils do not repel but allure; they are not ugly but fascinating. In the seventh century the Rakshasas of Ceylon were pictured as beautiful seductive women.

At length the torches were extinguished, the dusky crowd at the doors disappeared among the mangoes and palms. Our revels were ended; the demons had all changed into painted cardboard and spangles, borne in bundles on the shoulders of men and women, moving under the silent stars and past their silent temples.

As I drove to my hotel beside the sea, after midnight, the houses of the Sinhalese city were dark, except for the English church, from whose windows brilliant lights streamed out over the lake and the Common. These Christians were keeping Watch-Night, and wrestling with the invisible principalities and powers of the universe. If these should be given visible forms and faces, how far would they resemble those of the demonology of Ceylon? Among the so-called devils on the ancient church walls of Europe one rarely discovers the tempting Satan, but much such grotesque forms of pains, diseases, obstructions, as those that played their phantasmagoria in a fair garden on that New Year's eve, 1883. Mephistopheles reminds Faust that the Devil participates in modern culture, but really it has evolved him out of existence.

In 1854, when the opera of "Don Giovanni" was performed in Boston, I remember well a swarm of little red devils — girls and boys in scarlet tights — coming out of a mediæval "mouth of hell" and carrying the wicked Don into it. It did not awe the spectators but amused them, and I suggested to the poet Longfellow, in whose box I sat, that the devils had better be omitted. "It is some satisfaction to see some practical infliction of the condign," he said. It would not be enough to trust, as Shakespeare usually did, to the scourge of a conscience no longer existing. I remembered those little red devils while in Ceylon, and wondered how such an innocent population could have been built up without any punisher of moral offences. But Buddha declared virtue to be as natural to man as grass to the fields.

In an article on Demonology and Witchcraft in Ceylon ("Journal of the Ceylon Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society," 1865–66), the very learned Dundris Gooneratue Modliar quotes literally formulas for exorcising demons from persons whose ailments were believed to be "possessions." In some Hindu divinities, in others Christian names are invoked. When an exorcism begins the "devil" demands through the lips of the possessed a "human sacrifice;" a cock is generally substituted. If the devil still troubles his victim he (the devil) is "bound and nailed to a tree." A nail of consecrated kind is driven into a living tree, and a consecrated thread coiled around it, with charms, and by this pantomime and sufficient faith — the patient in ninety-nine cases of a hundred is a woman — the afflicting demon is expelled. This combination of notions foreign to any native religion in Ceylon, — human sacrifice, vicarious substitution, nailing to a tree, — impresses me as something made up from the early Portu-

guese instructions by the native medicine-men. There is, or was, in each remote neighbourhood a native Catholic official called the Annery, in the potency of whose exorcisms the natives have a good deal of faith. He shows the demon in the patient a cross and images of saints, and asks if she knows what they are. At this some tremble and try to avoid looking at them. The Lord's Prayer and a prayer to the Virgin are read over to her seven times; after it a written native charm (Rattu mandiram) is folded in paper, sprinkled with holy water, and hung at her neck. The Annery then says: "Leave this woman and go thy way! I charge thee, demon, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost — name of the Virgin Mary and all the saints — leave her this instant, or thou shalt be punished severely." If the demon says through the woman's lips, "I won't," she is struck on the back with the tail of a skate-fish over which a charm (kattu) has been said. After seven or eight blows the demon is overpowered; the woman usually recovers her senses.

There is no twilight in Ceylon. When the sun sets darkness falls suddenly upon the earth, and the stars shine out as if some hand had turned on the starlight. And it is thick darkness too; so thick that an anthropological speculation is born in my mind, that the dark complexions are due to a primitive survival of the night-like. A dark Sinhalese or Tamil is invisible against the night, and the tread of his bare feet is inaudible. The lighter, more visible varieties of their race would have been killed off by invaders and wild beasts, and the dark would be passed by. In addition to this the predatory class would be successful in the proportion that, as is said in the Book of Job, they were marked by the night. The Colombo coachman will not drive a step after six o'clock

unless his lamps are lit, lest he should run over a sleeping native.

This darkness lends a special beauty to the bungalows of the rich, which appear illuminated, the rays from their lamps shining through the foliage in a mystical way, especially if they be cocoanut-oil lamps, which give a soft spiritual light.

The most palatial bungalow I saw in Colombo was that of Mutu Kumara Swamy, whose hospitality and that of his brothers was extended to me in consideration for my friendship for their deceased uncle, Sir Kumara Swamy. Sir Kumara while studying in London had given a course of lectures in my chapel, on the various Indian philosophies; he had attended our receptions, and at one of them met a beautiful young English lady whom he married.

As I drove up through the large park of palms radiant with fireflies, the bungalow looked like — but I am sadly in need of new similitudes. I have used up Fairyland, and am trying to write without referring to the "Arabian Nights," but it is not easy when I recall the verandas, porticoes, rooms of Mutu Kumara Swamy's mansion, and the entertainment he gave me. The tropical heat was made pleasant by the gentle wind blowing from the neighbouring sea through the open doors. It was difficult, as one passed amid the flowering trees and floral festoons, to say just where the garden ended and the veranda began, or even the drawing-room, which had flower-laden trees in each corner — flowers and wreaths everywhere. In front of the chair of honour to which I was conducted, stood a high table, and thereon a silver salver covered with stemless flowers carefully arranged. From the centre of the salver, nearly a yard long, rose slowly burning stems, whose incense filled the air with sweet and subtle per-

fume. The odours, mingled with the soft light of the cocoa lamps, shed their influence upon seers and scene with a strange effect. When our beautiful hostess entered, with her rich oriental robe, and the turbaned Tamil took his place behind her with a large peacock fan, I said, "No doubt that is Maya, goddess of Illusion, who has waved her wand and begun her air-woven masque." But when presently a blonde young English lady entered, in unmistakable evening dress, realism came with her humorous clear eyes.

It was pretty Mrs. Thwaites, who had given me a dinner company on their coffee plantation, and who wickedly laughed when I coughed, and my host had to remove the stems of incense. There were two or three other English ladies present, and we had an opportunity of satisfying our curiosity in several things — for instance, chewing a little betel and making our teeth red with it.

On the walls were sacred pictures, one of the infant Krishna and his mother, the new-born babe's head haloed with light. One side of the drawing-room was partly open, and from the room beyond we presently heard a slight jingling of silver ornaments, next caught flashes from jewelled hair, and the dark eyes glancing into the room. Five Nautch girls entered with five male singers and musicians. The girls sat in a row on the floor facing us, and the men behind them — the plain white dress of the latter making a background for the rich costumes of the dancers. These Nautch costumes, though glowing with colour and laden with jewels, were not gaudy nor even gorgeous; they were somewhat barbaric, but had an antiquarian character very pleasing. In old conventional pictures of sacred women — Draupadi, Damyanti, Sita — one sees similar dresses, with the exception of the silken

trousers. These are probably the addition of a prudish age. The Sinhalese Nautch girls are dressed with decorum. They are small of stature, several of them pretty, and the pearls and gold they wear — always excepting the nose-gems — and the silver anklets above their bare feet well become their complexion. Soon after they had seated themselves on the floor, all — men and women — began to sing. It sounded as a chant with grace-notes at the end of each bar, and my host, who sat beside me, told me it was a hymn to Siva. I did not like it much: it impressed my ear as nasal, not to say whining, and monotonous. Then followed a love-song, and for a few moments it sounded like the same tune over again; but as I listened more closely, and tried to detach the accompaniment of tom-tom, pipe, and viol, I perceived that there was more variety and more science in this music than my ear could easily take in. For the first time it occurred to me that part of the fault I found in oriental music might lie in my ear not being sufficiently cosmopolitan. But at the same time I felt sure that this music was not a product of art in the European sense of art; it was not a thing that aimed at beauty; it had ulterior purposes: to move the compassion of a god or lover — a cry wrung out of struggle. It is a remarkable fact that all the ancient love-songs of India are uttered by women to men. My host, whose studies of such subjects have been extensive, told me that, judging by the ancient songs, the love-making used to be entirely on the part of women.

These Nautch girls belong to the Hindu temple, and they sing and dance only these very ancient themes, transmitting them to their children with extreme literalness, precisely as they received them. The great piece of the evening was a long dramatic love-song of great

antiquity, sung by all the performers, male and female, accompanied by full instrumentation, and danced by the leading Nautch girl, who alone did not sing. Her gestures were very expressive, and I was at times reminded of the French saying, "What can't be said can be sung, and what can't be sung can be danced." The feet had little more to do with the dance than to bear forward and backward the swaying or undulating form, — not at all the *danse du ventre*, — while the arms were ever on the move and the fingers twisted themselves into many variations. None of these hand-movements were the same, and each meant something. The opening scene pantomimed was the first glimpse of the beloved, told in embarrassment, meditation, and then the flinging up of the arms in appeal to the god of Love. Then followed the first coquettish attempt to fascinate him — now by coyness, next by a display of charms. Then follows dismay — the beloved makes no sign of requital. The maiden becomes melancholy, weeps; then she becomes passionate and confesses to him her love. He is still cold and she is jealous. Finding he loves no other, she asks if he is a man who is thus unmoved by woman's love. He then proposes illicit love; this she refuses with an indignation that turns to sorrow. Then she becomes angry, and when her anger melts, the heart of her beloved also melts. Then her finale of joy is danced. Much in this dance was touching, much was exciting, and it was all of absorbing interest; when the girl sat down breathless, it for the first time occurred to me that she had been dancing fifteen minutes without an instant's pause.

I might have enjoyed this dance a little more had I not had to act passively the part of the beloved object. The girl approached me, clasped her hands passionately

under my obdurate eyes, kneeled to me. I dared not glance at the English ladies, who I knew were smiling behind their fans, and foresaw the narrative witty Mrs. Thwaites would send to our mutual friends in London. In an interval for ices and sherbets the Nautches came up in a perfunctory way to have their mystical ornaments looked at, — armlets, bracclets, etc., — silent, impassive, and automatic during the process.

There were other dances, one of the most striking being a dance to the words, "Mother, a scorpion has stung me." These words are endlessly repeated in the chant, though in varying tones, while the dancer goes through all the drama of pain, illness, parting, faintness, death. This was skilful, and so were all the dances. Those in which all the Nautch girls danced — especially one in which they fenced with each other — were more beautiful; but the very ancient dances, representing love and death, were the most interesting.

After the dances were over I had an unexpected delight in hearing the singing of the closing acts of the great Tamil drama of "Harischandra." I first made the acquaintance of this wonderful Passion Play through a translation by Sir Kumara Swamy. Harischandra is "the Martyr of Truth." The prologue is in the court of the supreme deity, Indra, where the truthfulness of the king is by one declared inflexible, this being denied by another. The result is a wager. Harischandra is subjected to the most terrible ordeals in order to induce him to tell a lie. He stands by his word at cost of his kingdom, his wife, his child, — these and himself becoming slaves. In the end all their persecutors throw off disguise and are shown to be gods, and everything is restored. The story is much like that of Job in the Puranic version, where the test is

not of Harischandra's veracity, but of his fidelity to his promise of gold for a sacrifice to the gods when he no longer has the gold, — his property being destroyed, as in the case of Job. This gold he obtains by selling himself and family into slavery. The popular and dramatic form has humanized the earlier and religious motive from which Job was probably derived. My friend who sat by me translated in a low voice every thought as it was sung, and then I began to appreciate something of the meaning of Hindu music. The singer was a man over thirty, with a fine voice, very flexible; and though a slight occasional inclination of the head was his only gesture, the persons of the drama seemed to live in his tones. There is one part of the drama where the wife of Harischandra, Sândramati, finds her only son dead, bitten by a serpent. She says to him, "Why do you not speak to me? What have I done that you do not reply or look at me?" One could hardly refrain from tears when the man sang these words. And again when Harischandra, ordered to be the executioner of his wife (charged with child-murder), says, "Sândramati, my wife, lay thy head on the block, thy sweet face turned to the east!" The voice was here most plaintive, and suddenly rang out triumphantly when the sword of execution becomes a necklace of pearls on her neck, and the gods pay homage to the inflexible "Martyr of Truth."

There is a favourite popular picture in India of Sândramati bringing to her husband in the cemetery their dead son.

During this last dramatic cantata I felt the sounds weaving a spell around me such as I had a vague remembrance of having once before felt. On my way home it came to me: the secret of Wagner lay in this Hindu-Sin-

halese music. He had fitted to every emotion its sound, its moan, its cry, its fear or joy. This Sinhalese "music" (hardly the name for it) was not meant to please the ear or gratify the taste, but to move the gods. That is why it had given me, like Wagner's "Lohengrin," a sort of hyperæsthetic thrill. I never heard of Wagner's visiting any oriental countries, but I learned after his death, which occurred shortly before I left London, that he had planned an opera about Buddha.

The Hon. P. Ramanathan, to whom I was so much indebted at Colombo, has since (1906) become a notable figure in the religious developments of the East. While engaged in his duties as solicitor-general he was visited by a New York gentleman of his own profession, Mr. Myron H. Phelps, who seems to have been one of the western pilgrims seeking more light in the East. I have just had an interview with this gentleman, who resided for a year with Ramanathan and learned from him, not only a new oriental religion, but a new Christianity. He loaned me two substantial volumes — one on the first gospel, the other on the fourth — written down by Miss R. L. Harrison from the lips of her "teacher," whose name is given as "Sei Paranànda." As Buddha's kinsman and first apostle was "Ananda," the selection of Paranànda as a pseudonym seems to be suggestive of the composite root out of which Ramanathan has developed his religion. The Indian teacher reconciles Brahmanism, Buddhism, and Christianity by giving them all a new birth, but the reconciliation is not for the sake of any racial benefit or for progress; it is merely incidental to the great end, — individual self-renunciation, atrophy of the senses to enlarge the soul, and absorption of the soul in deity. The old religions are not entirely lost, but

folded away as a sheath under a glowing spiritual flower in which their essence is expressed.

On the representations of Mr. Phelps his Indian teacher was invited to visit Harvard University; and an address given there by Ramanathan, in November, 1905, in his admirable English, may fairly be regarded as a landmark in the history of the famous college founded by Puritanism. He vigorously assailed the notion that developments of invention and machinery imply either progress or civilization. The only "progress" is that of individual soul into harmony with "God." (But which God, O friend!)

Judge Arunáchalam is also a fine writer, and has sent me an essay printed in Colombo on "Luminous Sleep." It is an extremely interesting comparison of the mystical statements in Plato concerning the power of "pure abstraction," "absolute knowledge," obtained through sleep of the senses, beyond dreams, with the like doctrines in India. "To the wise men of the East these are matters quite as amenable to the test of experience and verifiable by it as the facts of physical science. Accordingly in India systematic study has been made and sedulously pursued for centuries, and the methods of attainment, involving physical, intellectual, and moral discipline, have been reduced to something like a science, which teachers, carrying on the ancient traditions, still teach, not for gain or show, but from pure love, to pupils found worthy of instruction." The judge does not hint that he has himself ever had any inner experiences of this kind. Such visions are not "verifiable," because soul-senses cannot be trusted like bodily senses, and cannot like these be checked by scientific apparatus. In any insane asylum we may find persons whose minds are filled

with delusions while in their bodies every nerve is fulfilling its function, a thousand valves opening and closing with precision.

And then *cui bono?* Why should any one desire to have his personality swallowed up by any deity? What happiness is in these abstractions and visions? One lovely Lady Arunáchalam or Lady Ramanathan moving about her garden and household is surely worth more than all the fair phantoms of wisdom and the translunary beauties without blood or passion.

CHAPTER VIII

Arabi in exile — Relations between Egyptians and English in Colombo — Arabi's Mohammedan Christianity — Adam's Peak and Ararat — How Arabi's life was saved — The English defenders of Arabi — Arabi's situation at seventy — Conjurers — The giant turtle of Colombo — The heart and life of Buddhism in Ceylon.

A MILE along the seashore, behind a red-turbaned Tamil and a Persian pony, then two miles through slumbrous villages and leafy lanes, brought me to a gateway marked "Bonair," the villa of exiled Arabi. The road wound through some two acres of thick palms to the pretty bungalow. On the veranda sat four or five gentlemen of the Egyptian type, and I knew that the large fine-looking man who arose to receive me was Arabi, though I had never seen his portrait. A friend had prearranged this meeting, which I desired mainly because he was the most learned representative of Islam in Egypt. He held my hand for a moment, and his eye seemed to ask, "Friend or foe?" He then turned to a young man, who spoke English and introduced us.

Arabi was a more striking figure than I had expected. The only immediate sign of his nationality was his fez; otherwise he was dressed in pure white garments of French fashion, everything about him being scrupulously neat. He was under fifty, full six feet tall, and of admirable proportions, with the lightest of eastern complexions, a large soft eye, clear-cut features, and a face so smooth, a brow so furrowless, that one could hardly associate him with any great struggle or tragedy. He offered me cigarettes, lit one himself, and through the

ACHMET ARABI THE EGYPTIAN

"From my prison in Cairo, in the day of my trouble, to John Macdonald, the friend of the oppressed, correspondent of the Daily News"

interpreter began conversation by saying that he had received many friendly expressions from England, which surprised him. I told him I had repeatedly heard influential Englishmen express friendly feelings towards him. "What is the cause?" "Because the English love freedom, and numbers believe that the Egyptians you led were under oppression." He was silent a moment, then said, "There are millions bound under one." In further conversation he said, "No, I do not feel so much mental trouble now. I have not been away from Colombo, though I may move hereafter. I have sat in this veranda every day. The house is pleasant; I am kindly treated by the English; in mind I am not troubled, because I have perfect faith that Egypt will be free. The world will find it necessary. I look on with deep feeling, but with no fear as to the final result." In another connection he said, "Well, yes; the idea has sometimes entered my mind of a visit to England; but that rests with another will than mine." He several times alluded to the kindness of the English in Colombo. No unpleasant incident of his residence there was known to him, but an English lady told me that at a ball to which Arabi and his companions were invited some ladies were annoyed, supposing they were laughed at while dancing. The custom of dancing is one to which the rigid Moslem mind cannot adapt itself; and while the English are sometimes shocked by eastern nudity, Orientals are equally shocked by the deliberately *décolleté* dress.

I did not know then that the life of Arabi had been privately pleaded for by John Bright, but found much satisfaction in reminding him that the great Commoner had withdrawn from the Gladstone Cabinet because of the

bombardment of Alexandria. The grand old Quaker was told by Gladstone that Arabi was a bad man and deserved the fate to which he had led so many, but the hope of getting the great popular leader back into his Cabinet was probably a potent reinforcement of the gallant English band that induced the premier to commute the Egyptian's sentence to exile.[1]

In common with other friends of Professor Edward

[1] John Macdonald, then representative of the London *Daily News* in Cairo, wrote the letters that brought the English conscience and sentiment to shield Arabi from fury in Cairo, where proud Cherif Pasha was threatening that if Arabi was not executed he (Cherif) would leave Egypt. Macdonald's letters brought vividly before us the honest and heroic, albeit fanatical, prisoner, whom he constantly visited. With Macdonald and his wife (biographer of Rousseau) I have recently (1906) talked over the case of Arabi. A photograph of Arabi in prison — somewhat dim — was given by him to Macdonald, with an inscription in Arabic which may be thus translated: "From my prison in Cairo in the day of my trouble to John Macdonald, the friend of the oppressed, correspondent of the *Daily News*. — Achmet Arabi the Egpytian."

Arabi always added "the Egyptian" to his signature.

Wilfred Blunt spent about £5000 to save the life of Arabi, and valuable aid in London was given by Henry Labouchere, M. P., and Jesse Collings, M. P. Mr. A. W. Broadley was very active in the whole affair, and his book, *How we defended Arabi*, tells the true story.

Arabi's exile in Ceylon ended about seven years after my visit, but it appears that his enemies have contrived to give him a worse exile in Cairo. In a note of June 29, 1906, Mr. Broadley writes me: "I formed a very high opinion of Arabi's patriotic conduct and absolute disinterestedness. We have corresponded ever since. I heard from him only a few days ago. He is now about seventy years old — a great age for an Egyptian — and is very miserable. He gets £650 a year, and that sum is not sufficient for the wants of his abnormally large family, — for Arabi is married and has seventeen or eighteen children. He is boycotted by all the official set in Cairo and is still deprived of all civil rights. He was much happier in Ceylon."

Brentano's house in Cairo sought in vain to find for me a portrait of Arabi! In the *oubliette* of this brave man it may be hoped will be buried the delusion that a people can successfully fight any devil with fire — his own element.

Palmer, I had deplored the death in that Egyptian struggle of the finest linguist in England. But amid our grief in London I had pointed out in a public discourse that his execution by the Bedouins was a legitimate act of war; and had solemnly arraigned the English government for utilizing the knowledge of eastern languages in which young Palmer excelled to turn him into a spy and send him off with money to bribe the soldiers of Arabi and make them traitors to their cause. Alas, that a brilliant scholar should have allowed any government to tear him from his university for an inglorious mission. But so do governments cast their children to the wolves for the sake of victory.

I was told that some had heard sobs issuing from Arabi's chamber at midnight. Nor did I feel sure the story was mere gossip. Proud and strong in faith as that big Egyptian felt himself, he rarely smiled, and there was something pathetic in his remark, "I wait to see what England will do."

A servant entered with coffee, and I was glad that the trials of exile did not include the necessity of drinking the stuff called coffee in Ceylon. The coffee was Egyptian, and was served in tiny cups holding each about two thimblefuls. On one cup was inscribed, in English, "Think of me," and on another, "From a Friend." Anxious to avoid politics, I alluded to the Moslem tradition that Ceylon was selected as the place of Adam's exile, its beauty being some compensation for the loss of Paradise, and expressed the hope that he, Arabi, also found in its charms some mitigation of exile. I saw his face brighten; the Wahabi — the enthusiast of Cairo University — was revealed. He went on with rapidity to describe how, divorced from his wife, Adam had come to

Ceylon (the isthmus is still called Adam's Bridge), and how at length he travelled away, finding the charms of Ceylon nothing compared with those of Eve. Her he found at Ararat, — which signifies "great woman." She had become a giant huntress, and Adam had to woo her again before she would give up her freedom.[1] I could not gather clearly whether he shared the notion that the huge oblong mark on Adam's Peak is Adam's footprint. He was willing, I think, to surrender that footprint to Buddha. Knowing that Arabi was a scholar, I had hoped that he might be interested in the Persian poets, — Firdusi, Hafiz, perhaps even Omar Khayyám. I found, however, that he knew only that they were unorthodox. He was a Wahabi, a Moslem Puritan, and all the poetry in the world was worthless beside a line of the Koran. "There is one God," he said, "the creator of all things, — of mountains, sea, earth, sky! Do you not believe in a God?" In Arabi's Wahabi deity I did not believe, the Koranic Allah being to my mind one of the least lovable or believable images in the pantheon of invisible idols. While our interpreter was conveying his question I framed some vague statement from my point of view, which I fear mystified him, and hastened to change the subject.

The most curious and obstinate error in Christendom is the notion that the Moslems are not Christians, and that Mohammed occupies the place of Christ. They are not only Christians, but the only ones in the East who maintain literally all of the miracles ascribed to Christ in the gospels, or relating to his birth. It is very rare to find among them a sceptic.

[1] This legend that Adam and Eve had quarrelled, apparently on the issue of feminine "freedom," looks as if in some regions there had blended with it the legend of Lilith, Adam's first wife, who left him because he declared himself her divinely authorized master.

In my talk with Arabi we spoke of the Mahdi (Mohammed Ahmed) in the Soudan. The soldiers of Arabi had been dragged to fight against the Mahdi, but Gordon had not yet been sent to bring back these "garrisons." Arabi said to me: "There is an expectation generally prevailing in the Moslem world that the Mahdi is to appear about this time and lead in the transformation of the world. He will overthrow the powers of wrong and all idolatry; and with him will presently appear Jesus Christ, who will rebuke the errors of those who claim to be the only Christians, and will unite all in the worship of one God. The religion so formed will thenceforth be that of the whole world." I asked why it should not be Mohammed himself instead of Christ who would appear with the Mahdi and unite his followers with those of Christ. He said: "Mohammed cannot appear again on earth; he is dead." "But is not Christ similarly dead?" "No, Christ never died. There are two men who never died, — Elias and Jesus. He who hung upon the cross was a mere effigy of Jesus. The crucifiers were deceived. Jesus still lives, and at the right hour will appear. Elias found the water of immortality in a cave and drank of it; he cannot die. But Mohammed is a dead man — he is in Paradise."

Arabi's voice became fervid as he said this, and his eye expanded, as if holding the vision of innumerable millions turning from adoration of a crucified effigy to worship of Allah.

Arabi expressed a lively interest in America. He considered the late civil war, "which ended with the liberation of four million slaves," the ideal event of the century, and added: "Alas, there are still so many slaves! There are, as I said, twelve millions bound to the will of one

man. But it cannot remain so. I sit here on this veranda from week to week and study English every day. That is my main occupation. What will the English do in Egypt?" This last question was not uttered exactly to me; it was a problem slowly put to the horizon toward which his eyes were directed. I then arose to go. Again his form towered before me with its grand proportions. There was the utmost polish and gracefulness in the way in which he parted from me. He invited me to call again, but I could not do so. There was a good deal of fascination about the man, and I did not wonder at his influence over his countrymen. I left him with the conviction that he was a very able man indeed — a genuine patriot — the true representative of a people, but also with a dawning suspicion that religious enthusiasm, not to say fanaticism, had more to do with his agitation in Egypt than most of his English sympathizers supposed.

Just as I was bidding farewell to Arabi and his comrades a man and boy emerged from the woods, — for there was no habitation near Bonair, — the man bearing a sort of rattle with which he accompanied his song, the boy a bowl. None of us present understood the song, but the theme was sweet. They were well dressed, and the boy, a yellow-tinted Eros, did not extend his bowl for money. They made obeisance and passed on. Arabi regarded the visit as one of respect and sympathy, and was evidently moved. His face flushed with sensibility, and he touched the beautiful long hair of the boy with a little caress.

I do not believe that any one of the English rulers in Egypt, or of the English generals there, was a grander man than Arabi.

What most impressed me about Arabi was, I think, his

veracity. It was inconceivable that this transparent man was strategist enough to be a successful minister of war. Indeed candour appeared to me characteristic of all the Mohammedans I met on my travels. A Christian African envoy from Liberia to a European court told me of a poor negro who was puzzled as to the right religion, and an English agent said to him, "If you want to be a good man you had better be in this neighbourhood a Mohammedan; if you want to make money, be a Christian."

While wandering about the streets in Colombo I encountered a Sinhalese boy of about sixteen years who entreated me to witness his conjuring tricks. He cheated my senses cleverly, but interested me most with his cobra. He took from a basket the large hooded reptile which reared half its body from the ground and when he piped to it swayed in good time from side to side. He pressed the rupee I loaned into the cobra's mouth several times, each time exclaiming "Poison!" then offered it back to me and was saddened by my accepting it. However, I returned it. I came to Ceylon expecting to be waylaid by cobras, but at length was willing to pay an extra rupee to see even a performing one.

Later I saw another conjurer performing the renowned trick of making a mango grow from the ground. It did not impress me much; but simply because of the stories told about it by travellers, I beckoned this conjurer into a lonely place and offered him five rupees to tell me his secret. He then opened his property-bag and showed me three slips of the mango plant, the largest having one little mango on it. The smallest is put into a mussel shell; but the stem, bent under compression, will, when the lid is removed, stand erect. In planting succes-

sively the other and larger two, the dexterity required is assisted by the "priest," a confederate, also by the frequent lifting of the horse blanket for the performers before the public is allowed to see the growth. The trick is rendered easy by the length of time required, during which the spectators are apt to move about and look at other curious things, returning only when the final miracle is announced. It is not the mango that is so wonderful, but the growth of the narrative about it between Bombay and London.

There was, however, no deception about the great Ceylon turtle. It is about six feet long by four or five wide. It is quite blind, never drawing in its head at the approach of a stick. When thirsty it bellows like a bull. In the back of the thick shell a hole of three inches diameter has been bored so that the turtle may be spurred with a stick into motion. According to the tradition it was over a hundred years old, but that is a moderate estimate. I visited an old man of ninety who told me that the turtle was nearly of the same size in his boyhood. It occupies a field of several acres alone, and nothing is charged for seeing it; but a keeper goes over to carry it water when it roars.

I shall always think of Ceylon as an Eden, and of the Sinhalese as happy children who have not yet eaten of that tree which Pessimism calls Consciousness. In the Padma Purana beautiful Parvati asks the god Siva to show her the finest garden in the earth; he conveys her to Naudana. In the garden's centre there is a wondrous tree, the Kalpa-tree, which "bestows all that gods desire." Its seeds are gems. Parvati longs for the "beautiful gem of a maiden," so Asokasundari was born. But this tree? Kalpa means Time, or an immeasurable era:

does the Puranic fable mean that Time brings about all that the gods desire? It does not always bring about what man desires, and I do not suppose the famous founders and priesthoods of any temples would be satisfied with the shape Time has given their gods in Ceylon, which received them all with the large tolerance with which Roger Williams welcomed in Rhode Island the heretics exiled from other regions. Modliar quotes a Sinhalese as saying to a European sceptic: "I don't know whether these things be true or false. When we fall sick we try every means within our reach of getting better. We worship Buddha, the gods, and the demons, all at once, to take our chance of recovering from the sickness through the help of some of them. All my countrymen do so, and I am only doing like them." It does not seem to have occurred to the lowly man that any one of these potent beings might be a "jealous god" and object to being mixed up with other deities. The philosophy derived from Buddha is pure pessimism, and Ceylon is its academic centre; but the Kalpa-tree, Time, in that garden has produced a people practically optimist. The seeds of that tree are gems, and each has the priceless gem — contentment — which keeps the heart young to its last beat.

The Kalpa-tree in oriental folk-lore probably originated "La Peau de Chagrin." Balzac's centenarian says, "The Brahman to whom I owe this talisman explained that it would effect a mysterious accord between the desires and the destinies of its possessor." But it required European sophistication to connect with the Wish-talisman the moral that every fulfilled desire is another step in suicide. Whatever may be the natural penalties of violent western passions, there are none for the simple affections of these Sinhalese vegetarians, with their chaste nudity,

the womanliness even of the men, whose long hair is coiled with combs. I counted twenty-nine various vegetables in one market-stall, and wondered whether these various contributions of Armaiti, genius of the Earth, had any connection with the varieties of expression, voice, fancies of the Sinhalese, and their freedom from friction. They spoke and moved — women, children, men — spontaneously, as if never used to being sat upon.

Buddha said of Truth that it was as the rain which each plant, flower, grass-blade sucked up in accordance with its nature and its need. What matters any dogma, theology, philosophy, uttered thousands of years ago, compared with the life that is quickening hearts to-day? Each great Bo-tree (*Ficus religiosa*) beside its temple is a Kalpa, giving each several heart its sustenance; and I am leaving Ceylon with a serene confidence that if Allah or Jesus are ever welcomed there it will be because they will be seen sitting beside Buddha under his fig-tree, as Vishnu and Agni have long been sitting, and like these conveying to native hearts sweet secrets of private interpretation. The Buddhist Kalpa will, I believe, continue its gifts after the Trees rooted in deities and dogmas have withered. For in the course of ages the accumulated sentiments projected into and nursed by every religion bring human hearts in fatal conflict with any falsities in their foundation. George Sand, in her "Pauline," says: —

> She [Pauline] was not really pious. . . . She found in Catholicism the *nuance* adapted to her character, for all the shades (*nuances*) possible are found in the old religions; so many centuries have modified them, so many men have had a hand in the building, so many intelligences, passions, and virtues have borne to it their treasures, their errors, or their lights, that a thousand doctrines are ultimately stored in one, and a thousand

different natures are able to draw thence the palliation or the stimulant suited to them. It is by that these religions are built up, and also by that they crumble.

(George Sand wrote these words in 1840, and while I quote them (1906) the world is witnessing the fulfilment in France of her last clause — " c'est aussi par là qu'elles s'écroulent.")

CHAPTER IX

Madras — Temple dancers — Talk with students — Juggenauth — St. Thomé — A Portuguese Thomas — Legend of Savatri — New discoveries concerning Thomas — Pain and piety — A Jain parable — Good will to man — A Buddhist carol.

IT is the custom on P. and O. boats for the steward to awaken one at dawn with an offer of coffee. I began by storming against this dream-murder, and ended with ordering my coffee still earlier. Every oriental dawn is a pictorial rapture out of the Vedas. Especially resplendent was the sunrise under which we approached India. A great sun arose out of the sea, stretched himself, then sprang aloft and hurled darts on Ahi, serpent of darkness, revealing Madras in the distance. The colours of dawn descend to earth, breaking over an ocean that knows no twilight, transmuting every wave to opal, tinting each towering temple.

Carried ashore in a boat of bamboo tied with strings of palm bark, no nail in it, I entered on the grand estate of two days in Madras. Not a wavelet of daylight or moonshine to be lost! Straight I went rambling in the streets, and to my joy found that a lunar festival was just beginning. In front of an ancient temple a procession was forming, and a goddess brought out to her palanquin. It was Sira, a sister goddess (of Prosperity) with Lakshmi. She sat in a round red-and-gold frame, surrounded with tongues of flame representing rays of the sun. The great disc rested on a chariot driven by some Hindu Phaethon, and drawn by five metal horses painted green and red.

I was the only white person present; and as the man-

agers of the affair were polite, making an opening through the crowd that I might see the dancers, I followed them an hour. Whenever a temple or shrine was passed the five Nautches danced before their goddess. The march of the procession was to the beating of tom-toms and music of pipes; but now and then a leading personage made a tinkling sound on a metal cup he held, whereupon the procession paused, the palanquin was let down from its bearers' shoulders, all other instruments ceased, and to the tinkle of the bell and chant of him who beat it the Nautches danced. They were covered with jewels and richly dressed. The embroidered cape fell loosely over the upper part of the breasts, leaving the waist naked; the skirt descended just below the knees, the legs being bare except for anklets. The dancers were of lighter complexion than others in the procession; they wore less clothing than the temple-nautches of Ceylon; but they were so childlike, and so absorbed in their divine pantomime that there was no effect of indecency. Their feet moved slowly to and fro; their jewelled hands were continually moving, — the fingers, sometimes crossed, now and then stretched out, or lifted as if in benediction, were yet never raised heavenward. They were rehearsing the deeds of Sira.

The next morning I went out at seven o'clock to the same temple. The deity brought out on this occasion was the elephant-headed Ganesa, god of wisdom. He was mounted on the same sun-chariot, drawn by the five modelled horses, whose attitudes were much like those of St. Mark's at Venice. Two poles upheld large red hearts with sun and moon (featured) embroidered on them. On this occasion three of the five Nautches were girls of about ten years. The little things watched their leader and

imitated her every movement. The dance, interesting as a novelty and study, seemed perfunctory; there was no appearance of any emotion, much less passion or ecstasy, about dancers or dance. When the dancers and the deity first emerged from the temple beneath an arch of palm branches, they were preceded by a very fair woman who bore in her hand a brass pot, on the top of which burned a flame. When the procession had started she moved back into the temple and was seen no more.

While I was standing near the palanquin a young Hindu approached me. "You seem, sir," he said in perfect English, "to be cosmopolitan." I turned at the quaint remark and saw before me a refined, eager young face, a bright, penetrating eye, a frank, pleasant smile. On his forehead was the round spot of Siva. He was dressed in a snow-white robe from neck to feet. This youth, as it afterwards appeared, had been standing, with a few fellow-students of Madras University, on the roof of their house; they had observed my interest in the ceremonies and the deity to whom they were offered, and resolved to invite me to their rooms. When accosted, I said that I was indeed much interested in oriental religions. "I shall be very glad to be of any assistance to you," said my new friend, "and so will my companions whom you may see standing on that house." I looked and saw three white-robed youths some fifty yards away, gazing steadily at us. "We are students of the university; we speak a little English, and would be glad of some conversation with you." I would have followed a youth with such a countenance anywhere. "I will come presently," I said, and he left me. Having made a few more notes of the Ganesa service, I repaired to the house of the students. Three, apparently brothers, welcomed me at the door. The rooms

of these well-to-do students were comfortable and ventilated, but bare of ornament. They sat on benches, but brought a chair for me. I found them deeply interested in English science and in their own sacred literature.

Strange combination had their generation provided for these young heads. I was told of a Burmese student at Calcutta whose father secured him against Christian heresies by means of a praying machine perpetually turned by a stream of water, but I was curious to know how these young Hindus were protected. I found that they studied and respected everything English except its theology. All the theology of Christendom was as a mushroom beside the stately forest of their own sacred books and traditions. They were just then engaged on the Ramayana and Bhagavat Purana. The latter, which gives the fullest account of Krishna, led to a conversation on the resemblances between that legend of the incarnation of Vishnu and that of Christ in the New Testament. One of these youths called my attention to a point which has not, I believe, been noted by western scholars. The next incarnation expected by the Hindus is Kalki. This name has usually been translated "white horse" and understood to mean that at the end of the Kalki, or Iron Age, Vishnu will come on a pure white horse to judge the world. But these students say Kalki means "the severe face," the idea conveyed being very nearly that ascribed by Christians to the Messiah at his second coming. It is believed that Kalki will appear beside the river Rhambrapurny, south of Tinnivelly. These students spoke of Buddha as a very great Rishi and sage who founded a new school of philosophy — the Sankhya. Theosophy having come under discussion, they were surprised to hear me speak of it as claiming to be "Buddhist." They had seen the "Countess"

Blavatsky and "Colonel" Olcott, had attended Theosophist meetings and lectures, and had always supposed it to be a revival of Hinduism. They had never heard of the veiled Mahatma, Khotumé. The Theosophists must have been adapting their cult to different regions. They believed "Colonel" Olcott had been successful in healing some diseases. They had not personally witnessed such cures, but heard that at Combaconum, where their parents resided, he had cured a boy of paralysis of the leg and arm.

The students appeared to me unfamiliar with the ideas of scientific men concerning such subjects, or with the pathology of imagination. They seemed to think all such things immediately connected with preternatural or occult causes. Otherwise they were keeping well abreast of European ideas. The most significant thing about their talk was the evidence given that they were alive to the resemblances between Christian and oriental traditions. Besides the example already referred to, they remembered the Hindu saints and heroes born of miraculous conception; and among the legends common to India and Europe they mentioned the name of one (Awasthama) doomed to immortality on earth like the Wandering Jew, while another (Vabishana), a blessed undying one, might be compared with sleeping St. John at Ephesus. They say that the heaven for which they hope is not very different from that of the Christian ("We shall be *fair* there," they said); but they looked with horror upon the Christian doctrine of hell. They claimed moral and philosophical superiority for their belief that sinful souls are given the forms of animals — higher or lower, according to their merits and disciplinary needs — the object being not at all punishment, but the deliverance of a soul from evil and its ascent to unity with God. All lower forms

are therefore purgatorial, and every soul that sins is accorded this seventy times seven if he shall so often die in his sin. "There is no eternal punishment." To my enquiry whether a soul sank lower by immorality or by atheism, they answered, "By atheism." I said that European opinion was different; that every thinker who renounced a popular idol was an atheist to the worshipper of that idol, and that if people were to be frightened by such epithets there could never be any advance from ancient error to new truth. "Why then," said one, "was the editor of the 'Freethinker' imprisoned in London?" I explained that it was not because of atheism; that the judge in that case declared that every man was entitled to express disbelief in deity; but that the exhibition of certain pictorial caricatures of sacred persons had been considered contrary to public decency. The caricatures were not obscene, and many of us considered the conviction illegal, although disliking such caricatures. This explanation appeared to interest them very much. After this conversation the student who had accosted me on the street accompanied me to the museum, where I was much assisted by his intelligence. He had an ardent desire to visit England, and told me that no Hindu now lost caste by such a journey, as in former times. On his return such Hindu traveller need only call at the shrine of Juggenauth and bring home a certificate of having made a "pilgrimage to Juggenauth," to have "no questions asked" as to how much farther his pilgrimage may have extended.

I found learned men in India, both native and English, puzzled by the evil reputation of Juggenauth and his famous Car, throughout Christendom. He is a form of Vishnu, the Lord of Life, to whom all destruction is

abhorrent. The death of the smallest creature beneath the wheels of that Car, much more of a human being, would entail long and costly ceremonies of purification. It is surmised that the obstinate and proverbial fiction about the Car of Juggenauth must have originated in some accident witnessed by a missionary who supposed it a regular part of the ceremonies. There have been suicides in India, as in Christian countries, from religious mania, but the place where they are least likely to occur is in the neighbourhood of Juggenauth.

In 1876 I gave a discourse in London in which this subject was alluded to, a newpaper report of which led Professor A. Bain of Aberdeen to address a letter to the "Academy" citing high authorities in England for the traditional belief about Juggenauth. I was able to fortify my statement, and Professor Bain wrote me a private letter saying that he was convinced that it was correct. Even Professor Max Müller told me that until he read the letters in the "Academy" he supposed that suicides had formerly occurred under the Car.

The late Sir William Hunter, gazetteer-general of India, made a special investigation into the matter, and in his "Orissa" (1872) said: "So far from encouraging self-immolation, the gentle doctrines of Juggenauth tended to check the once universal custom of widow-burning. Even before the government put a stop to it, our officials observed its comparative infrequency at Puri."

When the Prince of Wales (Edward VII) visited St. Paul's after his recovery, several persons were crushed to death. One can imagine this fact reaching some distant island in such a shape as to leave there a tradition that it is usual to sacrifice human victims in England on the recovery of a prince, as a part of a thanksgiving service.

Especially might this be the case if the sentence were reported and interpreted by priests anxious to place Christianity in its worst light. If we were to smile at such a notion we should only be doing what every educated Hindu probably does, so often as he finds Englishmen believing that human sacrifices were part of the normal worship of Juggenauth, Lord of Life.

It is a notable example of the irony of mythology that this same calumniated Juggenauth should for many years have been the deity under whose protection Buddha has been steadily returning into India. Wherever we see an image of Juggenauth — whose noble countenance is pictured in Christian imagination as ferocious — there is nearly always beside him an image of Buddha. When we remember that this deity is not only the source of that catholicity which is renewing Buddhism in India, but also of the liberty that enables Indians of rank to travel abroad without losing caste, there is brought before us one more lesson in the untrustworthiness of the missionary reports on which popular notions of distant countries are founded.

At Tripelcane stands the only grand temple near Madras. There I had the luck to arrive just as the goddess of good luck — Lakshmi — was promenading. The goddess was enthroned in her palanquin amid gems under a many-coloured solar arch, and borne on the shoulders of moving bronze statues, recognizable, as they came closer, as men. The tableau was very pretty when they came from their circuits in front of the temple again. These temples, which of course none but Hindus are permitted to enter, have lofty truncated pyramidal portals, which, with the columned portico, are the only things notable. This portal-tower at Tripelcane is carved all over with

figures in deep relief, not an inch being without its finished sculpture. All the popular deities may be picked out. Beneath the pillared portico several score of women and children are sheltered from the glowing sun, now and then purchasing something from the stalls, loaded with oranges, bananas, and other fruits. So soon as I began to examine closely the figures sculptured on the pediments I was surrounded by a swarm of small naked forms, which displayed quite as much curiosity as would be excited by a Hindu inspecting Westminster Abbey. In front of the large temple there is a sort of palm-thatched chapel-of-ease, in which Lakshmi was placed with due ceremony on her return. Beside it is the car — for every temple keeps a sort of Lord Mayor's coach — and in front the square tank, covering over an acre, in the centre of which is a small sculptured edifice, apparently ornamental. One of the profane must not approach this tank near enough to pollute it by a touch, and thereby no doubt render a hundred elaborate ceremonies necessary to purify it! When the goddess had been carried within, the chanting ended, the veil drawn, I strolled away about fifty yards, and presently heard loud calls. Turning I saw the huge elephant which had attended the procession making straight for me, brandishing his huge trunk, while the Hindu on his back was uttering various cries, pointing to me and then to the swiftly advancing animal. I was just considering whether a sudden bath in the holy tank might not be the better part of valour, when the driver of my gharrie ran up and said, "The elephant wants some money." Ah! I have not often found relief from an application for "baksheesh." I waited until this elephantine devotee of the goddess of Wealth approached, and placed a bit of silver in his proboscis. He raised it over his head to the hand of his driver,

then moved off to his neat enclosure, where, kneeling for his driver to alight, he presently stretched himself with a stentorian yawn to enjoy his *dolce far niente* till next day.

From Madras I made a pilgrimage to St. Thomé, about twenty miles away. My constitutional liking for the Doubting Disciple was not shared by any of the hundred English passengers on our ship Teheran. I could find no one to accompany me. All alone save for my driver with Siva's ashen sign on his forehead, and a golden-brown boy reclining on the footboard behind, I passed through the villages and lanes of a land whose strange growths, houses, people, birds, made every mile a delight. But the country was sparsely inhabited, and when I came to St. Thomé it was almost uncanny in its loneliness. Climbing a long stone stairway to the top, I found a queer rambling edifice that seemed neither church nor convent. Entering, I found a Portuguese priest reading a large book that lay on a plain wooden table, this and three chairs being the only furniture. The floor was stone, the walls plain plaster. The priest received me cordially. He was a man of perhaps forty years, tall and slender; his face was pitted, but the fine features, large and expressive eye, sensitive mouth with its sweet and simple voice, drew my heart out to him. To my apology for obtruding on him he answered, with a gentle smile, that it was very rare for him to meet any one from Europe, and he was glad to see me. I told him that I was not a Catholic, but had an especial interest in St. Thomas, on whom I had written a pamphlet. I wished to study the story of his apostolate and martyrdom in ancient India. The priest told me that he dwelt alone save for the neighbouring Hindus; there had been no congregation there for many years;

there was no public function required of him except when a few pilgrims came on the saint's day. (He said this in tolerable English, but preferred to speak in French.) He could not tell me the age of the building, some parts of which were very old. When, after walking about it, I suggested that some parts appeared to be too ancient to have been originally Christian, he inclined to the same opinion, but had sought in vain for the facts, — for he had been there a good many years. The priest led me to a small cave at the back of the edifice, in which is a spring believed to have been miraculously evoked by St. Thomas. Some sixty feet off is a large flat rock surmounted by a small monument, where the saint passed most of his time "amid what was then a solitude." In the floor of the little chapel are memorial tablets with mainly Portuguese inscriptions, — one, however, being English, — nearly all of the eighteenth century. The chapel is dedicated to "Notre Dame de Santé," who stands far up against the wall on an altar poorly off for decorations. St. Thomas's Day — the solstice, December 21, when day and night are Didymuses (twins), and Time stands in doubt between the powers of Light and Darkness — had brought but few pilgrims the month before. By a curving stairway beside the altar we descended — stooping low and following a candle — into a cave where the saint is said to have hidden from pagan pursuers. One small aperture is cut through the rock (five feet thick), and we could stand erect only in one corner. On a rock-hewn shelf is a little crucifix, and behind it a tiny framed picture of Christ, but there were no ornaments. Emerging into the light, we passed by a long stone stairway to the foot of the hill. There the priest pointed out an inscription in characters "concerning which there are doubts."

Two dagoba-like structures, each six feet square and about nine feet to the apex, cover mysteriously indented rocks, supposed by some to be marked by the saint's bones. "It is doubtful what they were built for," said the priest. Near by is another rock retaining the impression of the saint's foot after he was wounded. This "footprint," larger than that of an ordinary man, is but very vaguely traceable in a discoloration of faint yellow and red on the light sandstone. It is slightly indented, as if worn by many kisses.

The legend of St. Thomas's death is peculiar. It is said that a Hindu arrow aimed at a peacock accidentally and fatally struck the heel of St. Thomas. This looks as if the Hindus had long ago repudiated some tradition of the saint's "martyrdom" being on their hands, and had shaped it after the legend of their own Saviour, Krishna, who also died of a wound in the heel from the arrow of a huntsman not aimed at him. Near the stone with the reddish stains there was found at a considerable depth a tablet on which was a rudely designed dove, and an inscription in Pali and Persian: —

"In punishment of the cross was the suffering of this one: he who is the true Christ, and God above, and Guide ever pure." [1]

The Portuguese priest, when I asked his opinion of the alleged footprint, shook his head silently, but thought the long continuance of the legend interesting. He believed that the relics, which he had seen, were in the church at Mount St. Thomé, and I resolved to go there.

When we turned away from this spot and walked to a Hindu village, the children ran to greet the priest, bowing their foreheads to the ground. As he passed along the little

[1] The late Mr. Burnell gave an account with plates of these relics in the *Indian Antiquary*, vol. iii, p. 308.

street the women came to their doors, the men paused, and he spoke pleasantly to them all, patting the children on the head. I asked if they were Christians and he said, "None of them." So deep had this man gone into their "heathen" hearts!

And now I began to think on what he had pointed out, and stopped a moment or two to enter some items in my note-book. Then a theory began to dawn on me. Was it not the ecclesiastical *métier* of the priest in charge of St. Thomé to believe all of the Catholic traditions concerning the miraculous well, the footprint, and the rest? Yet this man had spoken hesitatingly and dubiously about every one of them. I looked into his large smiling eye and felt certain that I was in the presence of a Doubting Disciple. This learned and intellectual man, with his fine personality, worshipped by those humble Hindus, — why was he sent out at middle age to live alone without congregation or function in this remote spot? Was it because he was found to be a sceptic, a doubting Thomas?

I find among my notes written that day, "How I would like to have a day of intimate talk with that man!" He saw that I loved him, and urged me to stay longer; he could give me food and lodging; but it could not be; the Teheran was to sail early next morning. So we parted.

I drove on two miles to Mount St. Thomé. A long succession of stone stairways, up which on the saint's day pilgrims climb on their knees, brought me to the solitary white church. It was all silent, every door closed, the windows made fast with shutters, so that I could not get a glimpse of the interior. Two tricolors were flying from a signal station at one corner of the grounds, and after a good deal of calling an Englishman appeared, with evident reluctance, who informed me that the priest was

absent. He (the priest) was a native, and was in the habit of going now and then to stay among the villages of the district for a fortnight at a time. He had now been absent for five days, and none could tell his whereabouts. "Is there anything interesting in the church to see?" I asked. "I don't know," replied the sole occupant of the hill, "I never was inside it. I don't belong to that, but to the Church of England." I found consolation for my climb in the grand view which the height commands — a vast plain of banyans and palms, with a few villas and gleaming streams.

As I passed through the village at the foot of the mount I observed "Hindu Mount" on a sign, and on enquiry learned that the Hindus have another name for the place, which I cannot remember. No doubt it was, like every other "high place" in oriental plains, a sacred hill before the Christian era, and probably passed to the Catholic saint by natural selection.

I drove two miles along a grand avenue of banyans extending from the base of the mount. Of many the branches, hereafter to take root, hung down nearly to the earth in large numbers, like vines. The lower horizontal branches of others were gracefully festooned. But a number were already buttressed by branches turned to trunks seven or eight inches thick. I counted as many as thirteen trunks to one tree. The road on each side was hedged with cactus, and beyond were beautiful palms, rising out of lakelets formed by inundations. But after all, there was no other scene so picturesque as the thatched villages and the villagers in their combinations of colours and dark skins. The people in this neighbourhood, particularly tall and well shaped, formed pretty groups in the fields, where they were so still as to be tableaux.

A graceful young Hindu woman was seated beneath the shade of the great banyan, her children grouped pleasantly around her, and all so absorbed with what she was saying to them that they hardly observed my approach. The musical voice continued on one side while I was counting the downward branches on the other. What was she telling them? Perhaps the tale of the Madras Princess Savatri, who refused all powerful suitors for love of homeless Satyavan; and who when her husband was killed by the fall of a tree in the forest, and Yama came for his own, so moved that King of Death by her beauty and her gentle pleading that he restored Satyavan to her. This tale is the central trunk of an invisible banyan spread in many versions, — Love subduing Death; but it appears to me sweeter and truer than the legends of resurrections where the muscular power of a Herakles or the magic might of a Christ have prevailed over the king of terrors. There is no need, however, that we should seek any other origin of the banyan-growth of such legends of Love than in the mother's heart there. That is the universal witness that there is Love in the heart of nature despite inorganic cruelties. If there was any Hindu Thomas of old to say he would not believe in Satyavan's resurrection unless he saw and touched the scar on his head, there would be a friendly prophet in fez to say, "Satisfy yourself, Thomas; you are right to demand evidence; but blind belief makes people happier." Every missionary — unless my gentle Portuguese sceptic of St. Thomé — must be a Thomas in denying the resurrection of Satyavan in order to signalize that of Jesus, but the Savatri and Satyavan folk-tale will still be in the heart, whatever names are on the lips.

Savatri is a type, as Mary Magdalene at the sepulchre "while it was yet dark" is a type, of the Love that heals,

that quickens dead hearts. Thomas and Judas are by their *aliases* Didymus and Iscariot made as allegorical as if they were named Mr. Doublemind and Mr. Facing-both-ways. These two, indeed, seem to have been originally one figure; in the Acts of Thomas occurs repeatedly the double name, "Judas also called Thomas." But to meet Jewish scepticism there was used a character proving that Jesus was not arrested because he could not prevent it, but because in order to fulfil the minutest messianic prophecies and conditions he had knowingly included a satanic agent among his disciples; and the personification of this agent — Judas, i. e. incarnation of Judaism — had to be detached from Thomas (twin) because Gentile sceptics (who might say that the form the disciples declared to be their risen Lord, but admittedly could not recognize, was that of some impostor) must be met by the assertion that they (the sceptics) had a representative among the disciples who identified Jesus by his wounds.

It is all very simple, so far as the points which the dark twin and the luminous twin were created to establish are concerned, but it cannot be safely asserted of Thomas, as of Judas, that he is purely fictitious. The Thomas-saga has not been sufficiently explored as yet, and there are traces of a gospel bearing his name suppressed on account of its heresies.[1]

[1] Ten years after my visit to St. Thomé, Drs. Grenfell and Hunt of Oxford discovered the Papyri of Oxyrhynchus, apparently of the third century, which, omitting editorial conjectures, opens: "These are the words which the living Jesus said to . . . and Thomas, and said to them, Every one that hearkens to these words shall never taste of death." "Let not him who seeks cease until he finds, and when he finds he shall be astonished; astonished he shall reach the kingdom, and having reached the kingdom he shall rest." Professor Lake thinks the lost name before Thomas was Judas; he also says that an Athos MS. asserts that the story of the woman taken in adultery was in the earlier Gospel of Thomas. (It

Although everything attributed to Christ — that is to the post-resurrectional supplanter of Jesus — has to be doubly scrutinized, I think that on some occasion he may have said to his sceptical friend, probably with a smile, "Thomas, you can believe only what you see; they are happier who can believe without seeing."

In my long experience I have found very few even among rationalists who were able to get along without believing something for which they could find no reason. Theodore Parker was unable to harmonize with his faith the cruelty of a cat playing with a terrified mouse before devouring it, yet he could not on that account part from belief in the omnipotence of a benevolent Creator. His English friend and editor, Frances Power Cobbe, who devoted many years to the protection of animals from cruelty, used to quote Sir Henry Taylor's terrible lines, —

> Pain in man
> Bears the high mission of the flail and fan,
> In brutes 't is purely piteous.

But I have in vain asked of eminent theists why Omni-

was erased from the Synoptics.) The "Gospel according to Thomas" (probably near the close of the second century) was condemned by Hippolytus in a passage quoted by Grenfell and Hunt which shows that there was a sect which believed that Thomas had received especial confidences from Jesus. The extract from Hippolytus (*Refut.* v. 7) is as follows: —

"But they (the Naassenes) assert that not only is there in favour of their doctrine testimony to be drawn from the mysteries of the Assyrians, but also from those of the Phrygians concerning the happy nature, concealed and yet at the same time disclosed, of things that have been and are coming into existence and moreover will be (a happy nature), which (the Naassene) says is the kingdom of heaven to be sought for within a man. And concerning this [nature] they hand down an explicit passage occurring in the Gospel inscribed 'according to Thomas,' expressing themselves thus: 'He who seeks me will find me in children from seven years old; for there concealed I shall in the fourteenth age (or æon) be made manifest.'"

VIRCHAND R. GANDHI

potent Love should use tribulation — the flail and fan — on human beings? No good parent would chastise a child if he were omnipotent. No surgeon would cause pain if he were omnipotent. I once lectured for Dr. Felix Adler's Ethical Culture Society in New York on "The Religion of Humanity," my contention being that the dogmas of hereditary sin, imputed guilt, endless punishment were fair transcripts of the laws of nature, the great error being in the belief that these injustices and agonies of nature were the laws of omnipotent deity, and that there was any creation or Creator. My argument was that either the omnipotence or the goodness or the existence of deity must be surrendered by Ethical Religion. Dr. Adler arose at the close of my discourse and announced that on the following Sunday he would review it and state his differences from me. An engagement in another city prevented my hearing him, and I could find no report of his criticisms, but in a conversation he planted himself on Kant's "categorical imperative," and told me about a young lady friend of his whom pain had brought into a beautiful and patient spirit as she was slowly dying. Of course I knew of many such cases, and may have mentioned to him — though I am not certain of this — the case of a young author in Brooklyn whose talent and culture had been developed by the confinement consequent on the breaking of his back in childhood. The development was creditable to the young man, but by no means creditable to the careless cause of his misfortune. Of course a wise moralist has to be somewhat pathological in dealing with sufferers, but he will none the less say with Jesus, Woe to him by whom the suffering comes. Nor do I believe that the evils and agonies of the world will ever be much diminished so long as generations are trained to see in such horrors a

divine hand, instead of seeing that hand solely in the "eternal feminine," as Goethe calls it, — the loving and maternal force, weak but unwearied, gently pushing back the frontiers of wild and inorganic nature.

This of course is about equivalent to saying that the evils and agonies of the world will never be healed at all until the altars of the existing deities so-called are entirely deserted. In nearly all religions there is a sort of Pain-worship, which continues in the favourite word of liberal Christianity, "Self-sacrifice," and in the faith expressed in Tennyson's "Divine depths of sorrow." Why not the divine depths of happiness? Why should our children be trained to think their giving up some pleasant thing to gratify others a sacrifice of self when they are thereby gaining grateful smiles, far more delightful and precious than what they give away? After all the ages, we are unable to see with Jesus that it is greater happiness to give than to receive, and must needs go on saying "It is more blessed," that is, that God pays it back to us.

One of the most mild and liberal religions in India is the Jain. They have no priests, but some public teachers. One of these, Virchand R. Gandhi, stayed at my house in London nearly a week, and my wife and I found him attractive in conversation, though we could not understand his very mystical ideas. He shrank from even the smallest thing that inclined towards self-indulgence. He would not remain alone with a lady. (This is a Talmudic regulation.) He gave me a picture — it is now before me — which represents the Jain idea of the moral condition of mankind. There is a banyan-tree on a limb of which bees have hived a mass of honeycomb, and beneath is a dilapidated well in which are seen venomous

THE JAIN SYMBOLICAL PICTURE

serpents. A man has fallen into the well. He is kept from sinking and drowning by holding on to the end of a frail branch which descends from the tree. As he holds on, the honey drops down to his lips, and so absorbed is he with the sweetness of this honey that he does not notice the serpents gathering near him, nor a rat above gnawing the slender limb he clings to, nor an elephant whose trunk is about to pull down the entire tree; nor does he regard at all a holy teacher with his staff offering to save him. This holy man is in the garb of a Buddhist priest, but he has beard and hair much like an early conventionalized Christ, and a sort of aspersoir under his left arm. I suspect the picture to be composite, — Brahmanism, Buddhism, and Catholicism perverting some simple fable reminding man that he may be so absorbed in one pleasure or passion as to suffer by the atrophy of other senses and faculties. It may be feared that unphilosophical little Jains are brought up with some suspicion that sweet things generally are wicked and dangerous. When we go back to the earliest ages we find more religion of joy than in the modern world: it is so in the Vedic hymns and Zend litanies.

While Christianity, claiming to have come into the world with glad tidings of great joy to all mankind, has shed more blood and caused more misery than all other religions put together, the Buddhist religion, beginning with a philosophy that seems pessimistic, — without deity or faith in any paradise, heavenly or millennial,— has produced the happiest believers on earth. Many a Christian child moping under a miserable Sabbath, forbidden games and sports, overshadowed by equal fear of deity and devil, giving his pennies or dimes to send his gloom to Ceylon's isle, — ah, many a child might envy the joyous

innocence of those children in Ceylon, growing up under the spirit of the ancient carol derived from Buddha: —

This is what should be done by him who is wise in seeking his own good, and gaining a knowledge of the tranquil lot of Nirvana: —

Let him be diligent, upright, and conscientious; not vainglorious, but gentle and lowly;

Contented and cheerful; not oppressed with cares; not burdened with riches; tranquil, prudent, free from arrogance and avarice.

Let him not do any mean action, nor incur the reproval of wise men.

Let all creatures be prosperous and happy, let them be of joyful mind; all beings that have life, be they feeble or strong, be they minute or vast:

Seen or unseen, near or afar, born or seeking birth, let all beings be joyful.

Let no man deceive another; let none be harsh to any; let none wish ill to his neighbour.

Let the love that fills a mother's heart as she watches over an only child, even such love animate all towards all.

Let the good will that is boundless, immeasurable, impartial, unmixed with enmity, prevail throughout the world — above, below, around.

If a man be of this mind, wherever he moves, and in every moment, the saying is come to pass, "This place is the abode of holiness."

CHAPTER X

Adyar — Mme. Blavatsky and her confession — The Theosophists — An American receiving the Buddhist *pansala* — The attempted fraud on the Broughtons — Letter of Commissioner Broughton — Origin of Koothoomi — Revelations of Mme. Coulomb.

WHEN Mme. Blavatsky was on her way from New York to India she stopped for some days in London, and my wife and I were invited to meet her at the house of Mr. and Mrs. William Tebb. Mrs. Conway was not attracted by her, but I found her entertaining. She had nothing that could be described as culture; and though the work, "Isis Unveiled," ascribed to her, was without value to me so far as I read it, I have never believed she could write anything so elaborate. In fact, though Mme. Blavatsky was entertaining, it was because of her gossipy knowledge of contemporary persons and events. Such at any rate was the kind of conversation she carried on with myself, and I wondered how my thoughtful friends, the Tebbs, could take her so seriously.

After a time reports came from India of Mme. Blavatsky's new religion called Theosophy, and of her miracles. Marion Crawford introduced a mysterious "Mahatma" into his romance, "Mr. Isaacs," and was proudly claimed by Theosophists (whom, however, and their wonders he ridiculed in conversation on my mentioning the matter). At length Mr. Sinnett came to London from India as an apostle of the new faith, of which he gave strange narratives, mostly to the *élite* gathered in fashionable drawing-rooms. I listened to several of his addresses, and after one in which he told of the wonderful Mahatmas, who

had lived for ages and were now semi-visibly revealing themselves, I had some conversation with him. I was about to go to India, and enquired whether I could find out one of the Mahatmas. He gave a start, and with a look of surprise said, "Do you mean, can you see and talk with a Mahatma as you are talking with me now?" "Yes," I replied, unconscious of my *naïveté*. "No," he answered, and went on with a nebulous explanation.

Mr. Sinnett's book, "Esoteric Buddhism," gave me an impression that Mme. Blavatsky had simply invented a new set of archangels and saints to supply that reverential fog amid which all impostures are possible. It was, however, a serious thing that such notions should infect excellent people, and it became one of my duties as a public teacher to investigate it. All the way around the world I was urged by persons of influence to examine Theosophy in India. In Sydney, Judge Windeyer, in whose house I passed several days, and who was one of the best of men, assured me that I would find the evidences of Theosophy irresistible. In the same city the late Professor John Smith said he had been impressed by his interviews with Mme. Blavatsky, and I promised him and his wife, to whom I owed much for their hospitality, that I would investigate the matter.

And thus it was that on a bright day in 1884, beginning with the elephant-headed god of wisdom at Madras, and travelling to the shrine of Doubting Didymus and his lonely priest, I proceeded to visit the high priestess of Theosophy.

The centre of the Theosophic cult is Adyar. On the gateway was written, "Headquarters of the Theosophical Society." At the entrance of the park was the dilapidated carcass of a blue pasteboard elephant, which it ap-

MADAME BLAVATSKY

peared some Madras believer had set up on a recent Theosophic anniversary. The carriage-road wound through a leafy park up to a handsome bungalow. The spacious veranda displayed every elegance, but it was unoccupied. For a few minutes my driver vainly tried to find some one about the place, and I was conscious of a half hope that no one might be at home. My arrival, however, was known: a young Babu came to bring me the "Countess" Blavatsky's welcome, and to say she would presently receive me. Next a Hindu youth of remarkable appearance — delicate, almost maidenly — advanced; but when, in response to his greeting, I held out my hand, he said sweetly, "I cannot shake hands with you." I afterwards learned that this youth was "a lay chela," that he already possessed the power of appearing at a distance in his "astral" body, and that if he shook hands his magnetism might be impaired.

I was sorry to hear that the president, "Colonel" Olcott, was absent. He was founding a new branch of the society somewhere. The "Countess" Blavatsky was cordial, and urged my remaining till the morning. I accepted her invitation so far as the rest of the evening was concerned, and was there nearly six hours. Besides the two mentioned, there were two other native gentlemen, one of them (Norendronath Sen) known to me by reputation as editor of the "Indian Mirror." America was represented in the company by a Dr. Hartmann of Colorado. Another person present was Mr. W. T. Brown of Glasgow, a young man of pleasant manners, who told me some of his marvellous experiences; but when I intimated that I would like to carry away some little marvel of my own experience, the reply unpleasantly recalled vain attempts made through many years to witness a verifiable spiritualistic

"phenomenon." I was once more put off with narratives of what had occurred before I came, and predictions of what might occur if I should come again. There was a cabinet shrine in which letters were deposited and swift answers received from the wonderful Mahatmas; but when I proposed to write a note, I was informed that only a few days before the Mahatmas had forbidden any further cabinet correspondence. I said that was just my luck in such matters; wherever a miracle occurs I was always too soon or too late to see it. My experience was that of Alice in the Looking-glass, — "Jam yesterday, jam to-morrow, but never jam to-day."

Mme. Blavatsky had been forewarned by Professor John Smith of my visit, and as a shrewd reader of thoughts saw that I regarded the new order against letters as aimed at my investigation. I was careful, however, not to say that I thought it unreasonable for the Mahatma to foreclose the cabinet test just as his omniscience knew that one was coming who needed the wonders so much more than the convinced already. My self-restraint in not pressing the point in company pleased her. Some of the young neophytes moved off the veranda and strolled meditatively under the palms. Their faces were serenely solemn; they did not talk or smile; they impressed me out there as rare plants in a nursery, that must be severally kept under glass in cold weather. These Hindu neophytes, not one of them feminine, were of wealthy families and of high caste; I was told that the handsome mansion was furnished by them. Mr. Sinnett and others in England and America were talking a good deal about great sacrifices made by the "Countess" for the sake of her cause, but I saw no trace or suggestion of martyrdom at the headquarters. The house, surrounded by a fine park, was spacious and

pretty; the long veranda was well supplied with easy chairs softly cushioned, and a table with English and American magazines and the new novels; and madame drove in her own neat carriage with fine horses, as I had grateful reason to know, having returned to Madras in it. While never regarding Mme. Blavatsky's career as inspired by desire for gain, I cannot but smile whenever I hear Theosophists talk about her movement in India as wrought by self-sacrificing devotion. Certainly there was no pretence of that kind in Mme. Blavatsky herself. She sat in her large decorated chair, in an airy white beltless gown much in the style of the midsummer dress of Russian ladies, endlessly smoking cigarettes, conversing in a free and easy way, and putting on no airs at all. Madame was not pretty, but she was a notable figure, her eyes capable of every variety of expression, and her humour always playing.

At a certain moment when we happened to be alone on the veranda madame arose and asked me to follow her. She led me through a hall and along a corridor, then up a stairway to a boudoir richly decorated. There she invited me to take a seat, and proffered a box of cigarettes, lighting one for herself. I preferred my cigar, and was ready for an apparently intended encounter. She asked what was my particular proposal or desire. I said, "I wish to find out something about the strange performances attributed to you. I hear of your drawing teapots from under your chair, taking brooches out of flowers, and of other miracles. If such things really occur I desire to know it, and to give a testimony to my people in London in favour of Theosophy. What does it all mean?"

She said with a serene smile, "I will tell you, because you are a public teacher [here she added some flattery],

and you ought to know the truth: it is all glamour — people think they see what they do not see — that is the whole of it."

It was impossible not to admire the art of this confession. Mme. Blavatsky, forewarned by Professor John Smith of my intended investigation, had arranged precisely the one manœuvre that could thwart it. Had I continued it, cross-examining her adherents, proposing plans for verification, I might have awakened doubts and suspicions among her "neophytes." But she spiked my guns; her confession was made without witnesses, and should I use it publicly it was easy enough to say I had misunderstood her. And moreover she had used the vague word "glamour," which might preserve her personal throne while giving up the reality of the things attested by her miracles.

I did not press the matter at all. I felt that madame was a genius in her way, and a moral phenomenon to be studied, but she made no pretences with me. Of the common Theosophic talk about a new era, welfare of humanity, reincarnation, there was no trace whatever. Not a word about "Occultism" or any other "ism" came from her, nor anything in the way of an abstraction. She gossiped wittily and sometimes satirically about this or that person she had met in America, London, Paris, and told amusing anecdotes.

About seven a signal for dinner interrupted the boudoir interview. There were seven or eight at the large round table, all of us whites. The dinner was excellent, but one or two of the young men did not eat the meat. Mme. Blavatsky ate little and smoked most of the time. In the talk, which was all about Theosophic marvels, Mme. Blavatsky did not participate except with some such remark as, "There, Mr. Conway, what can be said

of such events?" etc. She limited herself to mild interjections, but meantime exchanging with me humorous looks; for the situation was indeed amusing.

There was at the table a woman to whom I was not introduced, but whom I remarked because she did not say a word nor even smile during the meal, and I thought watched me closely.

There were named three Mahatmas in the Blavatsky system: Koothoomi, Morya, and Djual Khoot. I strongly suspect the latter to be another of Mme. Blavatsky's jokes. Having created the imaginary Koothoomi (originally Kotthume) by piecing together parts of the names of her two chief disciples, Olcott and Hume, that success probably led her to create another Mahatma, — a second Cott (Olcott) travestied as a dual or Djual Khoot.

After dinner the young men were all eager to have me go into the sacred room, though Mme. Blavatsky was rather reluctant. It was a small room and its only furniture the so-called "shrine," — really a cabinet such as Spiritualists ordinarily use, though smaller, and such as Mme. Blavatsky herself probably used when a spirit-rapping medium in America. The only persons I remember present besides Mme. Blavatsky were two young Hindus, and on entering they instantly prostrated themselves on the floor, flat on their stomachs, burying their eyes under folded hands. It occurred to me that I myself could perform miracles among such witnesses. Madame stood with an amused smile looking from the neophytes to me. She then opened the doors of the cabinet, which was about five feet high by four wide. It was tastefully decorated, and when opened richly wrought metal was disclosed. In it sat a small Buddha, and on each side, in frames about seven inches high, a picture. These were of two light-brown

persons, the chief "Mahatmas," done by some process said to be occult. The portrait of "Koothoomi" was, I feel sure, from one of Rammohun Roy made in London by my old friend James Philp. A copy of the portrait of that famous founder of Brahmo theism, given me by Franklin Philp in Washington, had been on my wall thirty years before I saw him faked up as "Koothoomi," with a praying machine on his head. The other Mahatma in the cabinet was Morya, who seemed to be a Rajah from some sacred picture, perhaps a manipulated Rama. I again proposed to leave a letter to one of the Mahatmas, but madame shrugged her shoulders and closed the cabinet.

When we had returned to the veranda most of the young men declared they had at times seen Koothoomi. Knowing well that Koothoomi was a name twisted from Ol[cott-Hume], and that no such being existed, I still did not question the good faith of these young men; but I quietly cross-examined them, without seeming to do so, and found that they had seen him generally in his "astral" body. Three thought they had seen him once in his physical body, but their testimony was unsatisfactory, especially as I had observed in the sacred room their method of observing things with their eyes close to the floor. Mr. Brown of Glasgow was candid in his narrative of his three meetings with Koothoomi. On the first occasion he said he was so overwhelmed with awe that he "could not look upon him." On the next occasion the Mahatma was at some little distance, his head and lower face being covered after the manner of sacred Rajahs. On the last occasion it was at night, Mr. Brown being in bed, and he only knew that he had been with Koothoomi by a handkerchief marked "K. H." slipped into his hand with a letter. It was evident that Mr. Brown was sincere,

and also that he had no perception of the nature of evidence. Several of the letters received from "K. H." were shown me; they were the merest commonplace notes, without any value whatever unless read with occult emotions.

When I left in the evening for Madras, Madame Blavatsky said merrily that she would make me an "astral" visit in London. I reminded her that I had in the morning looked with doubt on the footprint of St. Thomas, the disciple who would not believe in the existence of his Mahatma without touching him, and that his sceptical spirit is still in the earth.

I was surprised next morning, when we were out at sea on the Teheran to find on board Norendronath Sen, whom I had seen at Adyar, still more to hear from him that while I was in the presence of the cabinet a "sign" had been given of which I took no notice. The young men had told him that when I entered the room a bell rang in a place where there was no bell. I remarked only that it was unaccountable that my attention should not have been called to it at the time. This Mr. Sen, of the "Indian Mirror," was a relative of the Brahmo leader, Keshub Chunder Sen. That he did not have perfect faith in the Theosophic miracles was evident to me from the fact of his expressing regret that the movement should be permitted to be anything more than an ethical and religious reformation. He rather complained of myself and others who were interested only in the "signs and wonders," being thus the means of preventing Theosophy from developing into the great Reformed Religion of India. He was an intelligent man, and I received from him a clear idea of the causes which had given so-called Theosophy its success. While Madame Blavatsky had, in my opinion,

no real interest in the moral and religious "regeneration" of India, and would I think have sympathized with my own dislike of the Christianizing propaganda, these scholarly Hindus were dreaming of an ideal religion built out of their own history and literature. And it was an event whose importance we western people can hardly comprehend when there appeared from America this company of people who had abandoned every form of Christianity, taken up their abode in India to lead in the work of at once rehabilitating and revising these ancient systems, and pointed Hindus and Buddhists to their own scriptures and prophets as fountains of faith and hope. They naturally gained a hold on the hearts of these people, and in a few years moved and attracted them more than did the Christian missionaries in as many centuries.

I have spoken of Dr. Hartmann of Colorado. In Colombo the chief priest Sumangala told me he had received from "Colonel" Olcott of New York a request for "permission" to administer *pansala* to Dr. Hartmann, and had granted it. *Pansala* means the five precepts of Buddhism, and their administration to any individual means his initiation into the higher grade of Buddhism. This ceremony had been performed in Madras by "Colonel" Olcott. In the midst of a circle of devout oriental people stood these two Americans. The one repeated, the other responded to, the ancient and solemn formula, "I take refuge in Buddha! I take refuge in religion! I take refuge in truth!" Before the assembly Dr. Hartmann pledged his honour to observe the five precepts, — to abstain from theft; to abstain from lying; to abstain from taking life; to abstain from intoxicating drinks; to abstain from adultery. The spectacle, two Americans abandoning Christianity and adopting an

oriental religion, touched the Hindu imagination. It was unique, even among the anomalies of theological history.

But Mme. Blavatsky was not a woman of imagination, she was a woman of the world. It is said that she ran away from her Russian home in girlhood to travel with a circus, and she appeared to me as an actress trained by many adventures to a morbid desire to sway men. Without beauty, she made the most of her wit, and had managed to get a few able men to commit themselves to her magical pretensions. Possibly she possessed some of the power now called "hypnotic." When I met Mrs. Anne Besant, whom I had so long known as a freethinker, after her conversion to Theosophy, I told her what Mme. Blavatsky had said to me about its being all "glamour." Mrs. Besant said that "glamour" implied a good deal; to make one see a person in one's room, even if there was no person there, was a marvellous power. But she thought I must have been mistaken in thinking madame had added "that is the whole of it."

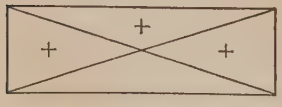
Mme. Blavatsky's fault as a thaumaturgist was too great eagerness to capture distinguished people. I was told at Bombay that she had to give up her residence there by the exposure of her effort to deceive the prince (now Edward VII), and a daring attempt at fraud in 1882 no doubt led to her leaving Calcutta. About this latter affair I was able to ascertain the facts.

I had brought a letter of introduction from a leading barrister in London, Charles C. Macrae, to an eminent English official in Calcutta, Commissioner Broughton, who with his wife, a lady distinguished in society, were persons whom Mme. Blavatsky naturally desired to have in her train. Mr. Broughton told me the story of the collusion between Mme. Blavatsky and Mr. Eglinton

(a London "medium," who had been holding séances in Calcutta) to impose on his wife and himself. The facts were subsequently written for me in detail by him and are curious enough to be placed on record in the Blavatsky annals.

3 Outram St., Calcutta.

My dear Sir, — I am happy to tell you all I know about the letter said to have been brought from the Vega, and as some of the passengers are now here I showed your letter to them, and enclose their respective accounts. My wife is in Europe, and may write to you herself. I have sent these letters to her, with your own. With regard to my own knowledge of the transaction, I was in Calcutta, and a friend was staying with me, — Mr. H. Blanford, a Fellow of the Royal Society and head of the Meteorological Department, a practical man, not I think disposed to judge wrongly one way or the other. We both know Mrs. Gordon, the lady to whom Mr. Eglinton wrote, or says he wrote, from the Vega while at sea, and I am on friendly terms with her, as is Mr. Blanford, to the best of my belief. She called at my house a day or two after the Vega had left Colombo, and produced a letter, an envelope, and two or three cards. The letter was from Mr. Eglinton; it was not in the envelope, but was attached to it by a string in the corner, which was also passed through the corners of the cards. These cards had writing upon them, which we were told was the writing of Mme. Blavatsky, then at Poona; the writing on the cards referred to the contents of the letter. The envelope had three crosses upon it in the positions I have indicated. Mrs. Gordon stated that these letters had been



brought to her the day before by what are called "astral" means, having been conveyed from the Vega—then on the way from Colombo to Aden—first to Poona, and then from Poona to her residence in Hourah, a suburb of Calcutta. I have not the slightest doubt that Mrs. Gordon firmly believed this, and I am under the impression that she believes it still, but I have not had the pleasure of meeting her for some time. Mr. Blanford and I, however, ventured to ask a few gentlemen as to the circumstances under which the letters made their appearance at Hourah, and the replies led us to form an opinion that the lady might have been imposed upon.

The circumstances, which were, I believe, considered to amount to strong proof in favour of the "astral" theory, were published in a paper called the "Psychic Notes," which for a short period in that year had been published, I think weekly, in Calcutta.

I wrote to my wife, and sent this account, substantially as I have now stated it, to her; and she replied that Mr. Eglinton had brought a letter to her to be marked, that it had a cross upon it, that she was asked to mark another or others, and that she did so, crossing the first cross in this manner.

I will add that when my wife left Calcutta I accompanied her, with some other passengers, in a steam launch, and she embarked on board the Vega at Diamond Harbour or thereabouts, some hours' run from Calcutta. I was the bearer of a letter to Mr. Eglinton. It was given to me for him by Mrs. Gordon, I think, but I won't be positive, and of course I do not know by whom it was written. I gave it to Mr. Eglinton, who was playing a rubber in the smoking-room when we arrived

at the ship. I took leave of him, and have never seen him since. I had known Mr. Eglinton; he was in the habit, when in Calcutta, of giving exhibitions of his powers at private houses for a fee. He generally dined at the house, and the company afterwards adjourned to a darkened room, where musical-boxes played and tambourines were thumped by, as it was said, mysterious agencies. He came to our house in this way, but nothing occurred. I think he considered it a failure.

Mr. Sinnett we do not know.

I am, yours faithfully,

L. P. Delves Broughton.

Mrs. Broughton says in her letter (October 24, 1885): "When Mr. Eglinton brought me the envelope it had one cross upon it, and I said in a vague way, 'Let me see, how shall I mark it?' whereupon Mr. Eglinton promptly proposed I should make a second cross + + *so*, which naturally decided me not to do so, and no doubt in this consisted 'the bad behaviour' Mr. Sinnett spoke to you of. As Mr. Eglinton found occasion to open the envelope I had marked, it seems singular he should not have found it worth while to tell me he had done so. He made an unfortunate mistake in referring the matter to me at all, as he did not find me the pliable being he expected!"

Mrs. Broughton was travelling to London with friends, — Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Eddis and Mr. A. Wilson. Letters from these gentlemen were enclosed to me by the Broughtons. They were elicited by my report to them of an explanation sent me by my friend Mrs. Caroline Gordon, a devout Spiritualist, who before her husband (an officer) was transferred to Calcutta attended my chapel

in London. She had learned from Mr. Eglinton that after the envelope was marked by Mrs. Broughton, he concluded to enclose a note to Mme. Blavatsky in it, and put the contents into a new envelope; but it was late (why the haste?) and he could not find Mrs. Broughton, so he marked the envelope himself! Of all this, however, not a word was heard from Eglinton during the rest of the voyage, — not even when he was held up to ridicule on the Vega, where a letter was brought on board at Gravesend from Mr. Broughton saying that the envelope had three crosses; for the matter had been the talk of all the passengers. That Eglinton had not in any mark imitated Mrs. Broughton's asterisk Mrs. Gordon (sincere as she was credulous) ascribed to his strange ignorance of test-conditions. Eglinton was no idiot. Like Mme. Blavatsky he was an actor, and I was told that in Calcutta they affected contempt of each other's pretensions.

"My wife," writes Mr. Eddis, "was sitting by Mrs. Broughton when Eglinton read to her the letter he was going to send by astral means. Both noticed at the time that there was not one word in the letter which might not have been written in Calcutta before the steamer started, — not a single allusion to anything which had occurred since we left Colombo, which would have put suspicion out of the question." These ladies were too witty to point out to the Spiritualist this defect in his letter, and allowed him to go on digging the pit into which he and Mme. Blavatsky fell.

One evening at a dinner company at the Salisbury Hotel, London, where Mr. Sinnett was present, I asked him how he could explain that Blavatsky-Broughton incident. He answered, "It is a long story, but I can say this much: Mrs. Broughton behaved very badly."

One day when I was at the house of General Pitt Rivers in London "Colonel" Olcott called. The Hon. Mrs. Pitt Rivers, one of whose sons had been a believer in Theosophy, repeated the story of the attempted fraud on the Broughtons and asked him to explain it. "Colonel" Olcott answered, "Your question implies the possibility of a collusion between the Theosophists of India and Mr. Eglinton, and before such a suggestion I am dumb." It was the best — indeed, the only — reply that could be made, and Mrs. Pitt Rivers tried in vain to get any other. But the evasions of Sinnett and Olcott prove the truth of what Mme. Blavatsky said in a letter to Mme. Coulomb, when the latter resolved to expose her tricks, "God himself cannot take out of my hand those who believe in me."

That Mme. Blavatsky without beauty or wealth should be able to bind men to her proves that she possessed some of those "occult" qualities in which Lord Bacon finds the secret of success. I do not believe that she was characteristically crafty or shrewd. Although she had exhibited art in her confession to me, she afterwards made a blunder about it by getting a premature explanation printed in England. I had not reported or used what she said, but only had it under consideration when I saw it stated in some paper, on her authority, that the answer she gave me was what she was directed by her "Guru" to give! She was imprudent also in allowing some of the earlier signatures of the chief Mahatma, as "Kotthume," to remain in circulation after the change to "Koothoomi." One of her young disciples, Mohini, exhibited a sort of book-mark ("Kotthume") once given him by Mme. Blavatsky in a company at my house in Bedford Park, London, and unwittingly confirmed the belief that the name was made up of Olcott-Hume; the

change to "Koothoomi" having been made as a better disguise of the combination. (Sir William Hunter told me in Calcutta that in either form the name is outside all analogies of any language ever known in India.)

I repeat my conviction that Mme. Blavatsky's impostures were not for the purpose of getting money. At times she lavished all the money she had on some scheme to amaze a distinguished person or secure an influential follower.

The silent woman at the Adyar table was Mme. Coulomb, who soon after made the fatal revelations concerning Mme. Blavatsky's tricks. The French woman, I am now certain, was resolved that if any attempt to impose on me were made she would warn me. She had already ceased to be an assistant, and it is possible that Mme. Blavatsky's explanation to me, that her mysterious familiars had just forbidden further correspondence through the miraculous cabinet, was due to Mme. Coulomb's withdrawal of her connivance. The awful conflict was even then going on in secret, and I did not suspect the extent of Mme. Blavatsky's histrionic powers until the publication of her letters to her penitent accomplice revealed that during all that time when she was so serenely presiding at her table, and conversing with me so merrily, she was just over a rumbling volcano threatening every instant to burst out with ruin to her whole empire in India. However, it is more probable that Mme. Blavatsky would not in any case have attempted to convert me; she must have heard from her London friends that I was so exacting in evidence, about all such wonders, as to be a hopeless case. What she really wished was, I think, to forestall the ugly reports about her that I was likely to hear in Calcutta and Bombay, and by her personal

cordiality and hospitalities to me induce me to talk of her in a friendly way among our mutual friends in London. I was indeed in a tolerant spirit towards Spiritualism, having found so many excellent people who were made happy by it, and I regarded Theosophy as simply Spiritualism in a fez.

The letters written by Mme. Blavatsky to Mme. Coulomb to persuade her or to threaten her silence are numerous and unquestionably genuine. The French woman could no more have written anything in them than she could have written Browning's "Mr. Sludge, 'the Medium,'" and, moreover, the originals were opened to public inspection in a community where Mme. Blavatsky's peculiar handwriting was well known. It is due, I think, Mme. Coulomb's inability to have them printed anywhere except in an obscure Madras magazine, that the strange situation revealed in the correspondence has not attracted the attention of some novelist or playwright. Every sentence in the Blavatsky letters is born of a life-and-death struggle. Her alternate wrath and soft persuasiveness, her audacity and her ingenuity, reveal wonderful powers, and remind me of the ablest subtlety and invective I have ever heard at the bar.

I received from Mme. Coulomb in London a long and piteous letter showing that the publication which ended Mme. Blavatsky's thaumaturgy in India had a terrible recoil on herself. The disclosure she made was certainly conscientious. She had met Mme. Blavatsky in Cairo, I think, and being a Catholic was easily persuaded that the Theosophic miracles were genuine. She and her husband invested all the money they possessed, — a considerable sum, — and after they discovered that some things requested of them were of doubtful honesty, the two French

people had no means at all of recovering their money or of living except by receiving support at the Theosophic headquarters. Mme. Coulomb was a believer in supernaturalism; she naïvely says that she did not mind very much the deceptions worked on Hindus because they already believed such miracles, but when the frauds began to impose on English people she could not stand it.[1] The situation was thus really unique. In order to reveal the whole thing and publish all the letters that Mme. Blavatsky had written to her, poor Mme. Coulomb had to confess that she had been an accomplice, and also lose all the money that she and her husband had invested in the concern. She was thus a sort of martyr. She was reduced to pauperism, for I do not believe that the missionary magazine which published the letters paid her even a pittance for them; and what became of her I know not.

On our way from Madras to Calcutta a Sunday morning was occupied by Mr. Muller of Bristol, who had gained celebrity by carrying on a sort of religious hospital there which he claimed was supported by prayer alone. Miss Mary Carpenter and Miss Frances Power Cobbe had discovered the imposture of that claim, which indeed all intelligent people well knew, the scandal being that so many subscribers lent themselves to the pious fraud. Muller, whom I had some curiosity to see, preached the most repulsive sermon that I ever heard. His theme was the blessing of those whose "sin is covered" (Ps. xxxii, 1),

[1] In her letter to me Mme. Coulomb bitterly complains of a gentleman who repaid her effort to save him from a deception by assisting in her ruin. "I do not think that ever since the world began there has been an impostor like Madame Blavatsky. I am not ashamed to be called a Theosophist, and would I were able to devote my time to it, but what I would like very much would be to tear out of my life the page that concerns my life with Madame Blavatsky."

and he asserted that if a man or woman were only believers in the blood of Christ, the Almighty did not see their sins at all. Whatever crimes or villainies they had done, they were entirely hidden under the name of Christ, and the all-seeing eye would never look beyond that covering. After this sermon I was conversing on deck with a number of educated Hindu gentlemen who were astounded that any preacher could talk in that way. There were three or four of these educated Hindus, and they were unanimous in the opinion that if any such doctrine as that were really to get into the mind and heart of any large number of Hindus, the amount of crime that would ensue would be unimaginable. I told them that the fruits of such preaching were already visible in England, but that fortunately very few preachers could be found even in the most ignorant conventicles to believe such stuff, and that the masses of English and American people got their morals mainly from the law courts.

To those who like myself desire to preserve and continue all the varieties of religion in their own structural development, it is a satisfaction to realize the extent to which the literalism of missionaries prevents their doing much real harm.

CHAPTER XI

Calcutta — Keshub Chunder Sen and his death — Jogendra Chandra Ghosh and Positivism — Mozoomdar and Dr. Tyndall — Exposition — Holy pictures — Miracle plays and Hindu theatres — Kalighat festival — Sir William Hunter — A learned fakir — Kali — Salvation Army — Entertainment by Prince Furrok Shah — Christian errors about "idols" — A dream interview with Kali.

I REACHED Calcutta just in time to be present at the banquet in celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the Royal Asiatic Society of Bengal. Its president, the viceroy (Marquis of Ripon), was a Catholic. The Catholics often secure fraternal relations with peoples of dark complexion where Protestants fail. The viceroy had already shown the Catholic spirit by a disposition to include native gentlemen further in the affairs of India, and was entertaining mixed colours at the vice-regal table. He made an excellent speech, as also did the Hon. Mr. Ilbert and Dr. (afterwards Sir) William W. Hunter.

On my way from Madras I travelled with the Brahmo minister, Protap Chunder Mozoomdar, who told me that I would find their chief, Keshub Chunder Sen, much expanded intellectually since he was in London. But on arrival at the wharf we learned that Sen was dead. His followers gave vent to their grief in utterances rather startling. A disciple in "New Dispensation" wrote that their "master" had been killed by "the poisonous darts of unbelief, indifference, and disobedience which were repeatedly levelled against him." "Thus the light that was shining in darkness, and the darkness knew it not, was suddenly extinguished; thus the Son of God had been

crucified a second time, though in a novel fashion, but no less cruel and corrupt than the first." "Have we called our Master the Son of God? Yes. He came first to show us the Father, and now he came again to show us the Mother." All this shows that the movement of Sen had mingled with the Hinduism, toward which it had relapsed, Christian modes of thought and expression. One who knew him intimately declared to me that his death was an unconscious suicide; he was killed by Yoga. This idea of spiritual sanctification and absorption, taking the form of ecstatic austerities, reducing the food necessary to nourish his large frame and sustain his labours, resulted in elephantiasis. Mr. Dall, the American Unitarian missionary in Calcutta, who loved Sen, told me that the scene at his death was very painful. When he (Dall) entered the room a devotee sat at his head crying in a mournful voice, "Hari, Hari!" [name of Chaitanya's "Salvation Army" god centuries ago]. His son, weeping continually, called "Baba, Baba!" Sen's mother asked mournfully, "What have I done, that thou shouldst suffer such agony?" The dying man said that this agony was the apparently stern face of his Divine Mother, and that he saw her countenance full of love and beauty. A Singing Apostle sang in the room hymns that are thus translated:

I. If possible, O beloved, remove this cup, yet not my will but thine be done. In this dire distress, body, mind, and life are thine. Do with them as Thou wilt only; with clasped hands I ask for this blessing, — Grant unto me peace, patience, and strength.

II. In the darkness of peril, Mother, what a frightful look is Thine. The body trembles at that terrible countenance. In the midst of the dismal ground of cremation Thou seemest to be dancing in the armour of battle. Thy intelligent form, deep in its immensity, appears tinged

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with blood. But, Mother, in thy inward nature there is a deep ocean of love that surges constantly. What fear then? Mother, I have found Thee out, — Thou art that Merciful, Infinite Ocean of Love.

It is curious to observe in this second hymn the picture of Kali dancing that terrible dance which threatened universal destruction which Siva, her lord, could arrest only by casting himself beneath her feet. One can hardly fail to appreciate the power of that faith which had found even that most dreadful image the mask of the maternal spirit in the universe.

In one of the Brahmo annuals was an article on the "Divine Mother" in which the writer expresses his belief that Brahmos ought to call god their Mother instead of Father. He says: "The Christian Madonna and Hindu Amba convey all that is holy." Amba is now a general Hindustani word for mother but it is also the name of a mythological character. She was the reverse of that which is conveyed in the term mother. She was disappointed in her affections, and retired to a forest, where she concentrated all her heart and soul into prayer for one thing. That was that she might obtain revenge on the king who had been the means of her disappointment. Siva, god of destruction, heard her; but he could not grant her prayer so long as she was a woman. She ascended the pile, was burned, and born again as a man. In that form revenge was obtained; the author of her misfortune was pierced with arrows.[1] It seems thus that the Madonna carried to India by the early missionaries had gradually become associated with fierce Kali, who is at least better than the

[1] *Amba* means mango, in the dictionaries, and it seems that this curious myth of the vindictive woman turned man was of onomatopoetic origin: *ambya*, the young mango, is feminine; *am*, the full-grown mango, is masculine.

masculinized Amba. It is a necessity of Theism to see Evil as a mask of Good, but it is not pleasant to find the Madonna in such company, as she is almost the only divine being of human imagination absolutely without any frown at all.

The Brahmo Somaj was indeed not very different from early Christian Unitarianism. That heresy, however, was developed among learned and aristocratic people in England and America who could have no conception of the ascetic ideas associated with piety among the poor Hindus. Indeed, I well remember that after ministering to the humble Methodists in Maryland I was rather shocked, on joining the Unitarians in Boston and Cambridge, to find them so luxurious. Keshub Chunder Sen, when he came to London, suffered chiefly by the grand fêtes given to him. He told me that at the first fashionable dinner party every dish of meat seemed to him a cooked baby.

It was on account of the increasing Christianism of Keshub Chunder Sen that the separate society was formed, — the Sandharan Brahmos. I had some conversation with their venerable President Deb. He said that the society was simply theistic and rationalistic. It was entirely free from ceremonies and superstitions, and in sympathy with all progressive, social, and ethical movements.

I was interested at finding in Calcutta a school of Positivists — small indeed, but consisting of able men. This society was led by Mr. J. S. Cotton of the Bengal Civil Service, well known to the Positivists of London, and especially by an able address delivered by him at Dr. Congreve's church on "England and India." I have related in my Autobiography the facts of Mr. Cotton's romantic marriage at Farringdon, and Tennyson's interest in that affair. By his favour I witnessed the ceremony of ad-

ministering to a native gentleman the Positivist Sacrament of Maturity. (Maturity is the age of forty-two.) The gentleman initiated on this occasion was Jogendra Chandra Ghosh. Mr. Ghosh was a very attractive gentleman, as well as a scholar and a writer of ability. His contributions to the "Calcutta Review" and his pamphlets show mastery of the English language and comprehensive learning. The ceremony was held in a room of the British Indian Association. Sixteen were present (all men), Mr. Cotton, Mr. Fordyce, and myself being the only white persons. The official priest of the Ghosh family was conspicuous. This venerable Brahman was alluded to by Mr. Cotton in his remarkable address on this the first occasion of the kind that had occurred in India. Mr. Cotton stated that he had asked and received from Dr. Congreve (London), his superior, permission to administer this rite. Positivism, he said, was in sympathy with respect for ancestral ideas. "We come not to send a sword upon the earth, but peace: and so the ceremonial of to-day is not like the administration of a Christian sacrament, which would have the effect of alienating you [Mr. Ghosh] from the past and from all the surroundings of your ordinary life." After Mr. Ghosh had elaborately stated his reasons for adopting Positivism, his Brahman priest felicitated him cordially in almost equally good English. I had read Sir Alfred Lyall's statement of the absorbing power of Brahmanism, and it occurred to me that a Brahman Positivism might some day arise, and Auguste Comte be another avatar of Vishnu. I said this to the eminent Dr. Rájendralála Mitra, who reminded me that three great systems of the East were fundamentally atheistic, — Buddhism, Jainism, and the Sankya philosophy. The beautiful Jain Temple in Calcutta,

whose lord is a wide-awake Buddha, is attended by Brahmans, one of whom, who showed me through it, stopped to say in it his prayers. In answer to my inquiry he said, "I can say my prayers anywhere." [1]

The Brahman family priests are largely occupied in performing ceremonies and invocations over the food, etc., of those wealthy enough to employ them. They may be seen in every Rajah's garden, relieving each other's watches in the unbroken incantation over him day and night. I observed from my window a priest in a garden engaged in spiritual exercises over dish after dish brought out before

[1] From time to time I corresponded with Mr. Ghosh. His last letter (April 8, 1901) being, as I think, characteristic of the type of thinker likely to be developed in the Indian universities, an extract is subjoined: —

"I send you herewith a pamphlet of mine which contains a reprint of your article in the *Glasgow Herald*.

"Your letter brought me sad news: the death of Mrs. Conway. But perhaps I should be wise not to recall the past to you when time might have brought to you any relief. Only we oriental people are so tied up to home that home-matters rivet our attention very much, and such misfortunes excite our strongest sympathies.

"I am ashamed to confess that I have not read your English edition of Tom Paine. The French book is sealed to me. I wonder if your religious sentiments have turned towards Christian or farther off towards freer thought. I continue to stand fast by Comte's teaching and my own Hindu antecedent. I ought not to judge between Positivism, Brahmoism, and Hinduism. I am not in favour of the Indian form of Christian religion. I am afraid Raja Rammohun Roy was swayed a little too much by his Persian culture and his personality, or rather his traditions; and the visible grandeur of Christian domination led away Keshub Chunder Sen. Keshub, as your account shows, made a feeble attempt to reconcile his opinions with Hinduism, and failed. I do not know if you made the acquaintance of Pandit Iswar Chandra Vidya-Sagar. If you did you would be in a position to judge whether Positivism is not more suited for reconstruction of Hinduism than either Christian or Parliamentary Government.

"Your kind efforts for famine-stricken India are very touching to my mind. But as the Hindu proverb says, it is like drops of dew for a sea of salt water."

being conveyed to the breakfast-table, — perhaps the origin of the Briton's grace before meat. It would appear that the Brahman Pandit is without hostility to any philosophical views of his employer that do not affect the latter's relation to the ceremonial machinery of which the Pandit is a part.

There was already a good deal of speculation in Calcutta as to the probable successor of Keshub Chunder Sen. A name frequently mentioned was that of Mozoomdar, well known in England and America, between which and India he seemed to oscillate. Mozoomdar, in appearance the typical "mild Hindu," spoke good English, and like his chief, Keshub Chunder Sen, got his first London hearing in my chapel. But Mozoomdar showed towards us afterwards a shyness that was natural though rather droll: although ours was the only Unitarian society which had renounced the Christian name, largely because it excluded other religions, a Brahmo apostle in England needed many pulpits, and these could be supplied only by Unitarian Christians. I continued on friendly terms personally with Mozoomdar. He was really in spirit no Hindu at all, but a preacher of average English Unitarianism.

Mozoomdar's great trouble was the extent to which educated Young India, in casting off the old deities, set nothing in their place. He longed to obtain in England some scientific patronage of his Theism, and requested me to arrange for him an interview with Tyndall, my memorandum of which I conclude to insert here.

The interview took place at the Royal Institution. We three were alone, and Mozoomdar, after alluding to the high reputation of Tyndall in India, said, "I feel the need for a few axioms of religion." Tyndall said, "Should we

call them by such a precise term as axiom?" Mozoomdar suggested that the term principles might be substituted, adding in illustration, "Such as God and the soul." Tyndall in his gracious way said, "It is not possible for me to use those words except with reservations and explanations." Mozoomdar asked in what form possible those ideas or principles could be expressed. Tyndall asked, "Is any form possible or even desirable?" Mozoomdar said, "In India we do stand in need of some form to embody our new religious ideas, for the sake of morality. Young men abound there who are not only parting with their old beliefs, but with their morality at the same time." Tyndall expressed a hope that Mozoomdar might be mistaken, and added, "I cannot believe that there would be any such result if these young men were properly taught in moral principles." Mozoomdar acknowledged that they were not, properly speaking, taught morality at all. Tyndall said, "I cannot believe that any man requires the aid of theology to teach him that an honest man is better than a rogue." Tyndall stated that certain purely moral passages in a work of Fichte had wrought an important effect in himself in early life, and he did not deny that sacred books might stimulate into activity the higher principles in every human mind and heart — where they always exist though sometimes latent unless influenced from without. Mozoomdar said with emphasis, "I feel that religion must conform to science." Tyndall rejoined, "Such religion as that I cannot condemn, but the reverse. In true religion there is a permanent and indestructible element; the forms may frequently have to be abandoned, the essence never. I think it is not wise to mould this fluid element into form, however new. They who see farthest cannot discern the ultimate forms into which this

religious sentiment will mould itself." On hearing this Mozoomdar stretched forth his hand to Tyndall, who cordially grasped it.

I had not met Mozoomdar since that interview (1874) until we travelled together from Madras to Calcutta. We had a good deal of conversation, but could not reach any kind of agreement because his demand was for a demonstrably working, mine for a lovable, deity. He wished to clear away the gods and goddesses of India as so many idols, but who was responsible for the ignorance from which they grew? And what was his own one Brahmo deity but all of those nature-gods consolidated into one, — that one responsible for all the cruel and destructive forces represented by Siva and Kali? Once he said to me, "Is there anything at all that you reverence?" "Yes," I replied, "a lovely and lovable woman, a sweet child, a man of wisdom, a mind consecrated to pure reason, a true and loving heart." Mozoomdar tried to persuade me that all these beautiful qualities were deep in the heart of his dynamic, universal, omnipotent deity; I could not see love in cancers, Indian famines, etc., but was as tender as I could be with the faith of this Hindu so pathetically anxious to build up a new religion for his race.[1]

The great Exposition at Calcutta was open, and Sir William Hunter, the director, gave me facilities for seeing it, even including me among the few men admitted on the day reserved for Hindu ladies. Among these ladies were about a dozen "converts" belonging to a Christian Home in Calcutta. They had a costume of their own, and grouped themselves apart. Their unconverted sisters in

[1] P. C. Mozoomdar did preach in Keshub Chunder Sen's pulpit, with what success I know not. Since this volume was in press I have heard of his recent death.

passing by paused to gaze on the Christians with serious curiosity, and always with entire respect. The uniform of the converts — all fine looking — was a snowy white garment flowing from the neck, and a sort of long sash folding around the waist and also below it to the feet. The garment, though perhaps devised for modesty, was semi-transparent above the waist, and impressed me as less refined than the unconscious and childlike exposures of the unconverted ladies in their varied draperies. These multitudes streaming along the corridors and from room to room appeared so full of sunshine and mirth that they seemed to be grown-up children; they were found of playing little tricks on each other as they marched along, such as reaching over the shoulders before them to give a slight pull at the hair or clothing of some acquaintance, then gazing innocently away, and when detected breaking into laughter that was never loud but shook the entire form. It appeared to me that never in England or America or Australia had I seen so many happy female faces as in that Exposition where they were gathered from many regions.

In the Indian section four boys were weaving a carpet, whose colours were shuttled musically. A man sat in front with a pattern in his hand, chanting each colour to be inserted. The boys responded in chorus, each with the colour he had to touch, and the little shuttles were selected deftly enough. This was a pretty instance of verse sweetening toil, and seemed to unite the beauty wrought by man with that which clothes the butterfly and flower.

In the Calcutta section stood a group of life-sized Catholic images, and one morning I was moved to some reflections by seeing a Hindu, duster in hand, trying to clean these sacred figures. He evidently found it difficult. The

groups of outlandish people crowding the Exposition were particularly attracted by these Christian images in blue and gold with their brass glories.

It was a good place for ethnographical observations. There were a good many living representatives of tribes, but most of them were shown in life-sized models. There had been some difficulty in obtaining these models, and the effort to get an Aka for modelling had brought on a small war. A Babu was sent into the neighbourhood of Assar to find a typical Aka, but the Aka locked him up, and it required a regiment and a skirmish to recover him.

I gathered from the print-shops of Calcutta several popular pictures, — highly coloured, — among them the Goddess of Learning, who, with her Greek robe and pile of books, resembles some mediæval personifications of Grammar. Mahadar, bearing Sâti on his shoulder, — a giant with flowing beard and hair, toiling, staff in hand, between steep and rugged cliffs, — is a fair image of St. Christopher. Jagadhatri, the Universal Nurse, seated on her lion, recalls Una. Devaka, father of Krishna, flying with the new-born babe into the wilderness to escape King Kansa, is notable for the beautiful and exquisitely-haloed head of the child, which seems to have come from an old Italian canvas. But I shall have more to say of pictures presently.

On the curtain of one of the Hindu theatres was a picture apparently of Adam and Eve. It was in a Parsî theatre, and would therefore represent the old Persian legends of the first parents of mankind, Meschia and Meschiane. In India "Adam" is now the ancient name of the first man; but in the Sanskrit it was Adima, "the first," while the Hebrew Adam means "red earth." It is noteworthy that these sacred personages are often pic-

tured very fair, and generally with different complexions from those of the present oriental races. The houris of the Moslem Paradise are so called, not, as some suppose, because they are dark-eyed, but because they are fair.

The theatres of India are of indigenous growth, and no doubt were originally formed to represent deeds of the heroes and divinities that still chiefly figure on its stage. Several plays of Shakespeare have been translated into Sinhalese, and in 1884 a company was rehearsing them in Colombo. But the old Star Theatre in Calcutta was occupied with Hindu Miracle Plays. The audience at first appears to be made up entirely of men, but presently one sees what seems to be a faded tapestry surrounding the amphitheatre; the figures, however, occasionally move, and are then discovered to be women. They are seated behind thinnest gauze, and are in just the same upper rows, separate from men, that women occupied in the ancient Greek theatre (Athenæus, xii, 534).

The first play I saw was the combat of the hero Rama with the demon Ravana. (Ravana was a king of Ceylon who was demonized in India, and popularly given many heads, just as the Czar is in England, which sees his miraculous ubiquity in every villainy that occurs throughout Russia!) The performance opened with a chorus of nymphs beautifully draped, marching to and fro, singing an ancient ballad in praise of the hero. The terrible goddess Kali was personated by a blackened man. She promises Ravana, the demon king of Lanka (Ceylon), her protection. Vibhi Shana, younger brother of Ravana, warns the demon of his fate. Ravana is heavily whiskered and ferocious, though he takes the hero's side in the end. We pass to the forest where Rama invokes the goddess Durga. The nymphs sing around him in the forest. The

sensational scene is where Rama is about to tear out his eye and offer it as a sacrifice to the goddess. Durga, thus far a wooden image, starts forward, prevents this sacrifice, and promises to protect Rama's wife, Sîta, whom Ravana has abducted and placed with his daughter in-law.

The conflict is for the rescue of Sîta. When Ravana approaches, his daughter-in-law of course hides. A messenger warns Ravana of his peril. Ravana boasts that he has a magic arrow, and cannot be defeated. The monkey god, however, in disguise of a holy fakir, manages to obtain this arrow from Ravana's wife. The combat between the hero and the demon caused excitement in the audience, but it was indicated only by low vocal utterances. When Ravana is dying in the forest his conqueror Rama and others ask him questions. They approach and say he has peculiar and occult knowledge, being a very aged king, and therefore will be able to instruct the youthful Rama for his royal career. Ravana replies to him: "Thou art the incarnation of God, and canst not learn anything of me; yet will I say to thee, 'Be quick to do what is good, slow to do what is evil.' All the good things I meant to do are now unavailing; I meant to build a stairway to heaven, to make the salt ocean sweet." The wife of Ravana mourns over him and cries, "After I have worshipped all the gods and goddesses so long, this is the result." Her adopted son consoles her by saying that since Ravana was killed by Rama, a divine being, he must necessarily go to Indra's paradise. Rama then tells her that her husband will never die. Then we have the exciting episode in which Sîta, suspected by Rama, casts herself into the fire. Rama, raving in his anguish, is about to kill himself, when Agni, god of fire, withdraws the flames, and Sîta rises in pure apotheosis; after which the orchestra

plays "God save the Queen," and the audience silently retires.

In the course of this play an incident occurred not set down on the programme. The Hon. Mr. Ilbert and a Babu who interpreted the play (Hindustani) for me were, with myself, the only occupants of the dress-circle. The manager of the theatre came up during an entr'acte and invited us behind the scenes. We readily accepted, when Mr. Ilbert, who supposed himself incognito, suddenly found himself the object of a patriotic demonstration. The Hindus had recognized the author of the famous Ilbert Bill for enlarging the rights of natives, and now Rama, Ravana, their retinues, and even their wives, came forward and prostrated themselves before the astonished statesman. The nymphs with the chorus stood round and made profound obeisance, and the god Angi said in good English, "See, sir, even our women, ignorant as they are, have been moved with admiration of you, for your justice to our race, and desire to pay you homage." Mr. Ilbert, abashed at this unexpected scene, after a brief acknowledgment, introduced me to the group in a flattering way as the compiler of an oriental Anthology, whereupon the manager exclaimed, "This is Mr. Ilbert's friend," and straightway I had the honour of seeing Agni, Vibhi, Rama, and Ravana in their splendour and all the epical heroines kneeling on the floor before me!

This incident behind the scenes was my nearest glimpse of the contemporary world in the Calcutta theatre. I was presently back in my seat near the women seated in ancient Greek fashion, while the actors just now kneeling to us, resuming their grandeur, bore me back to poetic visions of primitive man. Having before got the tale completely in my memory, it was so illuminated by the Puranic cos-

tumes, the preordained movements of the performers, the miracles that seem so natural at a million years' distance, that I found myself floating familiarly in immemorial time. I was present at the birth and development of deities and demons, saw them take the shape in which they could engrave themselves indelibly on the human heart by charming or terrifying the senses.

Priesthoods of the great missionary religions — Buddhism, Christianism, Mohammedanism — account for the rapid diffusion of their systems in the earth by claiming supernatural interposition and favour. This is really a confession that no new religion could have been spread among many millions in many nations merely by sermons. The miracles undoubtedly occurred, but it was on the stage. The "Miracle Plays" are so named with naïveté and truth. It is only on the stage that demons and dragons are securely slain, and justice prevails, and virtue always triumphs over vice. And it is on the stage that a great and faultless hero can be developed from a striking personality marching to the martyrdom where crown and halo await him.

Paul reminds the Galatians (iii. 1) that the execution of Christ had been set forth publicly before their eyes, and in that far Asiatic city, peopled from different races, it is probable that a Buddhist theatre was used for the scene, — these two religions not having been enemies in those simple days.

In the thirteenth Tibetan tale translated by Anton von Schiefner from the Kah-Gyur, and by W. R. S. Ralston from the German (Trübner's Oriental Series), there is a complete account of the play in which the Buddha saga was embodied, composed by an actor to please believers and "convert unbelievers." "He pitched a booth in Raha-

griga on the day when the festival of the Nagarâjas Girika and Sundara was celebrated, and sounded a drum. And when a great crowd had collected he exhibited in a drama the above-mentioned in the life of Bhagavant (Buddha) in harmony with the Abhinishkramanasutra. Thereby the performers and the assembled crowds were confirmed in the faith. And they uttered sounds of approval, and he made a large profit." But this actor, in order to impress the unbelievers, had made up two of his performers in the guise of eminent Bhikshus, — holy personages of rank, — adding a little fan, and these, angry at being taken off by the actor, put up a booth near his and performed a grander Bodisat play. As they were in disguise the actor followed them, and one turned on him and said, "You wretch, who live by our art! as you have brought us on to the stage we will go to every place where you perform, and we will annoy you." The actor craved pardon, because he got his living by his performance, and received it by giving up the whole of his receipts to the Bhikshus.

The words of the Bhikshu, "our art," are significant. It appears that the offence was in a performance of the Buddhist Miracle Play by an unsanctified person for personal profit. Anything received by a Bhikshu was supposed to go to the holy brotherhood, — which in the Tibetan tale consisted of twelve.

At the Parsî theatres all the female parts are acted by men, and it is wonderful how feminine they make themselves. Over the drop scene in the Parsî theatre at Calcutta there was a portrait in which I was much interested, and found to my astonishment that it was meant for Shakespeare. The play was the opera of "Nairung-Ishk." The language used was Ghuzerati. It is a tale of apparently Persian-Mohammedan origin, and in it I discovered a re-

semblance to our European legend of the mother of Charlemagne. In the first scene we see two very young people — a sister and a brother — who bewail their cruel treatment at the hands of their royal stepmother. The stepmother enters, and is angry at seeing them together. This stepmother has a son of her own. She intends to kill the stepson, heir to her husband's throne, and have her own son marry the girl, in defiance of custom. The girl, however, is firm in her determination to resist this. The two young people are next nearly starved, and repair to the tomb of their mother. There they tell her what they have to suffer, and long to rest beside her. The spirit of the mother rises out of her tomb and says to them, "Be patient, do not grieve so much. Attend to what I say. The tree that grows beside my tomb has on it fruit, which you must eat morning and evening." They eat this fruit and continually eat it. The stepmother, seeing that they do not starve, makes her son act as a spy upon their movements. He reports how they are obtaining food. The stepmother then pretends illness, and tells her husband that an astrologer declares she can be cured only by the root of a tree near the tomb of his former wife. The king, about to leave for the wars, consents that the tree should be pulled up by the roots. When the king has gone, the stepmother orders a slave to take the two young people into the jungle and slay them. When the slave has taken them into the jungle he reveals to them his errand, and says he will not slay those whom he has attended since their infancy. They implore him to carry out his instructions, their lives being wretched. The slave says, "I will never kill you; I have eaten salt with you; if you please you may kill me. I have an obedient heart, and if you will, we will fly together and never return." It is arranged, however, that he shall return and

report their death, and in parting he says, "Happiness is not perpetual; nor unhappiness. Be patient." When he has left them, the two kneel and pray, concluding with the words, "Almighty, we are faithful to thee!" As they wander they become hungry. The brother sees some animal, and proposes to kill it, but his sister says, "We must not kill." He replies, "Yes, for it is sent by God in answer to our prayer." He fires at the animal, and kills it, but they have no means of cooking. He goes to beg a little fire. The sister remains alone. She bemoans the fate of the animal. "Poor deer, your fate brought you near us, and you are dead. In the same way all will die." As she sings this a serpent bites her and she falls senseless. While she is in this condition robbers enter the forest, and rob her of her jewels; but seeing that she is a beauty who would bring a good price, they desire to restore her. One of them has a charm from a serpent's head, and with it cures her. She rises with the words, "Why did you waken me from sleep?" They tell her what has happened. She asks for her brother; they tell her that he is near by at a house, and they will guide her to him. When she has gone, her brother returns, deploring that he had missed the road. At this moment the people from the city of the Yaman enter, and declare that he must be their king. Whenever the king dies, the stranger that first arrives must be made king. They bear him off by force, he calling for his sister. She meanwhile is a prisoner. One of the robbers falls in love with her, but she rejects him. Whilst they are together, the other robbers enter, showing their suspicion of their comrade's good faith, which he allays by declaring she must be sold. She is sold in the city (for 5000 rupees) to a hag, who takes her to a disreputable house, where she is compelled to sing for money. Whilst

the brother, now king of Yaman, is sorrowfully seeking his sister, her beauty has attracted the son of the prime minister; he in turn purchases her from the hag. She tells him her sad story, and pleads with him against disgrace, when he informs her he had visited the house only because he had discovered that an innocent person was a prisoner there. The father of this virtuous youth will not believe her story; but its truth is brought out, and the sister finds at once a noble husband and a royal brother.

Another play that I saw in India was called "Indra Sabha," that is, "The Court of Indra." The story is this. One day a celestial nymph of Indra's court went out to walk, and saw lying on a seat a handsome prince. She falls in love with him, and summoning a demon bids him bring to her abode both the prince and the garden seat on which he slept. On the prince's awakening she confesses her love, and for a time all bids fair to go on happily, but a demon informs Indra of this intrigue. The prince and the nymph are brought before the king of gods (Indra), who orders the prince to be thrown into a well-prison, and the fairy to be expelled from court. Bewailing her lover she wanders through Persia and Hindustan in the guise of a hermit. In this disguise she at length returns to Indra's court. She exerts her powers of sweet song. Indra listens, is charmed, and orders the singer to be brought before him. On her repeating the song, he promises to grant her any favour she may ask. She thereupon throws off her *yogi* garment and begs for the release of her lover, the prince, which is granted. The charm in this piece was chiefly in the singing and dancing of the nymphs.

At a Parsî theatre I saw a modern piece, — apparently a satire upon infant marriages. As the Parsîs have long

followed the same custom, I infer that the play must have been written by one of the reformers who had caused a schism by demanding the release of woman from the ordeals to which she is subjected by Hinduism, and also the abolition of infant marriages. In this amusing little play a wealthy youth who had been married to a distinguished child had fallen into the hands of a fascinating woman. Among other things she dictates to him an exceedingly comical letter to his wife, stating that he was having a very pleasant entertainment where he was, but would come to her again when he got tired.

On inquiring at Calcutta about the family of the famous Rammohun Roy, founder of Brahmoism (Theism) in India, whose mission to England fifty years before was an event of historic importance, I learned that he was represented by a grandson, Hurreinihun Roy, a wealthy gentleman interested chiefly in a menagerie he had established on his estate, along with a circus! Of course I went out to the circus, and at the entrance found a programme printed in the best style of "English as she is spoke:"

"Look! Look!! Look!!! The unprecedented scene in Bengal. The Blossoming Rose, or the Daughter of Flowers. The Fairy Knohumkumni. The most attractive Young Equestrian in the New and Wonderful feats on the Pad Horse. A Boy of five years is the most attraction!"

As a matter of fact, a primary gymnastic school in London could show better acrobatic feats, and the horse-riding was comically commonplace. The manager of the show, seeing me taking notes, came to me and apologized for the spectacle, saying that it was entirely by amateurs. On payment of a few additional pice I visited the menagerie, where there was a brass band that had an accompaniment for each particular cry or growl of the animals.

I did not meet the grandson of Rammohun Roy, to my regret, for I might have got some memoranda on "heredity" for my friend Sir Francis Galton. But after all, is it not natural that the progeny of infant marriages should often remain infants?

On the morning of January 18, 1884, I sat for a time in the Council Chamber of the Indian Empress observing the large-headed viceroy sitting beneath a portrait of Warren Hastings, and remarking other good heads surrounded by portraits representing the continuity of British rule in India. After a time the ablest man among them, and the man best informed on Indian affairs, Sir William Hunter, was ready to accompany me on an appointed expedition. This was to Kalighat, the ancient and original shrine of the goddess Kali, after whom Calcutta is named. It was the great annual festival of the Hooghly River, whose sanctity is associated with a divine being born of a human virgin.

It was hardly an hour's drive from Calcutta to Kalighat, but on arrival the Council of Statesmen and Scholars in their splendid halls were as if removed to an inconceivable distance. The city of palaces seemed a thousand years away from this city of huts (sprung up, however, within a few days). These huts, massed together, were made of mud, leaves, grass, and amid them thousands of men, women, and children moved without rest. Are these huts enlarged ant-hills, and these hurrying swarms huge termites? But no; in a colony of ants all seem busy at something real — they are carrying loads or fighting another colony. But all this swarming and hurry of dark human forms seem aimless. No work is going on — none, that is, save an enterprising mendicancy, active and persistent enough to have secured wealth in other lines of

business; but everybody is on the move, all are noisy, many frantic. It is as if a vast population were hag-ridden. So soon as we alighted from our wagonette two or three men speaking pigeon-English fastened on us, anxious to be our guides; around our group over a hundred people of all ages and both sexes massed themselves, holding out their small or large or skinny arms, and clamouring for "baksheesh." We needed the guides simply to clear a path before us, which they did by yells and blows. As we tried to move it was hardly possible to take a step without running down some of the innumerable children, whose only clothing was a bit of metal in the nostril, to which some added a string around the pit of the stomach. No Hindu deity or demon was ever more many-handed than each of these their worshippers. One boy of ten or twelve years, particularly urgent in his entreaties, supplied us with a naïve specimen of some of these beggars. As we were nearing a point where many genuine sufferers were displaying their physical distortions and ailments, Sir William wanted some pice to distribute, and demanded copper change for silver. On the instant the lad who had begged so piteously drew out a well-loaded money-bag, counted out the change, and instantly began again his whine for baksheesh.

The first crowd that beset us became discouraged when they found that Sir William knew their language and them perfectly, so our way through the throng became easier for a little time. We came upon several small shrines in small booths, in which rude effigies of aboriginal deities were huddled together in anomalous fashion. Beside the bloodthirsty Kali was Ganesa, god of wisdom; on either side of these were the Linga; while before them were five large green pumpkins, each with green leaves on

its top. Indeed the Linga appeared at every step, and by no means so much conventionalized as in the temples. In one or two instances it was rather startling to observe the degree of realism with which the symbols of reproduction were displayed. It seems admissible for anybody to set up a red ugly figure, with goggle-eyes and monstrous teeth, call it by the name of some deity, and beg pice for looking at it. Sir William, however, paused only at places which displayed forms of mythological or archæological interest. His explanations of them to me — their origin, history, meaning — were listened to by our pigeon-English guides with mute astonishment. They had at first attempted to give us explanations, but when they found that the Englishman proceeded to disclose a knowledge infinitely beyond their own, and heard the coarsest kind of symbol raised into significance, they were awestruck. "We cannot tell you anything, sir," said one.

Presently we came to a large, round, open building, in the centre of which was a linga-shaped fountain, into which priests were casting flowers (marigolds) and ladles of water, and beside which were figures of a bull and the elephant-headed Ganesa. This was a comparatively quiet spot, the people about it being fewer and more respectable. Sir William gave me a clear and full explanation, and while he did so a group of natives drew near; all voices ceased; it was written on their faces that they never before had associated any serious meaning with those forms. One of our guides, who spoke fair English, translated parts of what Sir William said to some young people, and as we passed on said, "We have never before heard any such meaning connected with these things. We have never before had here any Englishman like you, sir."

Just as this was said we passed six or seven naked, long-haired, and long-bearded *yogis*, each squatted beneath his separate rude shelter of leaves or rushes, mutely contemplating a smoking log. Some one said to Sir William, "There is a man from the university," and on turning we saw a fine-looking *yogi*, younger than the rest, who seemed to be out of place. On approaching him we found that he could not only speak good English, but was a B. A. and D. L. of Calcutta University. It was appalling to find a graduate of the university and of the law school in such situation. This *yogi* had excited unusual interest, and a crowd hung round him. The following conversation, of which I made careful notes, ensued: —

Hunter. What led you to become a *yogi*?

Yogi. The government made me a *yogi*.

Hunter. How did they do that?

Yogi. They ordered me to go through the exercises necessary to become a *yogi*.

Hunter. You are not telling me the facts. You must have had some inducement to become a *yogi*.

Yogi (*smiling*). I am the largest native landowner about here; I inherited three hundred acres; I thought I could fulfil the obligations and duties of the estate better by becoming a *yogi*. The government said so.

Hunter. Do you spend the whole day here?

Yogi. Yes, and the night — when there is less noise.

Hunter. How do you occupy yourself?

Yogi. Worshipping the fire there.

Hunter. Do you expect to become better by it?

Yogi. Yes. By exercises, by prayers, I may make myself better, and gradually become an *abdur*.

M. D. C. Will you sit here then as now?

Yogi. Yes.

M. D. C. Will you then have power to work miracles?

Yogi. No. Christ alone could work miracles.

That was the last of our interview with this bachelor of arts and of laws. On his forehead, as he again bent it towards the burning log, I observed a special Siva-mark (one red between two ashen lines), and thought it was about time for another avatar of Vishnu when any partner of the Triad can so bring a man of talent to the dust. Sir William thought it probable that the *yogi's* statement that the government had directed him to become such must be based on some clause in the title to his land, which may have been originally deeded to an ancestor, as "Mr. So-and-so, *yogi*," and that he may have erroneously inferred that his tenure might not be secure unless he also became a *yogi*. The fiction of being a "government *yogi*" would also give him exceptional importance. But of what utility could the acres, or all the wealth of Indies, be to a man doomed for life to sit looking at a smoking log? I had witnessed a living cremation, and yet there was no trace of sadness in the victim's countenance, — indeed he was cheerful.[1]

Another *yogi*, with long black hair and beard surrounding a face that seemed a hundred years old, gazed at me with eyes that never winked, and in which there was no

[1] The motive of this *yogi*, at once worldly and virtually suicidal, suggests a clue to the rage with which atheism is commonly met. Denial of the existence of God is dreaded more than crime. Why is that? Who has informed the world that God objects to having his existence denied? It cannot be imagined that the existence depends on whether men believe it or not, or that divine happiness can be affected by the disbelief of men; but there are many human institutions and interests, of a social, political, and pecuniary kind, which have the name of God in their titles, and seem to rest upon his genuineness. If there is no God such as is therein described, they might look absurd, and their authority might be questioned.

speculation. His nearly naked form was motionless, not a gesture exhibited any sign of life; he looked like painted wood. I remembered how in early life I used to find a certain romance in reading about *yogis* — the picture of the holy man in the forest, given in "Sakuntala," who had sat motionless so long that birds built their nests in his rags, and the serpent cast its skin across his lap. But the *yogi* is much more attractive in the verse of Kalidasa than when seen near to.

We passed through streets about ten feet wide between booths bristling with begging hands, and came upon a lane of howling malformations, monstrosities, madnesses. One had no legs, another no thighs; armless boys, legless men, several whose arms end in bone or their legs in clubs; an epileptic crone beating her head against the earth; another who looked like a ball on two bones. As, scattering coppers to each, we pressed beyond these raving sufferers, their cries sounded as if gathered in one agonized, sharp voice, the scream of some monster, that curdled the blood.

But now we were caught in a crowd even more uncanny, were that possible. It was a crowd of convulsionaires, fresh from the annual pilgrimage to Sagar, mouth of the river, all struggling to get near one shrine. The slight garment each wore was nearly torn from some of them, but they forgot that and everything else as with shouts and cries they pushed and elbowed each other. A path was laboriously made for us until we reached the entrance of the portico, beyond which profane feet cannot go. The great goddess Kali was now only a few yards away, but shut from our view by a wall of naked backs, every muscle standing out in knots. I was almost in despair of seeing Kali at all; but Sir William had a silver talisman,

at sight of which three or four stalwart fellows pummelled the wall of backs until one after another veered aside, and through a rift in the mass I saw the renowned image of Kali. Her visage was black as tar, save for her three blood-red eyes (one in the forehead), red eyebrows, and red tongue lolling down and dripping blood on her breast. Two erect cobras made the ornaments of her cheeks, and a crown of gold and red, haloed with black smoke-rays, was on her head. She had four jewelled arms and hands — two blood-red, one held upward, the other downward, the others bearing respectively a rapier and the head it had cut off. Her form below the breast was in a sort of pit, where several people stood making offerings. While I was gazing one of these turned, and I beheld close beside Kali's fearful face a countenance tender and lovely enough for a Madonna.

Kali's image was too antiquated and impossible to shock me very much, but the horror was that she should be worshipped, and cruel sacrifices offered. For the space of twenty or thirty feet the pavement was wet with blood. Kids were lying about in dying convulsions.

At dinner that evening the meat first served was kid; I could not touch it, and it disgusted me with all the meat. For the first time I pondered with interest what is said in Corinthians of eating things offered to idols. Paul's objection (1 Cor. x, 20), that the Gentile sacrifices were "to demons and not to God," and "ye cannot partake of the table of the Lord and of the table of demons," — the substitution of human sacrifice for animal sacrifice, — set me to reconsidering the story of the violence of Jesus in the temple, which I once rejected as preposterous.

At such shrines one sees mostly the picked people of

superstition collected from many neighbourhoods, and by no means representative of the country generally. And for these, too, it should be said that Kali, in their hearts, is by no means so black as she is painted.

In a strict sense there could be no such thing as devil-worship. A devil, being pure evil, without any heart at all, could not be reached more than a stone by an appeal to compassion. Demon-worship is a different thing. Dr. Rájendralála Mitra recalled with emotion that on his recovery from a dangerous pleurisy he accompanied his aged mother to Kalighat, where tottering before Kali she bared her bosom and with a knife drew some drops of blood between her breasts. This was in fulfilment of a vow made during his illness. It occurred about 1875. I observed no such ceremony at Kalighat, though such may have occurred. That a few drops of blood alone are sufficient shows that Kali does not feed on it, but accepts it as an evidence of respect or of earnestness. It is somewhat like the baptismal sprinkling, which no longer means to most parents the actual exorcism of a devil from the babe, but only its consecration.

The good fairy of our own European mythology is sometimes disguised as a hag, and in Norse fable as a dragon, and there are stories of Kali which suggest a soft place in her heart. In Lal Behari Day's "Folk-Tales of Bengal" there is one of a dead child placed by its mother near the shrine of Kali and restored to life. Perhaps that woman with the Madonna face whom I saw making offerings to Kali was pleading with the fierce goddess for some little sufferer at home.

It has often been remarked that it is the women who mainly attend churches and keep them going. In my Methodist days I had many more female than male

hearers, but this was not the case during my ministry as a rationalist. In Washington, Cincinnati, and London the proportions were about equal. The average greater number of women in the orthodox churches may be in part accounted for by their being less logical than men, and more able to escape the real sense of odious dogmas, while in their more tender hearts they are able to spiritualize them.

But may not the phenomena be partly due to a habit transmitted from ages and regions when, in attendance at temples, women secured some release from their social bondage? In the great festivals at Kalighat and Allahabad I saw many Hindu women moving from shrine to shrine, and bathing freely and sportively in the sacred rivers, who ordinarily are shut up in the domestic zenana. And during the centuries in which something like the zenana survived, though young maidens could leave home only under close guardianship, their dragons might be bribed, and it was on the way to church that the lover could be met. From Boccaccio's Fiammetta to Goethe's Gretchen it is church-going that furnishes the lover's opportunity. The severe old father cannot deny wife or daughter the right to worship and save their souls. And at the present day women are accorded an equality in churches denied them in the political world. They inherit unanalyzed motives other than piety to "keep the churches going."

Returning to Calcutta we met a noisy parade of English Salvationists, men and women, on which scholarly Hindus (and there are many) look with the same feelings of mingled disgust and wonder that Christians feel on beholding the scenes at Kalighat. It is the unfamiliar fanaticism that is revolting. The secret of success in Protestanism

lies largely in the commandment against visible images. If the dogmas inside the heads of those poor Salvationists were suddenly to take shape in fit images, they would be more monstrous than any figures at Kalighat. For they too are saved by the blood, and not that of a mere kid. Kali does not torture men and women in hell, nor demand a human sacrifice as the condition of salvation. And Kali is admittedly worshipped by the multitude through fear, and that but occasionally. She is not held up as an ideal being. The deities of India have since Buddha's rebellion been generally converted to benignity, and not one — not even Siva — is "angry every day," nor with any one for what his ancestor did. The demonstrations of fanaticism in India may appear greater than those of Salvationism in England because the population there is five times larger, and because the people are much poorer and cannot surround their festivals with artistic decorations. But relatively to numbers the proportion of those free from religious superstition is as large in India as in England and America.

On the day following my visit to Kalighat a dinner was given in my honour by Prince Furrokh Shah, in his fine residence, Russapugla, four miles out of Calcutta, the compliment being I suppose on account of my compilation, "The Sacred Anthology," of which my South Place friend, Walter Thomson, sent an edition to India for presentation to leading men and public teachers. The book was my best passport in India, and the splendid dinner given by this Moslem prince presented a pretty and almost mystical illustration of the unity of the hearts out of which grew the flowers I had gathered from many different religions. All present were Hindu gentlemen, mainly professional men, so fluent in English, and talking with so much wit, that I

could fancy myself dining with my brother Omarites of our Omar Khayám Club in London. The Hon. Mouloy Mahomed Yusoof took me out in his carriage, and the other guests the Maharajah Sir Jotendra Mohun Tajore Bahadoor, Jogendra Chandra Ghosh, Maharajah Narendra Krishna, Kristodas Pal, Baboo Joy Kissen Mokerji and his brother Peary, Councillor Syed Ameer Ali, the brilliant young lawyers Bannerji and Chatterji. They were all friends, men of the world in a high sense; and if, with their culture, their refined faces and manners, they could all be transferred to Boston, there would be a glad cry there that its literary era had returned. Yet these are the men to whom Boston sends missionaries! No dozen missionaries in India, were their brains packed together, could equal any one of these heads. The talk was mainly of English and American literature and philosophy, in which they were well read. Little was said about religion, but I had some conversation with one barrister (Chatterji, I think), a native of Benares, about the festival going on at Kalighat. I mentioned the repulsion I felt on seeing the sacrifice of kids, and that I could not eat the flesh when offered at my hotel. He said the vulgar fanaticism was equally repulsive to educated Hindus; then remarked that there was misunderstanding among foreigners of what they call "idols." Even the humble people do not worship the images in themselves. The images are covered with symbolical ornaments representing the character or legendary deeds of this or that divinity. Each divinity has a certain day in the month, and a certain hour, when he or she enters his or her temple, and by a temporary transubstantiation enters the image. After receiving due offerings the deity departs, and from that moment until the return of their festival the image is without any sanctity whatever. It

possesses no continuous sanctity like the cross. After the blood has been shed before Kali she departs, and the kids may be sold and eaten like any other meat. "We boys at Benares used for fun to strip and roll ourselves in the blood of the kids, then go and plunge into a tank or stream for a swim."

All this talk was across the table, heard of all the circle in which all religions had their evolved representatives. There was nothing secret, no whispers, but perfect freedom, so that our host, the Moslem Prince Furrokh Shah, was presiding over a sort of Akbar assembly from which the polemics had died away.

This experience of the Rationalist Brahman barrister interested me still more in the goddess Kali. In my "Demonology and Devil-Lore" my account of Kali was academic. The picture (vol. i, fig. 18), copied from a Hindu print, does not represent her as without comeliness, and probably it was chiefly the smearings of blood which made the large image at Kalighat so repulsive; but I must now see in that image only a decorated antique casket in which an invisible being enters at certain times. The Hindu scholars with whom I conversed could not give me any idea of that invisible Kali. She is treading Siva, her husband, under her feet, — the legend being that he threw himself there to arrest her dance, that threatened to destroy the universe. The dance was for joy in having decapitated the hundred heads of a giant demon (euphemistically demigod). Siva himself being the god of Destruction, the myth taken strictly is that of a house divided against itself. The position of Siva is that of Satan under the archangel's foot. As for her girdle of heads, they are those of the many-headed demon she had destroyed before Siva could stop her dangerous dance.

What of Kali's right hand, raised upward in benediction? As I sat at midnight on my hotel portico, I saw again as in a dream that Madonna-like woman who stood nearest to the goddess at Kalighat; and amid the outward silence a still small voice said to my inward ear, "I am Kali. When, in an age far past, prophets arose to tell mankind that their agonies were inflicted by cruel and heartless deities, I went forth, a princess turned prophetess, to point the sufferers upward to a paradise where all their sorrows would be compensated, and all tears wiped away. 'After death?' the people cried; 'why not now?' Then I went into retreat, and reflection, to reappear with the faith that all human agonies and evils are disguises of a universal maternal love which by such terrible discipline trains the sufferers for eternal felicity. Alas, that heavenward hand drew on the three hands of destruction assigned me after death. My casket was covered equally with flowers and with the symbols of ferocity and disease in nature. I had by my optimism consecrated the horrors of this predatory world. You see me pedestalled on the genius of Destruction, whom my love should have trodden down. Ah, thou traveller unknown, the fatal teaching in this world is that all is under divine Providence, and all evil good at heart. That is man's abdication!"

CHAPTER XII

Exploring Bengal — A conference of religions — Moslem Christianity — Dr. Rájendralála Mitra on Christian polytheism — Hon. Syed Ameer Ali — Dr Ananda Cumara Swamy — The marvellous dolls — Maharajah Sir Jotendra Mohun Tajore — The demonized Buddha — Buddha-Gaya — Root of Buddha's Bo-tree — Letter from Dr. Mitra — Buddhist-Hindu-philosophy — Benares — Monkey Temple — Deer Park and legend of the Mango Girl — "The Toy-Cart" — Our Western Buddha.

SIR WILLIAM HUNTER came in his carriage one day and said, "I intend to show you Bengal." I had only a day or two more in Calcutta, but my simple faith in the Gazetteer-general of India prevented my having any doubt about his ability to show me a great province in that time. We drove nearly ten miles into the country, and visited the homes of several humble Hindu families of which he knew something. Sir William told them in their own language that he wished me to see the interior of the houses, and these were cheerfully shown. Even the women (most of them comely) were not shy of us; they smilingly made a half movement aside but not out of sight; and it was especially notable that those who in the hot weather had scanty clothing did not show any consciousness of that at all. In one house a woman scampered out of sight in earnest, but it was because her father-in-law had come in at the gate. In no case must a wife meet her husband's father!

The houses were poor to look at, but comfortable enough inside. One man took us to see a curious thing in the woods near his house, — an enormous stone, about ten feet square and more than two thick, held seven feet in the air

by four trees. The trees clamped it at the corners, having grown around them and then gone on into stately forest trees. The stone which the trees had raised by their growth was known as "the dog's grave," the legend being similar to that of the Beth Gelert stones in Wales celebrated in the ballad "Llewellyn's Dog." In most European versions — *e. g.* in Rome, Munich, and Ireland — the faithful animal, slain on suspicion of having killed the infant it had saved, is an ape.

When we had visited eight or ten of these houses and several shrines, Sir William said, "I have now shown you Bengal. You may travel from one end of it to the other and see only just such houses and shrines and such people as those we have visited."

This generous friend arranged an assembly of learned Brahmans, Brahmos, Moslems, and Parsîs to meet me for conference on religious and philosophical subjects. The meeting was held in the government Council Chamber and the grand native personages came in their fine robes. The Pandits were apparently rationalists; the principal one, a grand looking man who spoke excellent English, asked me my opinion about the miraculous conception of Christ. I regarded it as like the legend of the virgin-born deity of the Hooghly River, whose annual fête was going on; a story of mythological and poetic interest, but not to be regarded as historical. The Pandit said that such was exactly his opinion of both the Christian and the Hooghly legends, and it was the general opinion of educated Brahmans. Other Pandits confirmed his view, and also several English scholars present. The Moslems, of whom there were a dozen of high rank in the room, had said nothing, and I remarked that I would like to hear their opinion. Thereupon the Moslems bent

their richly turbaned heads together in private consultation. At length one of them arose and said that they all felt "bound to accept the narrative just as it stands in in the New Testament."

As the Moslems were the only orthodox Christians present, but would not argue about their faith, our conference amounted only to a high appreciation on the part of the Pandits of English science and literature, responded to by our exaltation of the sacred books and poems of India. The most notable thing was that in a large company in Calcutta, of which a third were influential and official Englishmen, the only believers in Christian supernaturalism were the Moslems! I was also impressed by the familiarity of the Brahmans with all those vital problems with which we were so occupied in Europe and America, — divine existence, fate, freedom, animism, immortality, — these issues being raised in their own philosophical systems. Discussions, in the western world have no doubt revived the interest of Hindu thinkers in such questions, but have given them no idea not found in their own ancient books.

James Sime, biographer of Lessing, told me that on Schopenhauer's last day he said, "I am Buddha!" Those around him supposed that his mind was wandering, but the pessimist's words had meaning. Dr. Rhys Davids says: "Gotama Buddha was the Auguste Comte born two thousand years too soon," but I should rather describe him, as the Schopenhauer of that time.

The venerable author, Dr. Rájendralála Mitra, was unable to attend the conference, but requested me to visit him. I found him in his large fine library, and but for his complexion I might have fancied myself conversing with some eminent orientalist in Europe. He was simply the philo-

sophic scholar and interpreter of religious phenomena, without, I believe, any connection with the temples. His countenance was handsome and full of sensibility, his individuality and humour reminding me at times of our American Ingersoll. The Christian propaganda in India having fallen mostly into the hands of missionaries without culture and the Salvation Army, these have brought about this strange situation: the West boasting of its Science sends to India a religion resting on a claim to authority, and is there confronted by a religion appealing only to its reasonableness. The signs and wonders and the dogmas being thus emphasized, the Hindu scholars are provided with a sort of Museum of Antiquities. "Like every other religion, Christianity is a polytheistic system," said Dr. Mitra; "Satan and the 'sons of God,' and the archangels are just as much deities as the so-called gods of India, who are subordinate to the Triad just as Satan and the angels are to the Trinity. Educated Christians put these things into the background, just as educated Indians do their minor deities, the priests turning them into allegories." He had something like enthusiasm for Buddha, but could not make a genuine human character out of Christ. I mentioned some of the suppressed and recently discovered Sayings of Jesus, and he was impressed by them, especially the declaration that he had "come to dissolve the sacrifices." He took from a shelf his English translation of "The Yoga Aphorisms of Pantanjali" and presented it to me, after pointing out in it a quotation from the ancient (Sanscrit) Lalista-Vistara recording an utterance of Buddha closely resembling that of Jesus about sacrifices. After mentioning the fallacious ways in which people seek purification ("fancying the image of a divinity in one's mind, saluting supposed divinities," etc.), Buddha

adds: "To persons deluded by ascetic works and by sacrifices I shall show the destruction of all works and sacrifices."

Dr. Rájendralála Mitra enriched me by sending to my lodgings his great work on the Aryan race and that on Buddha-Gaya, which I was about to visit. In one of his volumes I remarked a significant mistranslation of a couplet in an old Methodist hymn: —

> The world is all a fleeting show
> For man's *illusion* given.

The word in the hymn is *delusion*, and the meaning is as far from the oriental doctrine of *illusion* as the East is from the West.[1]

Although, as I have said, it is rare to find a sceptical Moslem, there is in India a rationalistic sect (Mutarzalite) whose chief interpreter is Syed Ameer Ali. It was pleasant indeed to meet in Calcutta Syed Ameer Ali, whose friendship I had enjoyed in London, and whose ideas were so individual and his spirit so sweet that he had often suggested to me the refined Sufi Mohammedanism of Persia which one breathes in the Rose-Garden of Saadi, — the "Gulistan."

When Syed Ameer Ali was a law student at the Inner Temple, London, he was often at our house; we loved him, and his beautiful spirit seemed to transfuse his face, form, voice, manner, — his entire being. At that time he wrote "A Critical Examination of the Life and Teachings of Mohammed" (1873), which I found a delightful book; it raised all Islam — which I had deemed a hard eastern Calvinism — in my esteem that such a man could love it, and draw so much truth and beauty out of it. I still

[1] 1906. The hymn is omitted in the new American Methodist hymnal.

HON. SYED AMEER ALI

regard this little book as the best known to me on the subject.

The young author and barrister — of fairer complexion than most Hindus — fell in love with a young English lady, Miss Kohnstram — who with her mother sometimes came to my chapel, — and his love was requited. Her mother came to converse with my wife and myself about Syed Ameer Ali personally, and asked what I thought of the wisdom of marriage between an English lady and an Indian. How was her or his social position likely to be affected in India? My wife and I had heard nothing about the matter from him, and it was by a spontaneous outburst that we both declared that after knowing him for some years we considered him worthy even of her cultured and fair daughter. For the rest I did not believe that any vulgar race-prejudice would be found in Calcutta among those whose acquaintance could be of any value to either of them.

When I visited Calcutta Ameer Ali was a member of the Supreme Legislative Council. In their beautiful home hearty welcome was given me, though I do not know to this day whether they were aware that I had been consulted about the marriage. I saw that it had proved an ideal marriage; happiness was written on their faces; they were surrounded by the most intellectual people, and could pick and choose their acquaintances in "society."

I should add that I observed several Hindu ladies at receptions in Calcutta, and that there appeared no sign of colour-prejudice. The Hindu ladies must have distinguished themselves by emancipation from the restrictions of the zenana and were rather lionized. But an intermarriage between one of the ruling race and one of the ruled

race, at the very moment when reformers were demanding increased rights for the natives, could hardly fail to excite misgivings of the "conservatives." The personal equation, however, was too potent in this case for any manifestation of religious or race prejudices.[1]

A gentlemanly young English traveller whom I chanced

[1] 1906. Ameer Ali has had a unique career. In 1879 he was appointed Chief Presidency Magistrate; he sat for several years in the Bengal Legislative Council, and in 1884 was appointed by Lord Ripon to the Imperial Council; he was created by Lord Dufferin Companion of the Indian Empire; in 1890 he was at Lord Lansdowne's request appointed a Justice of the High Court. In all of these positions Ameer Ali's services were universally recognized, and at the same time he has written works of the most painstaking character and the highest value: "The Mahommedan Law;" "Personal Law of the Mahommedans;" "The Spirit of Islâm;" "The Ethics of Islâm;" "A Short History of the Saracens." In 1904 Justice Ameer Ali retired from the bench and is at present in England (where his sons are at college) and engaged on a "History of Mahommedan Civilization in India." He is the only Mohammedan author, and it is a happy event that he can devote himself to literature.

From the Dufferins and from Sir William Hunter I heard of the high esteem in which Justice Ali and his wife were held. Their house was a favourite social centre, and Mrs. Ameer Ali's Friday receptions and her parties always drew the best people together.

Another intermarriage which much interested me was that of the late Sir Mutu Cumara Swamy of Ceylon with a beautiful lady of my London chapel (Miss Elizabeth Beeby). To this I have alluded in my seventh chapter in connection with the brilliant entertainments given me by his nephews. These gentlemen are now the chief representatives of the ancient ruling race — Tamil — in Ceylon. The widow of Sir Mutu I remember returning to London with her pretty little boy; and by a letter I have just received from Hon. P. Arunáchalam I learn that this boy, Ananda Cumara Swamy, has made a name for himself in Science (D. Sc. Lond., F. L. S, F. S. S.), and is now employed in Ceylon as Director of the Mineralogical Survey. He has also edited, in connection with another able man, W. A. de Silva, "The Ceylon National Review," an organ of the Ceylon Social Reform Society, which aims to prevent the Sinhalese and Tamils from being westernized or Christianized, and to liberate women from the social seclusion (the "purdah, in India "zenana") which was "borrowed from the Mohammedan conquerors of India."

to meet told me that he had seen a Hindu cut a boy to pieces with his sword, then throw the severed limbs in a bag; in a minute the boy came running up, and the bag was opened and found empty. "Can you believe that?" he asked. "No," I replied. "Nor can I," said he; "I believe the conjurer mesmerized me." "You would have seized the assailant at the first gash," I said. "Yes, certainly, if I had been in my senses." I was sceptical about the exactness of this testimony, knowing nothing of the witness; and if he should see this page he will be equally sceptical about the "doll trick" which I saw in Calcutta. Having two visits to make to eminent personages, Dr. Hunter placed his carriage at my disposal, and also his secretary, an intelligent Babu who spoke English. As we were driving along the street I saw a tent in an open space, beside which a man was shouting, a crowd of boys pressing around him. The Babu said it was a conjurer, and I asked to be driven to the tent. The Babu evidently did not think it was suited to our dignity; but I was eager, and the driver with some astonishment obeyed the order. The conjurer, overwhelmed by seeing a fine carriage with liveried coachman approach, beat off the boys with a stick, and bowed to the ground. The show had not opened, and the Babu and myself had the tent all to ourselves. It contained a plain wooden table without cover or any hangings around it. Nothing else was in the tent, which was about twenty feet in diameter, without floor and open at the top. It was flooded with the noon light. The conjurer, who wore only a loin-cloth, went out at the back and returned with his doubled hands filled with tiny figures, each about two inches high, with straw legs, sealing-wax heads, and buttons to stand on. He stood them all in the centre of the wooden table, then

stood off two yards and talked to them. Presently they began to stir, to move, to dance. Waving a little wand, beating time, but never coming within two yards of them, — talking to them all the time, — he made them dance in every direction. I examined the table above and beneath, and passed my arm above the dolls to discover whether there might not be invisible threads attached to them. The conjurer, through the Babu, asked me where I wished them to dance, and they moved in every direction I indicated. I requested that two should separate from the rest and dance apart, the others remaining stationary. This was done. Finally he desired me to put a penny on the table; the penny danced across the table and pitched itself into a little box. This was the most inexplicable performance I ever saw.

The man who exhibits the dolls performs nothing else. The Babu was troubled at my giving the conjurer two rupees, — two or three cowries being the usual fee, — but said it was the most wonderful performance known in India, the secret being kept close. It is the only trick I have ever seen of which I can imagine no explanation. We drove from the tent to the house of the distinguished Maharajah, Sir Jotendra Mohun Tajore, K.C.S.I., who could not suggest any explanation, though he had seen through a trick with which Mme. Blavatsky tried to deceive him. The Maharajah did not go into the particulars of this attempt, and appeared to be disappointed that Theosophy had turned out an imposture.

If Mme. Blavatsky had been animated by any serious or religious purpose she would have known that it could not be furthered in India by miracles, even were they genuine. Educated Hindus are too familiar with such signs and wonders to care for them, and where believed they are

associated with the dark and evil powers rather than with religion. Theosophy might have attained a large success in India but for its vulgarization by counterfeiting the superstitions that give rise to such fanaticisms as those at Kalighat, of which educated India is ashamed. Such power for evil as Satan had over Job, Visvamitra also had over Harischandra, the Indian Job. The learned *yogi* we found at Kalighat, who said, "Only Christ could work miracles," never thought of believing Christianity on that account.

From Calcutta I journeyed to the most sacred place in Buddhist tradition, Buddha-Gaya. I there found a notable legendary illustration of the total separation between preternatural power and holiness in the ancient theological mind. On a hill called Bhurmoilla (Holy Stone) there is an ancient shrine with the following history: A certain demon acquired by prolonged rites and austerities celestial powers in addition to his infernal powers, and thereby caused the altars to be deserted. The gods therefore united to bury the "holy demon," and place on his head a huge stone to keep him down. Should that stone be rolled away the whole country would be overwhelmed by the superdivine power of the demon and the temples all go to ruin. There is always this danger, for the stone has to be held in its place by an exceptional number of offerings and sacrifices every year. There is a footprint of Vishnu on the stone, but meanwhile Vishnu, under his form of Juggenauth, is bringing back the "holy demon" into India as his latest and highest avatar. For Rájendralála Mitra has fully identified the "holy demon" as Buddha himself, and in the very town consecrated by his spiritual birth there remains this legendary stone-witness to his contemporary reception as one who "hath a devil!"

Not one Brahman priest attending this Bhurmoilla knew the origin of its legend, and they would probably regard it as blasphemy to call Buddha a demon. In my pilgrimage from that stone to the temple that has had its resurrection over the place of Buddha's "enlightenment" I was in a sense following the pilgrimage of all India in many preceding centuries from the demonized to the deified Buddha. And the towering temple, risen out of its ruins, also denotes an English pilgrimage. I can easily remember a time when it would have been impossible for any English government to rebuild the temple of any founder of a "heathen" religion which Christian missionaries were sent out to destroy.

Buddha-Gaya is not in the path of ordinary travel. There was no hotel, but my letters secured hospitable entertainment in the government bungalow. The old Moslem servant and I were the only persons in the bungalow. He provided me a good luncheon and asked in good English what I would have for dinner, and at what hour. I told him I would drive to the ancient Buddhist temple (nearly fifteen miles away) and return at night; that I would eat anything at all except snake and monkey, — my unwillingness to feed on this poor relation being especially strong. He took my remark gravely, and said he would avoid those dishes. The only vehicle I could get was an ox-cart, which took me out in two hours. The driver's English was limited to "Yes, sir," and the road being lonely the silence was leaden. Even the birds were silent, bright and warm as was the day. I remember no villages nor any wayfarers. Across an almost treeless plain was visible for miles the great temple, — to Buddhists sacred as to eastern Christians the Holy Sepulchre. One wonders that such a structure should arise far from any city, and in a region that

could never have been populous. The spot must have been genuinely associated with Sakyamuni. The temple itself is surrounded by the poppy, — the plant that can surround the brain with insubstantial visions, or sometimes bring to insomnia and pain their Nirvana. Also there is the Mowa-tree, with its feathery flower, which bears grape-like fruit; this mixed with jaggree (molasses) and steamed yields an intoxicating liquor. Castor oil trees, too, abound. These nasty trees, — did the evil Mara plant them, after his failure to subdue Buddha, to suck away sap from the Bo-trees? Of these not one could I discover.

(The only edifice at Gaya larger than the temple is the prison (English) in which the malefactors of many regions are incarcerated. I was told there were in it then (1884) four thousand prisoners.)

My reader will remember that the young Prince Sakya, overwhelmed by seeing the agonies of the world, repelled by the pious fables and phantasms supplementing the tortures of nature, fled from his father's palace, and wandered away to a lonely spot to try and think out the truth of things. Ancient tradition places here, where the oldest Buddhist temple in the world stood, the Bo-tree under which he sat on the grass, and attained the "enlightenment" that gave him the title "Buddha."

The work on the temple was not yet completed. The original plan of the central edifice was made out by the studies in India architecture of Dr. Rájendralála Mitra, and was nearly finished. But the buildings connected with this yellow tower-like temple — two hundred feet high — had covered several acres, and the ground was strewn with their fragments. These annexes can never be restored. Sir William Hunter had given me a note to the English engineer employed by the Asiatic Society, Mr. J. D. Beg-

ler, who introduced me to a learned Hindu, Gopel Chunder Mokerjee, and a Buddhist priest, Mahont Hammreinjal. With these I examined the many small figures and symbols with which every square foot of the locality was covered. But before doing this I examined the footprints of Buddha in the neighbourhood, of which there were about twenty. They were all unnaturally large, one being two feet long, and the toes all of one size except the big toe, which was slightly longer than the others. There is a Buddha between two women, to whom he holds out his hands, in the palm of each being a round mark with a dot in the centre.

The most holy spot was that where the Bo-tree is supposed to have grown. It is about ten yards from the temple, and the deep space between was covered over. On the site was a marble platform inscribed "Buddhawasse 2427," and beneath a statement declaring it the place of the Master's illumination. On it were sculptured the "grand beings" who came with offerings — all human. Five candles were burning before this sacred spot. A company of Burmese pilgrims present had laid fresh lotus flowers on the marble, and gone off to bathe in the sacred tank. Far away I saw a solitary Moslem, one of the workmen, kneeling on his mat towards Mecca. The pilgrims had happy faces like those of children. I remember when first gazing on the huge bronze Buddha in South Kensington Museum a lady approached with her little daughter, to whom she explained what a good man he was. The child, after some silence, said: "How I would like to climb up and sit in his lap! I might get some of his goodness!" She was the little sister of these pilgrims, journeying far to nestle close to the beloved one.

In conversing with Mr. Begler I asked him if he had

found any Bo-tree (*Ficus religiosa*) in the vicinity, as it appeared improbable (although any tree may be a Bo-tree) that the legend should be located where there were none. He smiled, and said he would confide to me a discovery made that week. He then took me out to the covered place adjoining the marble, unlocked a door of the little shanty, and there showed me the branching roots of what must have been an enormous tree. The roots branched downward several yards from the sacred spot; they looked like cork, but were perfectly traceable. He desired me not to mention the discovery at Gaya; were it known, it would be impossible to restrain the pilgrims from tearing up the whole bank for bits of the root.

About the middle of the third century before our era the great King Asôka came on a pilgrimage to this spot because of this Bodhi Tree, or Tree of Knowledge, under which his adopted Lord Buddha had sat. He caused a monastery to be established here, and devoted much of his wealth to embellish the tree and monastery. His queen became jealous of the tree, and also troubled because her gods were neglected, and employed a secret agent to destroy the tree by "sorcery." Asôka was so inconsolable that his queen got the "sorceress" to resuscitate this Tree of Knowledge. But the Banyan of Ignorance has so overgrown Christendom in the ages that many of us can remember the time when Buddha began to be talked about in Europe and America. My old friend Mrs. Manning, who resided for some years in Bengal, and wrote an admirable book on "Ancient and Mediæval India" (1869), says that "not until the year 1837, in which Mr. James Prinsep deciphered the written character of King Asôka's edicts, was anything known of the Buddhism of ancient India." The religious and moral sentiment about

Buddha began yet later, but so rapidly did it grow that the same English generation first interested in that religion witnessed the reconstruction by their government of this first Buddhist temple.

Vast and imposing as it is, the original edifice was thrice as large, as is proved by the acres of fragments that defy all architectural speculation. That this colossal temple preceded the cathedrals of Europe by a thousand years is explained by the fact that Christendom was paralyzed by the expectation of the end of the world at that period.

The ancient Hindu temples are pretty but small, — large and embellished shrines. The religion of the sects that make what is called Hinduism is domestic; the so-called temples are not constructed for sermons or any services to attract the people. There is no desire to convert anybody, — no propaganda. To placate some invisible ghost or demon who, if his or her oblations are neglected, may do the people some mischief, these shrines and altars with their decorated domes were erected. The legends of these phantasms were transmitted orally, and they too were embellished, so that the masses learned them by means of dramas, — miracle plays. But this new missionary movement called Buddhism was a preaching and teaching sect. Around this edifice, towering up as a landmark for pilgrims, were hospitals for men and animals, monasteries, a college for teachers like that near Colombo, and no doubt a theatre for rehearsing the legends of Buddha and his disciples. Hence the acres of fragments.

And it is the great secular power in India — England — that rebuilds the temple which the grand secularist, King Asôka, founded!

But this first temple of Buddha cannot be reconstructed:

a large proportion of the original stones — among them many finely-carved stupas — are strewn about the field. They symbolize the débris of Buddha and his religion long strewn about the world — China, Japan, Burmah, also now about Christendom — to be fitted into sects and systems of their own. I went off with a beautiful little stupa presented to me by the engineer, on which is a seated Buddha with every line as true as if it had been carved a few years before instead of two thousand. I presented it to Dr. Paul Carns, editor of "The Open Court" (Chicago), out of respect for his assiduous efforts to diffuse knowledge of Buddhism and reverence for Buddha.

I feel as if I know something of Zoroaster and of Jesus, and these two are to me the men who knew the true religion. The real Buddha is more dim; but at Gaya the thought of that young prince burdened with the sorrows and delusions of mankind reached far down in me and touched some subconscious source of tears and love for the man, and I longed to clasp his knees.

I at once wrote to Rájendralála Mitra, LL. D., at Calcutta, about the calcined root. I also mentioned my conversation with a Buddhist who had not quite met my question why, if existence be an evil, Buddhists should, by bringing children into the world, deprive them of the Nirvana of non-existence. I give an extract from Dr. Mitra's answer: —

When I examined the mound which marked the site of the Bodhi Tree, it consisted of such a miscellaneous mass of rubbish, broken pottery, kitchen midden, cinders, etc., that I could not make any use of it for historical purposes. The mound was moreover at the time all but intact, and I was not at liberty to dig into it. Mr. Begler carted away the whole of it, and therefore had full opportunity to study the charred root *in situ*, and when he publishes his report

we shall be in a position to know whether the said root is a part of the tree which was burnt down by the Hindus or only the charred débris of kitchen fuel.

I am not surprised that the idea should have struck you about the antecedent Nirvana of an unborn child. Starting as you must from the European dogma of a first creation, the corollary follows as a matter of course, and Schopenhauer tried to get over it by putting down marriage. The Sankhyas, the Yogis, and the Buddhists of my country felt the difficulty quite as much, but they did not yield to it. The ideas of blotting out creation by abstaining from marriage seemed to them to be too childish to be recognized as a principle of philosophy, and they rose far above it. They hold that where everything is governed by laws, immutable and eternal, it is absurd to think of first creation under a personal agency, however supernatural and transcendental we may choose to assume it. What is happening every day now must have happened in the past without a limit, and the world therefore exists from eternity; and inasmuch as every action, every dream, every idea, every conception, leaves a mark or impression or residuum on the field of the mind, the mind of the unborn child is not and cannot be in Nirvana — it is always under the influence of the impressions or residua of its former births or terms of existences, and the will to live and multiply is inherent in it. This theory of course involves a *regressus ad infinitum*, but our people do not admit that to be a logical defect. It requires, moreover, the theory of metempsychosis, and that forms the corner-stone of all Hindu systems, except that of the Chorvakas. The theory of residua may at first sight appear very like that of predestination, but in reality it is not so. The one implies an irresistible and never failing law of sequences, every act must be followed by its corresponding fruit, — an inevitable scald after dipping the fingers in boiling water, — whereas the other assumes an extraneous superior governing power which settles beforehand in an arbitrary and capricious manner what will happen hereafter, — the fates writing down that a particular person is to have his finger scalded at such a time, however cautious

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he may be, or whatever precautions he may take to avoid such a contingency.

It was not to the merely unborn child that I had referred, but to the creation of an embryonic germ of being where none exists. Schopenhauer is the only pessimistic writer who ever faced that question. With him the youth and maid falling in love are the traitors, but for whom the great mistake of the universe — consciousness — would be remedied, and the misery of life end.

For the rest, Dr. Mitra's letter shows that the seating of Buddha side by side with Juggenauth in the popular festivals of India corresponds with a union of Brahman and Buddhist philosophies in learned minds. It is a consolation to those who, amid theories ever shifting, fix their eyes on human happiness as the fruit by which the religious Trees are to be judged, that in the religions seemingly most incongruous the peoples find similar satisfaction.

A philosophic Hindu in whose mind Brahmanism, Buddhism, and Jainism blended described to me in a parable the condition of the individual soul: a frog swallows a gem; by geologic changes the frog is imbedded in mud, the mud hardens to rock, the rock overwhelmed by an avalanche is at the bottom of the interior of a mountain. The pessimistic philosophy said that to reach that gem many kalpas are needed. A kalpa means the time that would be required for a man striking a mountain with a silk handkerchief once an hour to wear that mountain away. All the religions of the great teachers rest on schemes for perforating the mountain and reaching the frog with the gem inside it.

My Hindu philosopher's parable has recurred to me at times as illustrating the impossibility of ever rescuing mankind from irrational systems. That which never

entered into them by reason cannot be got out of them by reason. It would require a kalpa to get even the learned free from every moral and social heritage from the dogmas they discredit; and for one I would be glad to see these practical *sequelæ* exchanged for ceremonial and metaphysical superstitions which have become comparatively harmless abstractions. Evolutionary forces steadily make dogmas academic, but it is at the cost of developing out of what George Sand called "les vertus austères de la médiocrité" a moral inquisition more fatal to human happiness and ethical progress than the old anti-heretical inquisition.

My first morning at Benares was passed on a barge witnessing the immersions in the Ganges,—a much multiplied reproduction of the baptism of our coloured folk in the Rappahannock, which I used to witness in boyhood.

Every time a priest immersed a person he threw a little water with his hand towards the sun, and the baptized one took a sip of the water. My guide was a Moslem and said, "Drinking cholera." He also inveighed against the cremation of dead bodies going on at one point, and was amazed to find that I approved of it.

The pleasantest scene was the "Widow's Ghat." These pretty young dames, not far from the spot where they would once have been burnt with their husbands, were reclining on their Ghat (marble stair to the river) and disporting themselves merrily in the water, and, being apart from the crowd, had no need of garments. That they were visible from our barges concerned them not. They poised on their marble like light bronze statues, and their loud laughter was musical across the water.

The Ganges is the Hindu Jordan, and Benares beside it is the Hindu Jerusalem. It is the City of Temples;

its only trade is in gods. Its chief god is Siva, the Destroyer — properly so, for the Ganges is there a sewer, and as each pilgrim must drink some of the liquid cholera, disease is diffused far and wide. They have a famous well — the Well of Knowledge — of whose waters hundreds were drinking, though to my unbelieving nostril the stench of it was insupportable. I journeyed through the temples all day, along with my Moslem interpreter, who was scandalized by my purchases of little gods and goddesses, which he carried with reluctance. I am not sure whether his trouble was due to fears for his soul in handling such "idols," or jealousy that his idolatrous neighbours should have the triumph of western patronage of their religion. He did not fail to inform me that there was only one God.

I was much interested in the Monkey Temple. Before I was holy enough to enter it a priest came out and threw a wreath of yellow flowers around my neck. Then a boy brought a salver of sweet things with which I was to feed the monkeys. The multitudinous monkeys came from roof, cornice, holes, corners, altars, — several hundreds. Some did not come at all, but eyed me curiously or with an air of superiority. I read clearly in the eyes of one venerable chimpanzee his explanation that they considered themselves in their place and me out of mine. Those that came ate the sugar-plums lazily. They were of many varieties and colours. One large patriarchal personage took a cake, but did not eat it; he gazed at me steadily a long time, and I returned the gaze. I perceived that he was a Solomon of his race. In some way he conveyed to me a query why I should consider myself and other men the higher development of monkeys, rather than monkeys should be regarded as evolved men. He must have read my

thoughts, for at that moment I was thinking that the religious observances I had been witnessing were those representing the ancient religion of chimpanzees, and that men had kept it up, but taken away from the original founders all their temples except this one. But this simial Solomon gave me a new idea; namely, that these monkeys were once men, and found themselves so oppressed by the priestly powers and degraded by the superstitions that they had concluded to evolve into monkey forms. They could thus enjoy the services and sweetmeats of the priesthood without participating in their ceremonies.

In my pretty little hotel at Benares I began a series of papers, afterwards published in "The Open Court" under the title, "Chats with a Chimpanzee." Every morning began with a visit to this delightful Temple of the Monkeys.

I made a delightful excursion from Benares to the "Deer Park," which Rhys Davids speaks of as the deer-forest where Buddha passed much of his time. But I had also heard a conjecture that it was there that the courtesan Ambapâli (or Amrapâli) resided, — the most romantic figure in the Buddha legend, and under the name of Magdalene the most romantic figure in Christian legends. Ambapâli is spoken of in the most ancient account as "the courtesan of Vaiśālī." But where was Vaiśālī? In Eugène's Burnouf's "Introduction à l'histoire du Buddhisme indien," vol. i, p. 76 (edition of 1876), there is a footnote (2) showing that Cosma had located Vaiśālī near Allahabad, and Hamilton near Patna, —Burnouf himself inclining to the latter opinion. The site being thus undetermined, why may not one suppose that if Buddha loved this Deer Park, and made it the headquarters of his fraternity, it was because the castle

and park were presented to him for that purpose by the famous courtesan? But was there any city or realm of Vaiśālī (or Vesali, as Rhys Davids writes it, or Belasi, as Hamilton writes it)? In the old Tibetan (Sanscrit) tale, "Prince Jivaka," it is said: "Only in Vaiśālī did the people rule. . . . There were three districts in Vaiśālī. In the first district were 7000 houses with golden towers, in the middle district were 14,000 with silver towers, and in the last district were 21,000 houses with copper towers. In these lived the upper, the middle, and the lower classes according to their position. The people of Vaiśālī had made it a law that a daughter born in the first district could marry only in the first district, not in the second or third; that one born in the middle district could marry only in the first and second; but that one born in the last district could marry in any one of the three; moreover, that no marriage was to be contracted outside Vaiśālī, and that a woman recognized as a pearl among women should not be married to any one, but should appertain to the people for common enjoyment."

In search after such a city is one trying to locate Bunyan's Vanity Fair or the Vale of Humility? Is Vaiśālī built out of *visal*, which means "meeting of lovers," "sexual intercourse"? or related to *bazar* (*bazan ki methai*, — "bazar sweetmeats" being a proverbial phrase for the demi-monde)? I can get so much out of Fallon's Hindustani-English Dictionary, but have not the knowledge to pursue the point, which may be dealt with in works I have not read. The fairly historical thing is that a famous courtesan presented Buddha and his disciples with her mansion and park, and as it is not likely that they could have come in possession of this Deer Park except by a donation, I moved about it reverently; having long

ago formed the habit of saying *cherchez la femme*, not when a disaster is to be accounted for, but when the source of a great inspiration and character is sought.

The narrative is (condensed) as follows: —

Hearing of Buddha as the wisest of men, Ambapâli started in her chariot with a grand escort to visit him. Arriving after a long journey at the place, she sat near Buddha and listened. When his discourse had ended, she approached and desired that he would, when he came to her region, take his meal in her house. To this Buddha consented, and Ambapâli journeyed to her home. Meanwhile the princes of her neighbourhood arrived and presented their invitations, but Buddha told them that so long as he was in their region his sojourn would be in the house of the courtesan Ambapâli. The princes said to each other, "The Mango Girl has got ahead of us!" According to existing etiquette one who held an engagement to give a feast to any personage might transfer it to another host. The princes therefore overtook the chariot of Ambapâli and offered her a large sum to give up to them the right of entertaining Buddha. She told them that she would not surrender her privilege; and when they went on to pile up the amount of gold they would give for it, she answered that not if they should offer her their united kingdoms would she yield.

On the appointed day Buddha came with his immediate disciples into the palace of the beautiful courtesan. Ambapâli personally waited on them, the feast being, however, simple, — rice and fruit. Afterwards Buddha delivered a discourse in which there is no allusion to Ambapâli's mode of life.[1]

[1] "Great is the fruit, great the advantage of earnest contemplation when set round with upright conduct. Great is the fruit, great the advantage of

Ambapâli at once conveyed to Buddha and his disciples a complete title to her mansion and park. Calling her chariot and attendants, she drove away, and passed out of history.

Nothing is said of Ambapâli's "conversion," and there is no intimation that she abandoned her "vocation." In a country of infant marriages, always matters of negotiation, it is probable that a great ethical teacher might regard a courtesan as not morally inferior to those ceremonially married. At Gaya I observed near the temple a unique "Bodisata," — a finely carved stupa representation of a young woman, seated in the posture of a Buddha. There are a good many women mentioned in early annals as having become fervent disciples of Buddha, but the donor of the mansion and park remains in early oriental folk-tales always the splendid courtesan.

Dr. Rhys Davids told me that no early Buddhist writer seems to have considered any defence necessary, whether of Ambapâli or of Buddha's silence concerning her life. But in the Tibetan tale, "Prince Jivaka," it is stated that she was made a courtesan by a law of Vaiśālī, though she imposed, as was her right, rigorous and costly conditions. She was not a common mortal, but a kind of dryad; she came out of a mango-tree and was therefore called Ambapâli.

In a famous play of the ancient Hindu theatre, "The Toy-Cart," the heroine (Vasantasena) is a courtesan. She lives in a palace of great splendour, is noted for her charities, and by her boundless wealth raises a Brahman

intellect when set round with earnest contemplation. The mind set round with intelligence is freed from the great evils, — that is to say, from sensuality, individuality [egoism ?], from delusion and from ignorance." — *Discourse in Ambapâli's grove*, Buddhist Sutras, tr. by J. W. Rhys Davids, p. 34.

and his family (wife and child) out of extreme poverty. She becomes enamoured of this Brahman (Charudatta). Seeing his little child with an earthen toy-cart, she substitutes a cart of gold; she sends a string of diamonds to the Brahman's wife, with the message, "I am Charudatta's handmaid and your slave." It is returned, with the words, "You are favoured by the son of my lord; it is not proper for me to accept this necklace. Know that the only ornament I value is my husband." Eventually the wife meeting the courtesan, says, "Welcome, happy sister!" This is the formula for recognizing a "new wife;" they embrace, and a veil is thrown over Vasantasena to mark that "she is no longer a public character." But she does not appear to have been quite that, and is first seen escaping from a brutal prince.

Mrs. Manning, in her account of the play, thinks the dramatic effect would be better if it ended with this recognition of Vasantasena by the wife and child. Probably the original drama did so end, and the rise of Buddhism suggested the complications which extend the play to ten acts. The courtesan is strangled by a prince she had rebuffed, and, left for dead, is found by a "Sramana," or Buddhist devotee. This man had been a gambler, and having lost everything at dice was about to be sold as a slave, when Vasantasena, with her usual generosity, redeems his debt; whereon he renounces gambling and becomes a Buddhist devotee. He arrives just as the courtesan is recovering, and exclaims, "It is the lady Vasantasena, the devoted worshipper of Buddha," and takes her to a "convent, where dwells a holy sister."

The authorship of this play is unknown. It opens with the manager's announcement that its author was a King Sudraka, "who lived a hundred years, and then burnt

himself, leaving his kingdom to his son." Its present form was arranged about the beginning of our era, but it is really much earlier. Siva and Buddha are equally revered in it, and it is shown that both Brahman and Buddhist regarded a "courtesan" in much the same way as a "concubine" of Hebrew antiquity. Vasantasena may be a "courtesan" and at the same time "the devoted worshipper of Buddha."

My belief is that in the narrative of Jesus and the woman arrested for adultery, the words "sin no more" have been added; for though he said, "Neither do I condemn thee," the words seem to be recalled when he does condemn her for sin. At any rate, there is not the slightest reproach by Jesus of the woman of Samaria, and Edmond Rostand in "La Samaritaine" has had to invest her with the legend of the Magdalene. The moral system in both India and Judea was built upon the priestly system; it was unreal and unjust so far as the moral sentiment of simple humanity was concerned; and a very great thinker might naturally disregard such sacramental arrangements just as George Fox and the Quakers did, who preferred having their marriages called illegitimate rather than be married by priests.

In France the Buddhist legend was cleverly taken by Armand Silvestre to disguise a romance between Jesus and the Magdalene. In the tragedy of "Izeyl" Sarah Bernhardt appeared to me to exceed all of her other impersonations, except her "La Samaritaine." The heroine, with a Magdalene make-up, seeks to fascinate Siddartha (a Christ-like make-up); she is converted, becomes a penitent devotee, and bestows her wealth on the poor. But Siddartha (Buddha) conceives a passionate love for her, — as she has for him, — and it is Izeyl who with a

breaking heart and at cost of her life keeps him true to his great "cause," which he is willing to desert for her sake.

The most noted event in the career of Ambapâli as a courtesan was that she was for a time the mistress of Bimbisara, the renowned king of Magadha. The Talmud says that Miriam of Magdala derived this title from an ancient city which was destroyed because of its licentiousness. The king of Magadha is described in the Kah-Gyur as "always longing after strange women," and among his intrigues one resembles that of David with Bathsheba (though the husband is not slain), the result being the birth of the great Scientific (Solomonic?) Javaka, who healed Buddha. The king of Magadha's son by Ambapâli was Prince Abhaye (the Fearless). Is this "Magadha" the origin of the title which found its way to the lady in Jerusalem? It is always to be borne in mind that there is nothing in the New Testament suggesting that she had ever been immoral and there was no legend of that kind during the first two centuries of our era.

Although there is no indication that Ambapâli became a Buddhist devotee, the king of Magadha, Bimbisara, with whom she was associated, was converted, and he established great Buddhist festivals in his kingdom, of which Gaya was a part. At these festivals — as shown in the Kah-Gyur — Buddhist "Mysteries" were performed, and it can hardly be doubted that the famous mistress of the king ("Amrapâli," in Magadha), who made the magnificent donation to Buddha, was a figure in those dramas. When these dramas, acted everywhere, were succeeded by Christian "Mysteries," the rôle of the wealthy courtesan who endowed Buddha might easily pass to the wealthy lady of Jerusalem who "administered to him [Jesus, in some versions 'to them'] of her property."

In the ancient "Mystery" of "Mary Magdalene" she has inherited the "Castle of Maudleyn." Her beauty and splendour are such that Satan covets them for his own realm and summons a council to devise her seduction. This corresponds to the assembly of Vaiśālī which demanded the presence of Amrapâli. "When the perfection of her youth and beauty were seen," they cried, "This is a pearl of a woman, and therefore she belongs to the enjoyments of the people." In the Christian "Mystery" Satan employs the seven Capital Sins to besiege Mary Magdalene, and this way our English translators were tempted to the falsehood of importing the word "devils" into Luke viii, 2.

There is another interesting story connected with Benares which Mr. R. C. Childers gave me, saying that it was traceable to the sixth century before our era.

There was once a king of Benares named Brahmadatta, whose righteous administration of justice put an end to litigation in his kingdom, and left him time to turn his attention to his own faults, with a view to their correction. He accordingly questioned first his own retinue, then the public officials, then the citizens of Benares, then the suburban inhabitants, and lastly, mounting his chariot, he drove through the length and breadth of the land, begging all whom he met to tell him his faults. But all with one accord told him only of his virtues, and he was returning baffled from his expedition, when in a narrow defile his chariot met that of Mallika, King of Kosala, who was bound on a precisely similar mission. It at once became evident that one of the chariots must make way for the other, and the charioteers of the rival monarchs commenced a dispute for the precedence, which seemed hopeless when it was ascertained that neither could claim any advantage over the other in age, wealth, fame, or military power. At length, however, it was decided that the more virtuous should have the precedence; and the

charioteer of King Mallika, challenged to describe the virtues of his royal master, replies as follows: "King Mallika overthrows the strong by strength, the mild by mildness; good he overcomes with good, and evil with evil." The other charioteer said, "If these are his virtues, what are his faults?" Then he said of his own master, "With meekness he conquers anger, he overcomes evil with good, he disarms avarice with liberality, and the liar with truth." Hearing this, Mallika and his charioteer alight, and their chariot is drawn aside.

CHAPTER XIII

Delhi palaces — Pillar of Asôka — The Minar Pillar — Purana Keela — The Taj at Agra — Akbar — The Parliament of Religions — Oriental ethics — The Jehanara mosque.

AT last I am in Delhi,— cemetery of splendours. Amid its silent palaces the fables of Saadi are written in stone, and their morals pointed in minarets. The legendary Hall of Afrasiab, where the spider weaves his web, the pleasure-dome of Mahmoud, of which not one stone was left upon another, rise as thin air over fields strewn with fine fragments. On the marble vacancy where the Peacock throne once stood — solid gold, inlaid with gems — is invisibly set the inscription of Ferideen's portico, "The world, O my brother, continues not to any one; place your affections on the Creator of the universe, and that will suffice. Make no reliance, neither rest upon the kingdom of this world, seeing how many like thyself it hath nourished and killed. When the soul is about to depart, what is difference between expiring on a throne or on the bare ground?"

My guide supposed that my object in coming to Delhi was to see the locality of the siege of 1857 and its memorial monument, "110 feet high, built at a cost of 20,000 rupees." It was with difficulty that I made him understand my slight interest in that little affair, and my deep feeling about the neighbouring Pillar of Asôka, which still publishes its edicts of peace and good will to men. This guide (Hindu) told me with some feeling that the British guns had broken this Pillar of Asôka into five fragments.

The pieces have been put together again as neatly as possible, and the pillar stands beside the modern monument in a lowly way. Time has, however, better spared the "Golden Pillar." Five centuries ago legend declared it the staff of Krishna, which could not be removed from Kumaon till the Last Day. Ferozshah, to end this superstition, removed it to the precincts of his palace,— a palace now visible only as the pedestal of Asôka's Pillar, which still shines golden in the sunlight, fulfilling its final words, "Let this religious edict be engraved on stone pillars and stone tablets, that it may endure forever."

In a mosque its keeper showed me the footprint of Mahomed Shah neatly carved in marble. The passion for holy footprints has gone round the world; I have seen scores — footprints of Vishnu, Siva, Buddha, Christ, St. Thomas, John Wesley; and the general impression I have derived from them all is that devotees of the great are apt to take their saints *au pied*, — at their lowest.

One morning I stumbled on a curious old place, where stood "the bleeding tree," beside which a Hindu was keeping watch. In this dead trunk's hollow was a picture of a prince with silver head, — the Prince Dara beheaded by his brother Aurungzeb, — and beside it a perpetual lamp. The tree is a "Neem," a sacred tree among the Hindus. The Mohammedans repudiate ancient trees or relics, but the Hindu atmosphere is too strong for them.

There are also moral relics of Moslem supremacy. At the downfall of their reign the harems of these palaces were suddenly emptied. The helpless beauties of famous courts were thrown upon the streets to make a communal harem. They whose predecessors were the favourites of shahs and viziers flaunted their seductive beauty along the balconies, and I saw in the streets a parade, with music,

of young women said to be of this class. Occasionally they may be seen dancing near the gate of the great mosque, especially on Fridays, when thousands of Moslems repair thither for prayer.

I saw a decorated little boy mounted on an ornamental pony, attended by priests and a band of music, on his way to the marriage altar, followed by a closed palanquin, whose smallness disclosed how young must be the bride of that little lord.

I had a hot-air bath in Delhi; the room was low-vaulted, with mosaic floor, and like those portrayed in ancient Persian pictures. But I could not get the fuller's earth which inspired Saadi's fable. In a bath at Damascus they gave him fuller's earth (long wrapt in rose-leaves), and he asked it whether it was of heaven or earth, so sweet was its odour. It replied, "I am but humble clay, but sometime I kept company with the rose." Perfumes are still dear to the Moslem, Mohammed's love of them having given freedom to this kind of luxury.

Old Delhi is eleven miles distant from the main city. In the famous pillar Minar (238 feet and 1 inch) are inscriptions from the Koran and the ninety names of Allah, also the laudations of Mazoodeen Abdul, Muzafur Mahomed Bin Sam. On the neighbouring iron pillar, one Rajah Dhava is compared to the sun and moon. Tradition has, however, been uncomplimentary enough to associate with the iron pillar the fame of Rajah Pithora, the last of the Hindu sovereigns. The legend is that Rajah Pithora, having consulted the Brahmans as to the continuance of his empire, was informed that if he sank an iron shaft into the ground he might pierce the head of the snake-god Lishay, who supports the world, and then his kingdom would last forever. Some time after sinking

the shaft the Rajah was desirous of discovering whether the snake had been touched, and, contrary to the warning of the Brahmans, had the pillar taken up. The end of it was covered with blood, and the Rajah was informed that his dynasty would soon cease. Although the pillar was again set up, the charm had been broken; Shahaboodeen took Pithora's life and kingdom, and thenceforth no Hindu king has reigned in Delhi.

From the top of the Minar is seen an interminable cemetery of sultans, shahs, and sublime courtiers. A picture of splendid desolation! On one tomb sat a kite, and on another two owls, whose ancestors some centuries ago enabled a certain poet to bring a shah to a sense of his wickedness. As they drove past a ruin the shah and his court poet passed two owls seated on the ruin, and the shah remarked that they seemed to be conversing. The poet said, "Yes, and I can understand what they say." "What do they say?" asked the shah. "They are uttering the praises of your Majesty, and saying that so long as your reign continues, they will never want for ruined villages in which to house themselves." The shah took these words to heart and mended his ways, as they always do in fables.

Near old Delhi I visited the tomb of the poet Khrusroo, at the side of which stands the grander mausoleum of his patron Nizam-ooden, — supposed founder of the order of devout murderers called Thugs. The inhabitants of one village, generally avoided by tourists, struck me as an uncanny set, and I was not sorry to leave their neighbourhood. In this vicinity I had the good fortune to find in the magistracy a young gentleman I had met in Cambridge University (Mr. Rennie). His office was in the rehabilitated tomb of some old shah. He drove about

with me during the morning, and I learned from him that petty crime among the natives is encouraged by the superiority of the prisons to their dwellings.

The hollow tanks of the neighbourhood are now sunken and stagnant pools; where pilgrims once washed their sins away boys now earn pice by making frightful leaps from the lofty walls. Having seen one of these leaps, I refused the request of others to witness their performances, saying to my guide, "I do not wish to see anything that endangers life." He replied, "But, sir, this *is* their life."

In driving on I saw a picturesque old Hindu with a small pitcher of yellow clay in his hand near an old well. Being thirsty after a long drive, I made my driver stop there and ask for a draught of water. The old Hindu made me obeisance, and from the bucket he had just drawn up filled the little pitcher and offered it to me. When I had quenched my thirst and handed back the pitcher, he tossed it on the ground a little way and again made obeisance. My guide told me that it was out of respect, and I have many a time seen in Europe a wine-glass broken after the toast to some great man or his memory. But something in the old man's proceeding made me doubt this interpretation. I bade my guide tell him that I was sorry the pretty little vessel was broken, and that I would gladly have purchased it to take home with me. The old Hindu, who did not speak English, said to my guide that it was not possible on account of their religion that he or any of his family should drink out of a vessel that had been used by a stranger. By "religion" he really meant his caste. He was very kindly and polite, and requesting me to wait a moment, went to his house near by and brought me three little pieces of

different shaped vessels of baked clay, which he begged me to accept. I asked my driver how much they were worth and was told that they were very cheap. I offered the old man a rupee for each, but he absolutely refused to receive payment. He said to my guide that it was a happiness to him to present anything that he could to a passing traveller.

Aladdin's tower! I found myself childish enough to enjoy most the association of Aladdin with the finest piece of architecture here. The association of Altomish, who from a slave became emperor, with the hero of the Wonderful Lamp was arbitrary of course; but, as Talleyrand said, facts are manageable. "The unfinished window of Aladdin" is fairly represented; one of the entrances of the superb structure had lost its ornamental edge.

A genuine poetic charm invested the ancient fortified village Purana Keela. In my youth Emerson loaned me the Bhagavat Gita (Wilkins's translation), and my interest in oriental thought began with the dialogue between Arjuna and Krishna. Later I found the whole story of the Mahabharata finely told by my friend Mrs. Manning in her "Ancient and Mediæval India." Even forty years ago one had to search out what is now accessible to all. It was thrilling to find myself at the pillared gateway of the fortified city, traditionally supposed to be the capital of the Pandavas during their long struggle with the Kuravas. Here dwelt Draupadi and her five husbands — the Pandu princes. From these gates went forth Arjuna himself, driven by the charioteer who presently revealed himself as the god Krishna. It was on yonder field that the hero wept and declared that he could not fight against his kindred, when the charioteer, throwing off his disguise, uttered to him those wonderful discourses which

CASTLE OF THE PANDAVAS

have become Holy Scriptures to the mystical oriental minds turning from Hinduism. It was around these still mighty walls that the gods descended to take part in the struggle; and when the kingdom of the Pandavas was established, here was the scene of the Golden Age: "every subject of the Rajah Yudhishthira was pious; there were no liars, no thieves, no swindlers; there were no droughts, no floods, no locusts, no conflagrations, no foreign invaders, and no parrots to eat up the grain."

It was from this place that, when his kingdom was lost by dice, Yudhishthira with his wife Draupadi and family went to wander in the jungle for twelve years. One by one the king's companions perished by the way, and Draupadi herself. He was alone at last, with only his faithful dog to keep him company. He comes to the gate of Indra. The King of Gods meets him and tells him that in heaven he shall find again his brothers and his wife. With joy Yudhishthira is about to enter, when Indra drives away his dog. Yudhishthira cannot part from this faithful companion, who never deserted him, and brought game from the forest, though starving itself. Indra declares, "My heaven hath no place for dogs," but Yudhishthira refuses to enter heaven unless his dog may enter also. His fidelity to the faithful animal thus having been proved, the dog himself throws off his disguise and appears as Yama, King of Death. All the pains and trials of the long wandering are proved to be illusions, and the trials of the Pandavas end in joy, like those that close the kindred drama of Job.

Inside the vast fortress associated with the poetic legends (I have mentioned but one) is a village of the poorest people I saw anywhere in the East. Their houses are like ant-hills, with little curving paths running between them,

and my guide says, "Nobody knows how they manage to live." What a contrast with the legendary splendours connected with that castle and fortress! It may have been partly my imagination that gave the men and women their aristocratic air. Several women appeared whose features were not unworthy of Draupadi herself. A very handsome little boy of ten summers — no winters seemed to have touched him — volunteered to do the honours of the little city of huts. In front of each there was a group of busy women; I did not encounter a beggar there. The only edifice of importance within the fortress was an ancient mosque. Workmen were engaged in repairing it — "by order of the government," I was told. I could not help thinking that the old mosque might well enough wait until the living temples around it were better housed. Such, no doubt, would have been the decree of the Buddhist Asôka, whose pillar, with its humane edicts, shines against the blue sky as I leave the gates of this castle, so haunted with poetry and poverty.

Let that day be marked round with a many-coloured pencil of light when I first saw the Taj! For that beautiful dream in marble stands in my memory tinted with the rose of dawn beneath which I first beheld it, and flushed with the soft evening sky when I parted from it; and between the dawn and the moonrise, as I returned to it again and again, I beheld not one Taj but many. As the statue of Memnon was said to emit music when the sun touched it, one may say without fable that the changing sky of the day brings forth varied architectural harmonies from the Taj. Now it is of the faintest snow-blue tint, now purest white, and again pink-faint in its response to dawn or sunset.

When wandering about the great mosque-like tombs

elsewhere and seeing the life of the people beside them, it seemed painful that the dead should sleep in palaces while so many of the living burrowed in mud huts. This feeling did not mar the happiness with which I beheld the Taj, for I felt that Love built it in its beauty — that it had here created a mystical rose in whose light and joy all the living find a fairer life. It is literally, too, as well as spiritually, the treasury of the people of Agra. A young American lady I saw there seemed to require more shades for these lines of light. "Is it certain," she said, "entirely certain, that Shah Jehan built it for love of his wife? Was he not thinking of himself at all? Ah, I 'm sure he married somebody else before his queen's monument was finished." I do not know that she remembered the fact that the queen begged Shah Jehan not to marry again and "get children to contend with hers for his favour and dominions," but it was some reassurance to remember now that it is all one to those concerned, and that popular sentiment has smothered in oblivion any subsequent wife or children, if the shah had such.

It would require a volume to explore the flora of the Taj alone; in its ornamentation the rarest flowers and leaves are traceable, and the way in which they twine and frame the sentences of the Koran reminds one of the pleasant fact that the materials of ancient literature were the leaves, bark, or tablets of trees, still preserved in the words paper, library, book.

Beside the Taj flows the Jumna, on whose banks Krishna dwelt among the milkmaids, charmed the lowly with his lute, and danced with the rustic beauties in those marvellous dances where each believed that he was her partner. It is a peaceful, languid river, with alternating meadows and sandy beaches, where in the warm morning the

mild-eyed lotus-eaters were visible seated on the yellow sand or bathing in the sacred stream. The whole landscape was a picture of pastoral beauty. There are beautiful riverside gardens, well kept, one being the Asam Bogh, where Babar, founder of the Mogul dynasty, had his fountain of wine and his revels.

But all emperors are dwarfed in presence of the shade of Akbar. His tomb is five miles from Agra, and the road is very pleasant, past interesting old places of which pleasant stories are told and some unpleasant ones forgotten. An old church recalls the catholicity of Akbar and the wit of his son who proposed that the Jesuit Father with his Gospel under his arm, and the Mollah with the Koran under his, should try the virtue of their respective beliefs by casting themselves together into a fiery pit, promising to embrace the religion of the one that came out safe. This appears, however, to have been somewhat of a decline from the large way of Akbar. His mausoleum is second only to the Taj in beauty. But I could not help feeling that the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park, with all its faults, represents an advance in the idea of a great man's memorial. How far more precious to us now than this great silent palace rising over the small marble tomb would be a pedestal carved with the forms and faces of the men of all religions who gathered around Akbar in his wonderful assemblies! How valuable would be a statue there of Akbar himself, and statues of his scholarly friends, — Abulfazl, Bir Bar, and Faizi the poet, who described himself as "a freethinker who belongs to a thousand sects!"

Akbar's palace in Agra is beautiful, and has the charm of holding the marble slab on which his throne rested. It might be called Akbar's Vedi, or pulpit — "the *pulpit*

of light" of which his friend Faizi wrote. Here he sat to judge his people. There is a red stain on it, said to be of blood, as if the marble still remembered the heart's blood of a true man. Before this marble dais came the learned men from all parts of the world, and from the religious camps into which creeds had divided it. Each brought his Sacred Books, — studied by Akbar seven generations before known to the scholars of Europe, — and each had his gospel and his argument heard and heeded. None was permitted to affront another; the throne of one emperor at least should be the throne of impartial justice and calm reason! Three hundred years before Akbar the same large hospitality to all religious ideas and systems was known in China before an emperor whose hard Moslem faith had been softened by Buddhism — even in that stately "pleasure-dome" of Kubla Khan, which some suppose the dream of Coleridge.

But it reappeared in the Jumna, beside which rose this pleasure-dome and palace of truth, where Akbar brought India its day of grace, so soon sinned away! There are some indications in the ancient accusations brought against Solomon for idolatry that the wise king was the prototype of these oriental liberals. They are all fairly followed by the catholicity of the English régime, which maintains perfect equality of all religions, and protects every temple and every so-called "idol" from affront.

The chief obstacle to a full appreciation of the poetic ideals embodied in oriental mythology by English and American people lies in our ethical limitations. It requires close study of the early social conditions of India to see that the morality by which the legends and images of India are judged is the result of local conditions, and its standard provincial. All through this region the

legends of Krishna and his dances with the milkmaids, multiplying himself miraculously, are particularly strong. To the average Englishman they suggest immoral ideas, and it is rare to find a mind so elevated as Renan, who intended to compose a sacred ballet on Krishna. The scientific mind guards itself from confusing even such institutions as polygamy and polyandry with immorality. Immorality depends on the actual wrongs caused, not on the supposed spiritual injuries, by any conduct. In a conference of Protestant missionaries at Calcutta it was made clear that it would be unjust and cruel, therefore immoral, for their Hindu converts to send all their wives adrift except one. This conference, consisting of Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Independents, came unanimously to this conclusion: —

If a convert, before becoming a Christian, has married more wives than one, in accordance with the practice of the Jewish and primitive Christian churches, he shall be permitted to keep them all, but such a person is not eligible to any office in the church.

Although General Sleeman, in his delightful "Rambles," and others, have said much of the virtues of the Emperor Akbar's wife, there would appear to be some possibilities that the father of her first son after his marriage was the famous hermit to whom the childless pair came for miraculous assistance. The historians are careful to say that this hermit, Sheik Saleen, was ninety-six years old. The statement bears a suspicious resemblance to the extreme age ascribed to Abraham, and in mediæval art to the husband of Mary. This eldest son of Akbar and the Hindu princess who had become his wife, born 1569, was at any rate named Saleen after the hermit. He ascended the throne under the name of Jehangir,

and, if indeed he were the hermit's son, did more justice to his amatory propensities than to the good name of Akbar. In obtaining his wife, he went beyond the example of David in the Uriah affair, which it closely resembles in all except the repentance.

That the great-hearted Akbar's liberality and tolerance should have proved the very means of leading on the strife, cruelties, murders, which culminated in the enthronement of Aurungzeb, the murderous "Man of Prayers," is enough to make one a pessimist. While moving among the memorials of these events I came upon a fair symbol of that saintly assassin — a huge crocodile just caught in the Jumna. Its face and the hungry cruelty of its roaming eye were a study. It was dragon-like, and the crowd of half-naked, dusky people around this reptile, well secured with ropes, opened a sort of vista into the saurian age. The St. George who had conquered the monster was making money by it, as it is said the saint did.

And now I had a droll adventure in this crowd. I had managed, or thought I had, to convey to my guide my desire to see the poorest parts of Agra — dwellings of the poor. It puzzled him exceedingly. After profound meditation on what I had said, by the assistance of a chance Babu, he directed the driver to stop in the middle of the street. He then went forth right and left and brought back a swarm of ragged and mutilated beggars, and pointing to them, said, "There! there!" or something that sounded like those words. He evidently had concluded that my desire was to form a sort of collection of Agra paupers and deformities. In one minute my carriage was completely blocked by a crowd of these wretched people holding out their hands and their babies, with

cries of "Boxes" (Baksheesh). Fortunately, I was provided with pice enough to divert the attention of the crowd to another part of the street by throwing them there. In this way we escaped from the siege, and although I was followed by certain beggars whose mutilations made them swift, found refuge in the Jumna Mosque.

The Jumna Mosque, built in honour of the Princess Jehanara, — who with her brother Dara (murdered by his brother Aurungzeb) had maintained the great liberalism of their grandfather (Akbar), — has fitly become associated with schools in which various languages and literatures are taught. On the right of the great court there are large spaces something like open cloisters. Next to the pleasure of seeing the Taj, if not even greater, was that I experienced in seeing these children — Hindu, Moslem, and Christian — studying Persian, Arabic, Urdu, and these from their great literatures. I lingered near, and listened to their musical voices reading to their venerable teachers Suras of the Koran, sentences from Saadi's "Gulistan" and "Bustan," tales from Nizami, verses from Hafiz. Several of the teachers with whom I conversed were pleased with my interest in the Persian and Arabian poets, and showed me the books used. At my request some children were selected who sang quatrains of Omar Khayyám. I purchased some of these works, and in the neighbourhood bought queer picture-books of Hindu mythology put forth by some freethinking caricaturist. On the whole, this mosque of the lowly and liberal Jehanara, with its schools, — possibly following similar ones founded by herself, — where children are taught the real beauties of oriental literature, — seems to me of equal beauty in one sense with the Taj. Here was the last lamp

burning from the sacred tomb of Akbar! Its light reflected a beautiful light from the Taj, the tomb of her mother. To this again I repaired to linger motionless before it until the night train should tear me away. Through all the park doves were cooing, the flowers breathing their passionate perfume, while here and there man and maid wandered in the deep foliage; and I caught the theme of that old, old music which has built the walls of many cities before and since Thebes, but never built in stone a more beautiful monument than the Taj.

The American poet Park Benjamin wrote a charming "Song of the Stromkerl," based on the following quotation from Washington Irving: —

"The Swedes delight to tell of the Stromkerl, or boy of the stream, who haunts the glassy brooks and steals gently through green meadows, and sits on the silver waves at moonlight, playing his harp to the elves who dance on the flowery margin." It would be a fair subject for any investigator of folk-lore to search out how far has extended in Europe this romance of the youthful Krishna and his dance, while his career as a renowned and crafty warrior has no distinct representations in the west. The legend of Krishna's dance with the cow-maidens, each believing she had him for a partner, bears a notable resemblance to a scene in George Sand's marvellous novel, "Les Maîtres Sonneurs." The fascinating young genius of the mysterious Band suddenly appears at a village fête, with his exquisite cornet sets them all to dancing, manages to dance with all the prettiest, and vanishes in the forest at daybreak. George Sand's picture is too realistic for one to be certain of anything more than that if any such rustic performance suggested the Krishna

dance-legend it must have been in an India long extinct.

There is a popular Puranic legend which has not yet, I believe, received attention from the students of comparative mythology. In a discourse in London (which was printed) relating to the legend of St. Agnes I traced her steps through the Miracle Plays to Lady Godiva of Coventry, but I had not then connected her with the Hindu princess Draupadi. St. Agnes, it will be remembered, was a Christian convert who refused the suit of a Roman nobleman, saying that she was betrothed to a heavenly lover. The youth's father, Prefect of Rome, unable to bend her resolution, condemned her to public exposure and dishonour. But when she was divested of clothing, the Prefect's son, as he approached her, was struck blind, and when she was led forth her hair had miraculously grown so as to envelop her as a garment. Afterwards, however, she pitied him who had been struck blind, and her prayer restored his sight.

The beautiful Draupadi, wife of the five Pandavas princes, was taken captive by King Duryodhan, who was about to marry her. The loyal wife scornfully refused, and the fierce king ordered that she should be cut to pieces, and first, he said, 'Strip her so that all may see her!" His officer seized her by the hair and began to strip her. She prayed to Krishna, who appeared before her, When Dushasan stripped her he found another dress; he stripped her of that and found yet another; and thus he went on until he found a dress which adhered to the skin and could not be removed. These miracles converted her oppressors, and all went well.

In a conversation I once had with Anthony Froude concerning the resemblances between certain narratives

in the oriental books and those of the Bible, he said that a number of such coincidences used to be talked of among the students at Oxford when he was there, and that they were explained by a theory that there had been a divine preparation of the ancient pagan race, for the reception of the Christian revelation. Since that time, however, the study of Christian mythology has attained the proportions of a science.

The only satisfactory method of discriminating between a natural coincidence of one myth with another and those that could not have had independent origin is, as I think, the simple literary method. It does not follow because some of the things said in the Bible to have been imported by Solomon have Sanscrit names that Solomon visited India. The American turkey never came from Turkey, and our American Indians never came from India. But the "Judgment of Solomon," for instance, is traceable to an Indian source. In the oriental legend the wise judge is a maiden. For Visakha, son of the prime minister of Kosala, a bride is sought in various regions by a Brahman. Among the many maidens conversed with one gave evidence of extraordinary wisdom. She was brought to Kosala with great pomp, but before being asked for her hand she was entertained in the palace in order that her wisdom might be tested. Among the various tests she was asked to decide between two women claiming to be mother of the same child. She said: —

Speak to the two women thus: "As we do not know to which of you the boy belongs, let her who is the strongest take the boy." When each of them has taken hold of one of the boy's hands, and he begins to cry out on account of the pain, the real mother will let go, being full of compassion for him, and knowing that if her child remains alive she will be able to see it again; but the other,

who has no compassion for him, will not let go. Then beat her with a switch, and she will thereupon confess the truth of the whole matter.

Thus far one might say that this tale, from the Tibetan "Kah-Gyur," might have been suggested by the story of Solomon. But in the Biblical tale there is a missing link: why should the false mother, who had so desired the child, consent to have it cut in two? What motive could she have? In the Tibetan tale one of the women is the wife, the other the concubine, of a householder. The wife bore him no child, and was jealous of the concubine on account of her babe. The concubine, feeling certain that the wife would kill the child, gave it to her, with her lord's approval; but after his death possession of the house had to follow motherhood of the child. If, however, the child were dead, the false claimant would be mistress of the house. Here, then, is a motive wanting in the story of Solomon, and suggesting that the latter is not the original.

In the ancient "Mahosadha Jataka" the false claimant proves to be a Yakshini (a sort of vampire) who wishes to eat the child. To Buddha himself is here ascribed the judgment, which is much the same as that of the "wise Champa maiden," Visakha. Here also is a motive for assenting to the child's death which is lacking in the Biblical story.

It may be mentioned as an interesting parallel that the wise maiden in the Hindu tale bears the same name as the young man whose bride she becomes — Visakha, — and that the bride in Solomon's Song of Songs is named Shulamith, — feminine of Shelomoh, Solomon.

All the Hindus I met impressed me by their politeness

and tact. Perhaps their superiority to the average missionary in manners is that the Hindu is not a propagandist of his religion. He is not addicted to the rudeness of telling others, "Your religion is all false, mine is true, and you will be damned, as your ancestors are, if you don't agree with me." I have no doubt that these learned Brahmans, who know English and are students of the Bible, are convinced that Christianity has derived ideas from India, but in no instance have I known any one of them to suggest this unless the subject was introduced by myself. They not only avoid treading on Christian toes, but even on corns.

In recent times educated Christian writers have been inclined to follow Paul's example on Mars Hill, and quote the poets of alien religions, claiming indeed that "Providence" has prepared in all races furrows for the gospel seed, there being only one or two coincidences that excite their fear. Principal among these is the similarity between the birth-legends of Krishna and Christ. The question of precedence is too academic to be dealt with here, but an examination of the old Hindu pictures leads me to the conclusion that at no period could the name "Christ" or his birth-legends have been appropriated for an amorous deity like Krishna. In later times European and Hindu authors have tried to give mystical interpretation to the love romances of Krishna, just as the Bible translators headed the chapters of the "Song of Songs" with such absurdities, but it seems that this eighth incarnation of Vishnu (Krishna) represents a reaction of human nature against the extreme Sivaite asceticism. One may even conjecture that the Buddha legend was a sort of Sivaite protest against some flute-playing and Epicurean philosopher, and that their conflict passed through the ages from

the Jumna to the Jordan to be represented in a childish rune —

> We piped unto you and ye did not dance:
> We wailed, and ye did not beat the breast.

The well-known description of the young Prince Siddartha's last great fête in his palace; the "bevy of the most lovely and fascinating girls surrounding him, striving by dancing, music, and songs to attract his thoughts to pleasure;" his regarding "his royal palace, full of lovely women, as if it were but a cemetery full of horrid corpses;" his leaving this splendour, also his wife and child, to become a mendicant, — all these traditions picture the earthly and present paradise with which Krishna and his beautiful Radha have been for many centuries — and are to this day — associated.

Of Buddha and Christ alike it is said that they were rich but became poor. Alike they are of royal lineage. Krishna is predestined to a throne, which he finally attains. Born at Mathura, on the river Jumna, between Agra and Delhi, Krishna springs from the tribe of Yuda. A Krishnaite might quote literally Hebrews vii, 14: "It is clear beforehand that our Lord has sprung out of Judah" (Iouda). His father was *Vasudef*, his mother *Devaki* (i. e. Divine Lady). On the night of his birth his uncle, King Kansa, had been warned by a voice from heaven that the eighth son of Devaki would slay him, and consequently had every nephew killed when born. But *Vasudef* fled with the child across the river and placed him with the shepherd *Nanda* and his wife *Yosada*, — this lady becoming famous as Krishna's reputed mother. The tyrant Kansa then orders a general massacre of infants, but Krishna and his brother, Balarama (Rama the strong) are saved and the two are brought up by *Yosada* as her own.

The persecution by Kansa and his death by the hand of Krishna or Vasudef are mentioned in Pantajali's "Great Commentary" (second century B. C.). There is evidence, too, that there was then a dramatic representation of the story, — as there is to-day. But the Kansa legend has long been eclipsed in popular interest by the stories of the childhood and youth of Krishna in the shepherd's home.

Among the popular coloured prints representing the conventionalized story of Krishna, which I brought home with me, two are of especial interest and beauty. One represents the fair foster-mother Yosada holding some little fruit or sugar-plum in her hand for the beautiful dark blue babe which in moving on the floor, on hands and knees, turns his face to her and lifts his right hand. They are in a fine hall with pillars and arches; she is elegantly draped, in dark red cloak and hood, arms and feet jewelled, but no nose-ring: the child is naked but covered with jewels, — one heart-shaped pendant on his breast, another above his forehead, a circle above which rise three feathers forming a sort of cross. A vague halo surrounds the head. Still more striking is the other picture. Yosada comes out of a fine arched doorway to a veranda following blue Krishna, a boy of ten years, with her hands on his shoulders, where they are met by his brother Balarama, of the same size, who leans forward to kiss him. This brother is white, and bears a staff. Outside is a flock of sheep watched by the shepherd, who has a long white beard and a crook in his hand. There is the same disparity of age between Nanda and Yosada that is noticeable in pictures of Joseph and Mary. Yosada and both children are richly dressed and adorned with pearls, each having one on the upper lip. I find it impossible to

look at this picture without feeling that it is related to the Catholic picture of the Holy Family and St. John the Baptist, although there is here no halo.

There are many theories about the dark blue colour of Krishna. The name means "black." Possibly it was originally meant to show that he was sprung from the dark aborigines (non-Aryan) and the blue tint given later when he was declared an avatar of Vishnu, whose throat was blue.

"Krishna teaching Radha to play the flute" is a favourite subject of Hindu art. The merry youth possessed the magic flute, and no cowherdess could resist its charm. According to Eusebius the original Prodigal Son had in the far country devoured his substance with "flute-women."

The early Christians destroyed, utterly, more than a hundred gospels and epistles now known to have existed, among them three by St. Thomas, traditionally the apostle to India. We are left, then, to conjecture what scandals to ascetics like John the Baptist and his disciples, who fasted while Jesus fasted not, led to the reputation of his being "a glutton and a wine-drinker, a friend of bankers and sinners," also to the narratives of worldliness and fine entertainments in Egyptian palaces of Joseph, Mary, and the child, related in the Arabic Gospel.

It must be always borne in mind that with Buddhism arose the first missionary religion; their propagandists went through the nations, like the Franciscans of later times, and in cities where their language was popularly unknown they must depend on scenery and pantomime. There are evidences of Buddhist missions in Palestine and Arabia, and the scenes of gaiety and licentiousness associated with Krishna and his flute and dancing girls beside the Jumna

would naturally be the background of the Prince Buddha turning his back on all worldly revelries.

The beautiful statue of St. Giosafat in the ancient church bearing his name at Palermo is one of the most interesting in Europe. John of Damascus (born A. D. 676) came into contact there with the story of a prince who prepared two boxes, one of gold the other of some base substance, between which his nobles were summoned to make their choice; they all chose the gold box which was found full of dead bones, while the other was found to contain rarest gems. The prince then rebuked his nobles for judging by the senses. This prince, as is now known, was no other than Buddha, but on the representations of John of Damascus at Rome he was declared a saint and recognized as such by a succession of Popes from Sixtus V to the present day, — November 27 in the Calendar being solemnly set apart for his commemoration. This beautiful example of the continuity of religious history is fitly enshrined in the beautiful statue. The crown and the nimbus rise above a face, in which manliness and womanliness are combined, turned to the crucifix upheld in the right hand, the left being folded around a large volume.

I was interested to find all the young people in India and in Ceylon speaking of the Brahmans as the "Catholics." I asked several of them how they managed to get that term for the original religion of their country, and they could not tell me anything except that it was inherited from time immemorial. In looking at the favourite household pictures of Brahmanism, I feel certain that their so-called "goddesses" are simply a sisterhood of symbolical figures. There is a goddess of music (Benapani), who holds a long, uniformly narrow stringed instrument which rises up above her solar halo; she is seated on a throne of

unopened white lilies over a lake, her footstool being a red-leaved lotus. She is a sister, no doubt, of Radha, learning to play the flute from her beloved Krishna. And both are glorified in the supreme goddess Lakshmi, the goddess of Prosperity. The beautiful face of Lakshmi and her superb jewelled crown surmounted by the Phallic emblem is haloed by the sun; her right hand holds a large golden vase with turreted cover; the affluence of earth and sea surrounds her, — all varieties of shells and lotuses, and beyond her a field of golden wheat. But there are two symbols that set one dreaming of her kinswomen in other lands: prominent beside her is a large owl, which tells of the Wisdom that crowned Prosperity in Athens; and at Lakshmi's breast is clasped a sheaf of wheat which will reappear in the image of Ceres at Rome.

The owl is universally a bird of ill omen. From it came the fatally fascinating Lilith, whose name is foolishly suppressed under the name screech-owl in the old version of Isaiah xxxiv, 14: "Lilith shall abide there and find her a place of rest." Lilith, in Jewish tradition Adam's first wife, would more nearly resemble Radha. The owl of Lakshmi is always white, its uncanny reputation being thus perhaps softened into that of a white witch. Its great eyes, unwinking, able to see into and through the darkness, made it the symbol of Fortune and of Wisdom so long as Paradise was conceived as on earth; when Indra's Paradise was superseded by a Paradise in the sky the owl was superseded by the carrier pigeon, which on Egyptian monuments the priests are seen sending off to bear the secrets of earth to the gods.

At every moment in India I had to lament the narrowness of our English and American theologians and professors who, in their gratuitous jealousy for the originality

of everything in the Bible, implanted even in the most liberal of us their pupils a notion that there was at and before the beginning of our era a great gulf fixed between the "Holy Land" and India, so that nothing could have been possibly derived therefrom by Christianity. That error is now exploded, even in Protestant countries, — for the Greek and Roman churches must be credited with having for the most part ignored this error. In fact, nearly all of our European and American folk-lore is the débris of Asiatic usage and superstition, such as blessing people when they sneeze; the indication by a burning ear or cheek that somebody is talking about you; the symbolism of the stork; the dog howling at night as a presage of death; and the horseshoe as protection against sorcery.

The Covenant of Salt in the East, which in Europe simply represents an idle notion that to spill salt in offering it bodes a quarrel, possesses a meaning traceable to the time when men carried with them on their journeys all supplies except a few very cheap things. Every man was supposed to be "worth his salt," which thus became a symbol of universal brotherhood. If a man were a secret enemy he must manage to spill the salt which a suspicious stranger might demand. In India it is usual for every child to begin a birthday by taking a little salt.

It is a sufficient evidence that the book of Job is adapted from an Asiatic original that in the West one of its most significant sentences (i, 22) has been translated, "In all this Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly;" the real translation being, "In all this Job sinned not, nor offered his sacrifice without salt." Job fulfilled his part of the covenant without faltering.

CHAPTER XIV

Allahabad — Manwaysh festival — Ganges immersions — A Christian-Brahman debate — Relic of cobra-worship — River deities — Christian and Brahman doctrines of sacrifice.

I WAS sorry not to find Sir Alfred Lyall at Allahabad, but two gentlemen in the Club treated me politely and secured for me a good guide for the great annual festival called Manwaysh — that is, the Junction of the Waters. It is here that the Ganges and the Jumna meet; and to the eyes of faith there is a third river, the Saraswati, which unites with them. The three form the most sacred of the seven streams that fall from the right foot of Vishnu, according to the Vishnuites — from the brow of Siva according to the Sivaites. Inside the fort at Allahabad are the remains of a subterranean temple in which is a sacred fountain believed to be fed by the waters of Saraswati. I was reminded of Coleridge's "Alph" —

> Where Alph, the sacred river, ran,
> Through caverns measureless to man,
> Down to a sunless sea.

Here too a fountain "flung up momently the sacred river;" and around it was a strange collection — the Bleeding Tree, an upright log at whose base are two foot-prints of Vishnu; a *phallia linga* said to have been cut through at a blow by the Moslem Aurungzoo, whereon from one side flowed milk, from the other blood; foot-prints of Rama and of his wife Sita; and many remarkable images of Krishna, one or two of which appeared to me inclining to be Buddhas. Emerging from this subter-

ranean hiding-place of images sufficiently rude to seek concealment, my eyes were greeted by the sight of a superb Pillar of Asôka, with its moral laws in good preservation, finely pedestalled and surrounded by a parterre of flowers tended by English hands.

It is three miles from the fort to the junction of the rivers, but it was necessary to leave there my carriage, and move on foot through the dense crowd. It was estimated that two millions were present during the two days' festival. As these people were to my eye all alike, the men mostly naked, I had to pin a bit of red on the head-dress of my guide in order to follow him as he pressed on rapidly, shoving people aside. As we drew near to the promontory between the rivers the bazars multiplied, and many banners floated through the air, pictured with all manner of totems, nondescripts, and symbols. On one side was an acre of ground, where a large population, squatted on the ground, were having their heads shorn by barbers. The ground was carpeted with black hair, every hair sacrificed meaning an added year in Paradise. No woman, however, was sacrificing her glory in this way, nor did the women imitate the zeal of many male pilgrims, who covered themselves with mud before plunging into the waters. A priest standing in the water received each muddy pilgrim and besought the river deities to purge him of sin even as the waters washed the mud from his body.

The rivers are shallow at their junction, and a continuous procession was wading from bank to bank. The banks far and near were black with the swarm of people. There were lines of barges moving to and fro, and an island made of bamboo boats, from which Hindus were leaping every second. I was soon on a barge, observing the ecstasies of the multitude, aud their loud invocations

when immersed. The men wore only the regulation loin-cloth. The women on the bank passed in frank nudity from their clothes to transparent bathing wrappers. There was no sign of conscious or recognized indecorum, but on the other hand no solemnity, — all were merry.

A large portion of the plain had the appearance of a pleasure fair. It was a kind of combination of Nijni-Novgorod and many Methodist campmeetings. There were little extemporized villages (of shanties) intersected by small pathways, and tents with their shrines; there were innumerable fakirs covered with ashes, their foreheads frescoed with symbols, receiving worship and coppers. In one enclosure, to which my guide took me accidentally, some person in authority warned us off. My guide moved away rapidly, but gave me no explanation. It may not have been a religious performance at all.

There were many low, broad tables about the grounds, which did service as chairs also, supporting the fruits, grain, and sugar cakes sold as refreshment for both man and gods. There were little burnt offerings for ancestors always going on. Priests were performing some kind of ceremony over devotees who bent their heads to the ground; the priest covered the low bent head with his skirt, muttered prayer or formula with open eyes, received his coppers or cowries, and moved on to the next. At various points boys rang small bells, apparently to attract the people to some priest ready to do something for them. Large numbers of sacred cows were led about, decorated with mystical symbols and chains of coins or imitations of them, besides ribands about their horns. Those who led the little slate-coloured animals expected pice, which were given, however, chiefly to those whose cows exhibited some deformity. The number of these was large enough to be

zoölogically interesting. The monstrosities consisted of little legs or tails coming out of the animal's forehead, shoulder, or rump. These excrescences were handled freely, several of them by myself. Goethe says, "Nature reveals her secrets in monsters," but the Hindu notion is that the secret of some god or demon is contained in each monstrosity. It must be on this principle they placate their fierce persecutor General Nicholson, who fell in the siege of Delhi; and elsewhere an Englishman is worshipped who killed his wife and drank himself to death.

A certain reverence seemed to be paid to human infirmities, some of these being frightful enough. The sufferers displayed their "losses" as proudly as Dogberry. Amazing was a female *yogi*, quite naked, writhing on the ground and filling the air with her ravings. She was said to be "possessed," and received pice therefor. Not far from this was a tent in which a Nautch dancer was performing in pantomime some divine fable.

I observed at various points two small boys with painted faces and decorated pasteboard hats, each holding a bow and arrow. They were motionless, and I could not understand the meaning of this recurring wayside tableau, but suspect that it is the last diminutive outcome of Arjuna and Abhimonzu, — the boy warrior now pictured as the "boy hermit." At another point a man was telling a gaping circle something mysterious about a veiled woman who sat near him.

The most pathetic sight was that of a London missionary in his tent contending single-handed against a circle of acute Brahmans. There was a large crowd around the disputants. The heat alone was enough to handicap the Englishman; but, apart from that, his task was suf-

ficient to cause perspiration. I was careful to secure a translation of every word as it was uttered on either side. As I entered, the Brahman was saying, "You say we must have faith; well, we have faith." Missionary: "But you must have the right faith." "Our faith seems to us as right as your faith seems to you." "But you have faith in such things as the water of the Ganges." "But if it is as you say, — we are saved by faith, — why should we not be saved by faith in the holy Ganges?" "How can the Ganges wash away your sins?" "The water of the Ganges washed away my sins this morning." "How do you know that it has washed away your sins?" "How do you know that the blood of Christ has washed away *your* sins?" "I know it by the grace of God in my heart." "And I," said the Brahman, "know it by the grace of God in my heart." A freethinking Babu remarked to me, "That missionary, if he only knew it, is carrying coals to Newcastle." I could not help smiling that our proverb should have travelled so far.

On the second day of the festival I saw and heard a clever missionary, who realized that he had in his audience two parties, — one from the Punjab who differed on some pet dogma from more southern Hindus. The missionary was similarly hard pressed by his Brahman adversary, — a fine-looking and able man, — but he managed dexterously to shift the controversy round to the point of difference referred to. The Punjab men soon rose against the Brahmans, and the missionary had the satisfaction of sitting for a quarter of an hour complacently wiping his brow while the Hindus disputed with animation. Their voices were not very loud, but their feeling seemed intense. One of them gesticulated in a strange way, and illustrated some point, which my interpreter did not quite

catch, by taking off his slipper, treading on it, then putting it on again.

I had observed that a good many pilgrims came from a direction in which I had been told by a Hindu scholar that there was something peculiar to be seen. I devoted an afternoon to an exploration, and found myself amid scenes so unusual that I felt as if I must have slept away a century or two backward and waked up in a remote past.

At last I approached a village whose name was given me as Daharwanga, — five miles perhaps from Allahabad. Near it I came to a crowded common, where I got out of my carriage and walked. Presently I came upon a human head lying in my path on the ground. Starting back, I perceived that this painted head, though its eyes were closed, belonged to a living man, the rest of his body being buried. A small tent had been raised over another head farther on to shade it from the sun. Scenes like these began to multiply. I came upon several naked bodies, apparently decapitated, their heads alone being buried and the gravel smoothed flat over them. There were a number of children in this situation, stretching out their hands for gifts. So little respect, however, did their companions feel for these infant devotees that they sometimes put bits of tin or flint in their hands, which were promptly thrown away. At one point a young woman was just burying a child up to the neck. She indicated to me her expectation of pice, which, of course, she did not get.

As I walked on, men and women seemed to be frantic in the same degree that I had witnessed at the temple of Kali at Kalighat. They were all pressing to a small and ancient temple. Thither I followed. Approaching the altar I beheld there one image alone — a huge five-headed carved cobra, blackened by time. A crowd, mainly

of women, were prostrate before this weird form. It was the first time I had seen serpent-worship, pure and simple. There was a horrible splash of blood on the pavement in front of the entrance. What poor animal it was that had there shed its blood as an offering to the Old Serpent I knew not; but I felt that there fear had paralyzed pity, and reason sunk lower than the brute it sacrificed.

For two pice I bought one of the popular prints of the Allahabad festival, hawked by the wayside. It is a rude and primitive representation of Krishna standing on a lotus on the sands; on the surface of the Ganges a deity floats on a crocodile; on the Jumna a deity rides on a turtle; while between, presumably on the unseen Saraswati, a deity rides on a goose. It appeared at first a fair triad, and fairly mounted on the zoölogic types of cruelty, slowness, and silliness, but it is the brute forms subject to divine forms. I returned to enlightened Akbar's beloved Allahabad, which Moslem zealots changed to "City of Allapast," passing the night-camps of innumerable pilgrims, whose fires and cauldrons made appropriate incidents in the big Witches' Sabbath I had witnessed. There were no tents; they were spreading their straw beds on the ground in the open air, a motley multitude of men and women, there being, however, no indications of licentiousness. I passed by the spot where the great-hearted, catholic-minded Akbar lived — where the noble Pillar of Asôka, with its sublime Buddhist edicts, still rises — and wondered if they who now hold the fort which guards that spot will ever rise to a corresponding height, and confront the superstitions and dogmas of the poor missionary labouring so vainly in his tent.

While at Allahabad, under the vivid impressions of

what I had seen, I wrote some account of them for a journal, which excited the attention of religious papers. I was mortified to learn that my testimony was cited to show the need of missions in India, its importance being that I was known to be an admirer of the oriental religions. I did not blame the religious journals and the preachers for making the most of my description; it was my own mistake to forget that I was carrying my South Place platform along in whatever I wrote, and in giving to the world a description of certain morbid phenomena in India detached from my account of things healthy and beautiful.

What I witnessed at Allahabad was the *élite* of the fanaticisms of the country, represented by two millions out of a population of 300,000,000. The proportion of Hindus who deplore such things to those who act in them is as large as the proportion of Americans who hold aloof from spirit-rapping, Christian Science, and the Salvation Army. And for the rest, what were these harmless orgies of three days, during which no accident or injury occurred to any one, compared with what I had witnessed for many days together on Christian battlefields? Of course it will appear differently to Christians fanatical enough to believe that all these devotees are passing into eternal fires, but for my part I would far rather see the crowd of people in my native South gathered to sacrifice kids before Kali or Cobra, than gathered to burn a living negro.

The late Professor F. W. Newman, brother of the cardinal, in early life discovered that there was no possibility of converting the "heathen" until Christendom had earned a new reputation among them. Christians are known among them as great conquerors, avengers, traders, often lax in morals, indifferent to religion. Newman im-

agined a little colony among these aliens, so animated by primitive faith, love, disinterestedness, that their moral influence might be felt. Several Irish youths sympathized with his vision, and in 1830 they left for Bagdad. Newman, then about twenty-five, held a conversation at Aleppo with a Mohammedan carpenter, which left on him a lasting impression. "Among other matters," says Newman, "I was peculiarly desirous of disabusing him of the current notion of his people, that our gospels are spurious narratives of late date. I found great difficulty of expression; but the man listened to me with much attention, and I was encouraged to exert myself. He waited patiently till I had done, and then spoke to the following effect: 'I will tell you, sir, how the case stands. God has given to you English a great many good gifts. You make fine ships, and sharp penknives, and good cloth and cottons; and you have rich nobles and brave soldiers; and you write and print many learned books (dictionaries and grammars): all this is of God. But there is one thing that God has withheld from you, and has revealed to us; and that is the knowledge of the true religion, by which one may be saved.' When he thus ignored my argument (which was probably quite unintelligible to him), and delivered his simple protest, I was silenced, and at the same time amused. But the more I thought it over, the more instruction I saw in the case."

After years of mental trouble Newman found that the Mohammedan carpenter was near the truth so far as English ignorance of religion was concerned. While in India I often recalled the incident, about which I had a talk with Newman, in the course of which he mentioned the impression made upon him during a voyage in Persian waters. "The Persians sat on deck all day motionless,

never lifting their eyes from their books, their scriptures and poets, which seemed to give them serene happiness." The late Professor Palmer of Cambridge, when giving me his translation of a Persian poem for my "Sacred Anthology," said, "I tell my friends that if they study carefully Persian literature they will know something about religion." Would it not be well if young men aspiring to missionary work were first sent out to these oriental countries under engagement not to criticise their existing religions until they had passed a year or two in studying them? Were they to sweep diligently even among these repulsive sacrifices and ceremonies of the more uneducated Hindus, such uncommitted students might find a pearl of price which the Christian fathers possessed, but which has been lost under the invasions of metaphysics and theology. If one reads the works of Irenæus, Tertullian, Origen, and Gregory of Nyssa, he finds a doctrine of Redemption which, however mingled with superstition, at least harmonizes with Divine Love and Justice. Their faith never imagined that the Father had required the death of his Son. The sacrifice was solely to Satan, to whom the human race was under a bond which not only doomed mankind to a future hell, but also so corrupted them in this world that they were not admissible to the divine kingdom. This morally sublime idea of a divine being spontaneously offering himself to be subject to Satan, and go to hell for the ransom of mankind, was repudiated by Athanasius towards the end of the fourth century. The jealousy of the Hebrew deity, unwilling to admit any limit to his power, even in the domain of Diabolism, brought Christendom to that conception which we think especially horrible among savages, — Human Sacrifice! Where Origen beheld a pure God so loving the world as

to sacrifice himself to the dark and evil Powers of nature as a substitute for the doomed race, the modern theologian now sees a God substituted for those evil Powers and demanding the death of Christ for his own satisfaction.

I have gone into this anomaly of Christian history in order to illustrate what I mean by the lost Pearl. The religious spirit of the oriental world is just that of the early Christian believers. All of these sacrifices of goats which I saw at Kalighat and Allahabad were offered to those same dark and evil Powers. They are meant to placate the personified diseases and agonies which I saw in the "devil-dances" at Colombo. To Vishnu or his avatars no human sacrifices were ever sanctioned by any real Hindu religion. Suttee (*Sati*) was never a sacrifice; it was a wife gladly accompanying her lord in a chariot of fire to an earthly paradise there to dwell with him in joy forever. The effort to prove that human sacrifices occurred under the car of Juggenauth has totally failed. The lower classes still continue the animal sacrifices on great festival occasions, but one cannot say how far this is due to the motive of propitiation, or simply the continuance of old usages without any conscious purpose. At any rate, the presence of blood on any altar in India means a sacrifice to some demon. The only offerings on the altars of the supreme deities are flowers. The following sentences I picked out of a translation from the Agni Purana by H. H. Wilson, F. R. S.,—a manuscript in the India House library in London: —

That is the best worship which is made without the expectation of the attainment of any particular object; the worst is that which is performed for the accomplishment of a particular end.

He who adores Vishnu should behold him in every creature and every creature in him.

The worshipper shall do homage to himself. He shall think in himself that the spirit which exists in the crown of his head has dispelled the darkness of his body, internal and external, and endowed the whole form and the sense, so that he may consider and say, "I am divine," and lay hold on the sword of knowledge.

The Lord of Life (Vishnu) should not be worshipped with flowers that have faded. Those that grow in thine own garden are far better than those of any other. With the flowers gathered there must be reverence — itself a flower.

There is in the intellect a sacred lotus to which every breath is wafted, and in it lost. He who shall contemplate this flower in the intellect shall find it full of splendour, beyond the collective light of many moons, and near unto the Deity.

The Hindu Christians found by Cosmas Indicopleustes in the sixth century — a large number of congregations with a bishop ordained in Persia — were called "Christians of St. Thomas." They were united with the Roman Catholic Church in 1599, and seven years later the Jesuit father, Robert De Nobili, conceived the plan of accommodating himself and his mission to Hindu customs. He encountered strong opposition in his order, but the violent controversy after thirteen years was decided by Pope Gregory XV in his favour, and the church in India largely increased until the sacrificial dogmas were introduced about two centuries later. The whole subject requires a minute historical and critical examination never given it. But it is certain that if the Hindus could be induced to adopt the theology of a blood sacrifice to any deity that deity would fall to the level of those evil beings to whom goats are now sacrificed.

The fundamental division between the oriental religions and Christianity is the merit principle of the former and the vicarious principle of the latter. The missionaries in sounding the changes on the superiority of the Christian nations in wealth are using their best argument. People who can relieve their consciences by claiming indemnity for their sins through Christ are more free in action, and if the indemnity did not equally include bad actions a philosophic secularist might rejoice in what strikes the oriental mind as worldliness. The grievous burden of oriental religion is that the personal merits are in the larger part not real and practical merits, but a heritage of rites and ceremonies, points of etiquette demanded by imaginary deities. These deities were no doubt evolved out of mere phrases, — as if out of such Christian phrases for Jehovah as "Ancient of Days," "Creator," "Maker," "Almighty," "Heavenly Father," "First Person," etc., each epithet was severally personified, each personification giving rise to a new brood.

By this process the poetic beauty was lost from the early conceptions. In 1838 Emerson in his address to the divinity students at Cambridge said: "The idioms of his (Jesus') language and the figures of his rhetoric have usurped the place of his truth; and churches are not built on his principles, but on his tropes. Christianity became a Mythus, as the poetic teaching of Greece and of Egypt, before." The result of the similar process in India has apparently been more serious, because it was not so much churches that were built on the tropes as homes and haunted minds. Max Müller noticed that the sky is never spoken of as "blue" in the Bible or in the Vedas. In the Vedas the singers could hardly think of colour or beauty in a sky that had already become the all-searching eye of

Varuna reflected even in the water. Varuna was the special guardian of morals, but unfortunately not merely of human morals. Thus, childless Harischandra having made a vow to Varuna that if granted children he would immolate his first-born to him, a son (Rohita) was born. The father evaded his vow and Varuna afflicted him (the father) with dropsy. And the vengeance for that unfulfilled vow went on.

Varuna was ultimately supplanted by Dyaus, a name which survives in Jupiter (Dyaus-pater, father of Heaven). And what the outcome of this development of egoistic divinity was we know by Aristotle's remark, "It would be ridiculous for any one to say that he loves Jupiter." But fear may remain after love ceases, and haunts the nursery after becoming merely formal among the mature.

Since the English government has assumed in India the attitude of a purely secular power, entirely neutral between all religions, Christianity included, the English residents in India have manifested a good deal of interest in the various systems around them. The cultivated gentlemen of the civil service are apt to be those who sought office in India because of their appreciation of the grand literature and historic interest of the country. There is no longer among the chaplains sent out by the English Church any talk about "heathenism." All of which is favourable for leavening the Brahman measures of meal with that polite social interest which dissenters and Hindus alike regard as "worldliness." It is, however, possible that this literary and philosophical interest of English scholars may be too academic. One feels at every step the vast distance of the popular worship from the wit and wisdom of the ancient books. Respect and charity

do not require that one shall applaud any religion so indiscriminately as to include the practical excrescences in which are accumulated the small occasional fanaticisms of ages. The hurtful thing in theological error is not in any catechetical formula; into that an individual mind will be certain to read its own ideas: but the evil is done in the nests of old custom where the new ideas warm into life forces of practical evil. What India really needs is not that universal political suffrage which is the European and American kingdom of Heaven, nor the abolition of Brahman caste, — which is not at all like the luxurious and privileged aristocracy of other countries, but more like that scholars' caste which Emerson hoped for in America: the need is for a happier social life, with gentlemen and ladies meeting in it on equal terms, and the practical emancipation of manners and habits from the ascetic usages which the cultured Pandits regard as an exoteric necessity for popular morality. It is that scholarly Pandit who has to learn from scholarly England that the greatest immorality is any system that sits authoritatively on every woman and child and prevents the development of the moral freedom essential to real virtue as well as to happiness.

CHAPTER XV

Bombay — Alexander Agassiz — Missionaries — England in India — "The Old Missionary" —Nelacantah Goreh — Professor Peterson — Hindu hymn — A drive with Judge West — Shankuran Pandit — The Towers of Silence — Zoroasstrianism — Parsîs — The zenana — Ramabai — Keshub Chunder Sen and his monument — Bhakti (faith) — Indian sects — Faults of English colonists — Samuel Laing, M. P., "A Modern Zoroastrian" — The ideal Jain temple.

AS I was approaching Bombay I observed with delight a group of large monkeys sporting in the forest. They looked like truant children come out to see our train pass. We were moving slowly and I had a chance to wave my handkerchief to them, and to see them dancing about and some running up the trees. I was travelling with Colonel Miller of Bombay, a clever and solid English gentleman, who was equal to any amount of war but could not forgive Haeckel for having killed one monkey. (It was a peculiar monkey which the naturalist wanted for his college museum at Jena.) Colonel Miller, an amateur artist also, knew monkeys well, and agreed with the Sinhalese that to kill a monkey was murder even though done for science. Those forest monkeys made me realize the truth of Oersted's chapter on the "Unbeautiful in Nature," in which he affirms that it is only when we see creatures out of their natural place that we do not recognize their beauty.

In Bombay, by the introduction of my South Place friend Mr. Phipson, I was accorded a room in the English Club. There were eminent scholars in the place who

made my stay happy and instructive. With Professor Peterson of Elphinstone University I visited the caves of Elephanta, and there had the pleasure of meeting my old acquaintance Alexander Agassiz. He resembled his father in various ways. I am not sure that he is old enough to remember the time when his father was the most widely denounced heretic in America, and from that retrospective point of view saw with me the picturesqueness of the same heretic becoming a darling of the pulpits because of his opposition to Darwinism. It required only a decade for the storm that raged around the heresy that mankind was not descended from a single pair to sink into a teapot tempest beside the tornadoes caused by the discovery of our anthropoid ancestry.

The offence given by Agassiz was not really the denial of any Biblical statement, it being indeed easy to find in the Bible suggestions of various origins of mankind, — as for instance Cain's emigration to the Land of Nod, finding a wife there and building a city. The trouble was that the theory of Agassiz did away with the fundamental faith "in Adam's fall we sinnèd all," and logically upset the entire system of missions to peoples not descended from the fair and perfect Adam and Eve created by Milton in the Garden of Eden. And that corollary was not evaded by Agassiz; he said it was a grievous mistake to try and introduce our own doctrines and institutions among races totally distinct by origin and development.

After my travels in India I reached the conclusion that the possession of that vast country by England is a great blessing to mankind as well as to India, this being largely due to the fact that religion had nothing to do with its origin; also that the English monarch being the official head of Brahmanism, it is a sort of disloyalty for Chris-

tianity to interfere with the natural religion of the country. The old East India Company was a purely mercantile concern; instead of caring about the institutions or morals of the country, the harems of some old tradesmen are still associated with several groups of houses; they never considered it necessary that the natives should be clothed like the English. In this way the traditions of personal liberty in India were solidified before the country passed under what is called the "benevolent despotism" of England. And whatever may be said of the faults of the government in India, benevolent it certainly is in the most important sense, — namely, that it has entirely ended the old chronic wars between tribes and races on points of theology. In China and Manila, American missionaries, — especially notorious since the time of Judson for their ignorance, — can continue to advance the cross by the sword, but in India Christianity is compelled to depend on its merits and attractions. The Taeping insurrection and massacres in China were not the work of any native religionists in that country, but of a powerful chief excessively converted by some American missionaries, who began butchering Confucians and Buddhists in accordance with the divine orders in the Bible for exterminating the Canaanites and the priests of Baal. If the missionaries in India only knew more of the people they would tremble to reflect what might occur if those people should accept the Bible as their guide. English and American Christians adapt themselves at home to their systems, and do not accept literally the sayings ascribed to Jesus that he had come not to send peace but a sword, and that his disciples should sell their garments to buy swords. But a long and tragical history has shown that the Hindus are apt to take abstractions in serious and practical ways.

A little book by Sir William Hunter, entitled "The Old Missionary," — he told me it was drawn from fact, — reveals the reason why men of ability and learning have withdrawn from the missionary field in India. The missionary, albeit not unorthodox, had emphasized the gentle, benevolent, and humane elements of his religion, and blended them with the same elements in the religion of the humble people around him. He had gained their affection, and built up a peaceful and happy parish of native Christians, none of whom could understand a word of the creeds, but were all able to feel the charm of his spirit and his charities. But one brilliant Hindu youth of his parish resolved to become a clergyman; he studied the Bible and the Church formulas critically and discovered what the old missionary had kept in the background. He insisted on the letter of the creeds and sacraments, split up the old missionary's parish, ruined all his work, and brought his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

A gentleman at the English Club at Allahabad sent me to an old Hindu Solomon there, who spoke perfect English, and of whom I inquired how many Hindu Christians there were in the place. He asked me how many English officials there were there. I answered, "Let us say twenty." "How many servants are allowed each family?" "Perhaps five." "Five times twenty is one hundred. There are one hundred Hindu Christians in Allahabad as long as those families stay." "But what do their priests and relations say?" "Not a word. Nobody supposes their religion is changed any more than their complexion."

The "Cowley Brothers" are connected with the Church of England in a technical way, but their mission at Poonah is not, I was told, adopted by the Church, and amounts only to a small colony of extreme ritualists gath-

ered under the headship of Nelacantah Goreh. I was sorry that I could not visit Poonah for the purpose of seeing this man, of whom I had heard much from Max Müller, but I was told by friends in Bombay that I would see in him only a ruin. He was a man of high caste and of great learning, who by careful study became dissatisfied with his Hindu religion, and went to the neighbouring mission station and asked to be received as a Christian. It was a mission of illiterate preachers from London conventicles, who could not in the least appreciate the great man who had come into their hands. They sent him to their mission house in London, where he was set to do the drudgery of the establishment, — carrying boxes of books and tracts, and in the intervals doing manual work. All the brains of the mission in India and in London put together would not have made one brain equal to that of this poor Hindu scholar. He endured this for two or three years. "One day," said Max Müller, "there entered my library a fine-looking man who gave his name as Nelacantah Goreh, and in attempting to speak to me in English faltered, and sat down and wept. I recognized at once that I had before me an Indian of importance, and began talking to him in Sanscrit. On hearing this, he arose with shining face, and clasped my hand, and answering me in Sanscrit, said that he had been a slave in London, and that at last his patience and strength had broken down. He had read some of my books and sought me out. His story deeply impressed and even moved me; I called my wife, and after together making out the whole case, she insisted that he should remain in our house for the time. He was a most modest man, but full of knowledge, and we found his conversation — for he spoke fair English — very interesting. His ac-

quaintance with the various schools of Indian philosophy was so great, and his powers of expression so excellent, that I persuaded him to write a treatise on the subject. I had in my library all the books to which he might wish to refer, and with eagerness he set himself to the work on a table provided in his chamber. His little book was published, and duly valued by those interested in its subject — the Vedic Philosophy — and a good literary career seemed to open before him, but his religious ideas and feelings were overwhelming; possibly, too, some of the High Churchmen had heard of his story and got hold of him. At any rate, he determined to return to India, and the last I heard of him was from a friend who recognized him in a motionless figure prostrated before a cross."

I have followed pretty closely Max Müller's statement, which I wrote down at the time, and gave a discourse on Nelacantah Goreh to my people at South Place. I was told at Bombay that Nelacantah Goreh was entirely without influence at Poonah on his countrymen, that he was still kneeling before the cross. A living entombment!

In the gigantic image at Elephanta of the Hindu Triad, Professor Peterson enabled me to trace their transfiguration into the peaceful grandeur of the Buddha. The professor presented me with the subjoined translation which he had made from the ancient "Subliaishitavali" (garland of sweet sayings) of Vallabhandeva: —

Heart, my heart! You go down into hell and mount high above the heavens; in emptiness of spirit you wander over the universe; but not by wandering abroad will you lay hold on God, who is within you, who only can give you rest.

There is this bond between me and thee — I am of all men the most miserable, thou art of all beings the most merciful: it cannot be, Lord, that thou wilt not save me.

If I were not a great sinner, if I were not distracted by fear, if I were not consumed by passion, what need should I have of a saviour?

In our sickness Himself is the physician and Himself the medicine; in darkness, a light; in rough places, a path; in danger, a protection, and in adversity, a brother; He is the ship that shall bear me safely over life's unsounded sea.

Judge West, whose studies of ancient Parsî literature had helped me in my "Sacred Anthology," was deep in Indian lore. He drove with me about the country in his carriage and took pains that I should see every object of special interest and significance.

Among the places we visited was the Walkishwur Tank, associated with a beautiful passage in the "Ramayana." The lake is said to have sprung up at a point where the arrow of Dasaratha, father of Rama, fell upon what he supposed to be a stag, but which was Shravan, seeking water for his parents, athirst in their wanderings. It is in Hindu romance what fountains called from rock or desert by Jewish or Christian saints are in other traditions. The water is surrounded by temples of remarkable beauty. There is a narrow cleft leading down to the sea, through which plucky pilgrims are said to be drawn, as a means of being "born again" — similar rock clefts, with similar associations, being known in England.

In Bombay Shankuran Pandit, editor of the "Rig Veda," one of the noblest men I ever met, invited a company of his friends to meet me. Originally from different religions, they were emancipated minds; but none of them appeared to dream of the religious institutions of India ever being changed. They had fraternally formed their little oasis of thought and culture in Bombay, and the vast deserts and jungles of superstition working on by processes of

natural evolution, supplied them with materials for psychological and social studies. Having no notion that such phenomena were caused by any supernatural power, their reason was not haunted by deity or demon. In these conversations the few Parsîs present were rather silent and shy, though it was my especial desire to get at their ideas.

In Cambridge, England, I was told an anecdote of the Rev. Professor King, author of an excellent work on "The Gnostics." A Parsî student confided to him that he had some thought of becoming a Christian. The antiquarian being stronger than the clergyman in the professor, he remarked, "There are so many Christians in the world, and so few Parsîs, don't you think you had better stay where you are?" Unfortunately, however, many of these Parsîs have travelled far away from the noble religion of Zoroaster, — about as far as Christians from the similar religion of Jesus. For Jesus and Zoroaster alike said of the tares, "An enemy hath done this." It is only in the traditional Parsî ceremonies that I could discover that morally essential recognition of Ahriman which relieved Zoroaster's deity from responsibility for the evils of nature.

By the kindness of a Parsî gentleman I was enabled to visit the Towers of Silence. There is a strange, almost mystical, solemnity about this garden, in which at sunrise I stood for a time alone, gazing at the towers from the distance of thirty yards, beyond which none must pass who would return to the abode of men. As soon as a body is dead it becomes the possession of Ahriman. A demon tenant of his occupies it.

A chant reached my ear and presently a group of men in snow-white garments and turbans entered the gateway, bearing their shrouded burden. They passed silently and

quickly towards the towers. Presently there appeared, twenty yards behind them, another group in snow-white robes chanting as they rapidly moved, their chant being very different from any I had heard about Hindu temples. It was entirely in minor or whining tones, and must have come from some era in which human nature had not yet found the consolation represented in the features of this funeral, which recalled the Egyptian festivities on the entrance of a soul into paradise. The singers speedily returned to the garden, where they formed a regular group and intoned their conversation, occasionally breaking out into a chant. I was informed that they spoke of the virtues of the deceased and chanted hymns of the Avesta. I listened, gazing at the top of the tower, whereon the body had been deposited and its limbs fastened, face upward to the sun. Already at its coming a circle of vultures had descended to perch around the parapet, where they sat perfectly still during the presence of the corpse-carriers. The moment when the body was abandoned by its bearers was reported by the slow and dignified disappearance of these birds, which presently rose into the air, each bearing some last contribution of a mortal to the immortal Cosmos. Somehow this scene impressed me more than the burning pyres of the Ganges. There I felt how much pleasanter than burial to the imagination it would be to contemplate in one's last moments ascending in that fiery chariot to cloud and ether; here I felt that the Parsî had a more poetic prospect of mingling in the currents of organic life, smiling in flowers, singing in the throats of birds, smiling again in human loveliness.

The modern Parsîs are rarely Zoroastrians. They make much of the ancient Zoroastrian phrases and details and names, which, however, only form the frame around the cen-

tral and essential principle of Zoroaster — DUALISM. Perhaps it might be strictly described as religious and ethical Dualism, as one cannot feel certain that Zoroaster applied his generalization to the entire constitution of nature, though even this is suggested in his division of the universe into "the living and the not-living." [1] I once had a conversation at the Sorbonne with James Darmesteter, translator of the Zendavesta, and could not get from him any saying of Zoroaster justifying the notion of an original being from whom Ormuzd and Ahriman — the Good Mind and the Evil Mind — both descended. This notion has been imported by Parsî theology, and I cannot help suspecting that this importation was from the more western world, where the idea of an omnipotent Creator and supreme Ruler of the universe was evolved.

Under a like pressure from Science the belief in a personal Satan steadily declined, and with him the conception of a redeemer of mankind from satanic thraldom. The mind of the Protestant world became substantially deistic. The time foreseen by Paul (1 Cor. xv, 28) had come in a subconscious spiritual way, — "When all things have been subjected unto him, then also shall the Son himself be subjected to him, that God may be all in all." *A fortiori* the devil was subjected, became God's devil, and it being no longer admissible that God should be even indirectly the author of sin or a tempter, Satan virtually disappeared from Christian theology.

But when all of these preternatural powers had faded out of the scientific and philosophic mind, the idea remained of a Cosmos, and of its corollary, the essential

[1] "Gaya and ajyâiti," translated by Haug "reality and unreality." The translation "living and not-living" was sent me by Max Müller in answer to my request for an exact rendering.

unity of nature. This Monism is almost a scientific axiom in England and America, but on what evidence did it rest? Why should things all come from one substance instead of two, or even more? In reading my friend Herbert Spencer's theory of the "unknowable from which all things proceed," I felt that this idea of unity was a sequel to Deism, and the survival of a superstition.

Though I was not able to search nature scientifically, the Zoroastrian generalization — "the living and the not-living" — organic and inorganic — supplied a fair provisional theory for ethical studies, where I had more competency. I always regret that it was only after John Stuart Mill's death that I discovered (in his Autobiography) that he inclined to the Zoroastrian Dualism. I was much impressed by the work of Rev. Dr. Abbot, a learned educator in London, "Kernel and Husk," in which he concedes to rationalism most of its reclamations, but insists on the existence of a force of evil in nature not divinely controlled. He could not, he said, visit the poor and suffering and tell them their agonies were inflicted by his deity. It was this transfer of the issue from the old metaphysical one of moral responsibility to the tortures in nature which was so striking in Master Abbot's book.

Ormuzd (Ahuramazda, the shining one) in the Zend-avesta is not in our modern sense a god at all; he is a source of light trying to inspire men and women to contend against the forces of darkness; he asks for no glorification, claims no majesty; he is lowly and in pain, and tells Zoroaster that he is unable to achieve anything except through the souls of good and wise men and women. Woman is central in Zoroaster's religion; the Holy Spirit is female (Anâhita), and her sister-saviour on earth is Armaiti. There are no beings higher than these women.

Ahuramazda's struggle with Ahriman is not a celestial one — not against rebel angels or giants — but to repress savagery and violence on earth, to humanize the people, develop fine souls, sow the fields, and make the wilderness blossom like a rose.

One afternoon when Judge West, the great scholar in Parsî religion and literature, was taking me on a drive about a league outside Bombay, it appeared to me presently that I was making an excursion into Eden. Whether it was the flowers and vines, the trees and birds, or the riches of this man's mind lavished on me when he found that Zoroaster was my star in the East, it seemed a sufficient end of existence to be out there under the soft sky. Suddenly the judge stopped his horse, as something caught his eye. On the trunk of a large tree some natural formation suggestive of the phallic *yoni* had been made realistic by fresh paint. It struck me as coarse and obscene, but on thinking it over afterwards I concluded that the impression was due to my own provincialism. There was really a suggestion of the primitive pure imagination to which all things are pure recognizing the symbol of creative life. The sanctified snake had not yet crept into this little garden to make the Hindu Eve ashamed, and there were several floral offerings and sacrificial cakes at foot of the tree.

How often do the old Biblical legends occur to me in India! The tree-and-serpent legend — so unrelated to Hebraism that it is not alluded to afterwards in the Bible until Paul dug it up as a stone to throw at womankind — finds its right place in oriental mythology. Cain (*smith*) and Abel (*passing*) are allegorical representatives of the great schism between the two wings of the Aryan race, — the agriculturists, founders of settlements and cities,

workers in metal, in Persia, where blood sacrifice was abhorred; and the nomads who after vainly besieging the settlements descended on India and enslaved its tribes and continued to offer blood like Abel until it became human blood. There is a significant oriental tradition that the wife found by the artisan (Cain) in the land of Nod was named "Azura." The general name in Persia for a divinity is "Asura," and of course the word means demon in India.

Walking in a crowded and rather poor part of Bombay, in company with an intelligent Babu, I remarked just before us a large and shapely woman whose legs, bare to the knees, were white. "Do European women also go barelegged out here?" I asked the Babu. "She is Hindu," he said; "the whiteness is leprosy." We could not see the woman's face, being behind her, but I felt certain that the white legs, with some pink tint, were not diseased. She was carrying a basket, — or rather something of that kind, — and her dress was like that of others around her, none of them seeming to notice her peculiarity. One sees now and then a Eurasian of light complexion, but my Hindu companion did not suggest that as an explanation in this case, and I concluded that it was either that of an Englishwoman or of "reversion" to the Aryan type. All of the great European races are derived by ethnographers from those Aryans ("nobles"), but how did the latter lose their white complexion? It was told of a Methodist preacher, in slavery times, that on coming to his Southern circuit he said from the pulpit, "This county has the reputation of being particularly religious and moral, but where did all those mulatto faces in that negro gallery come from?" Those singers of the Vedas, come from the paradise of the gods in the Himalayas, who described

themselves as "fair," and subdued the "dark" aborigines of India and ruled them two thousand years, may have given rise to the legend that the sons of the gods were fascinated by the daughters of men.[1] The high-caste Brahmans are of lighter complexion than the lower castes, but if their ancestors were ever as white as the Indo-Germanic, the dark pigment of the aborigines must have been much more potent than the white of their masters.

Deterioration is the inevitable fate of the conquerors and enslavers of weaker races. Much is said of spreading civilization; but whatever civilization — if there be any — goes into the subjugated, goes out of the conquered. The finest-looking and the fairest of the descendants of the ancient Aryans are not the Brahmans but the Parsîs, and before they were driven out of their country by the Moslems they produced a literature surpassing that of India.

Although there were among the Parsîs in Bombay several erudite Pahlavi scholars, — Anklesaria, Minochiharji, Patel, — I was disappointed to find the few I met — personally attractive as they were — unaware of the surpassing beauty of their ancient religion! That no great Parsî writer appears may be due to the fact that the sombre genius of Buddha, renouncing the world, is more attractive to the puritanical spirit of England than the sunshine of Zoroaster telling men that heaven is in their own homes and fields.

I experienced a sense of social suffocation in meeting companies of cultivated Hindu gentlemen without the

[1] The paradise of the gods, not unpoetically located in the shining heights one sees across the plains of India, are still populated by the theosophic imagination with Mahatmas, — the "Brothers," — some of whom have lived hundreds or even thousands of years! It must have been an oversight of our admirable Sir Martin Conway that in climbing the highest of those peaks he did not "interview" Indira nor even Koothoomi.

presence of ladies. Some of these scholars confessed to a similar feeling. They deeply deplored the then recent conversion of Ramabai to Catholicism. This highly educated Hindu lady, having emancipated herself from the zenana, went about giving lectures to her sex on their duties and rightful position. Her lectures were attended by many Hindu ladies, and it appeared that the zenana glacier was about to melt under her eloquence; but she came under the influence of Nelacantah Goreh of the Cowley Brothers, and went farther than he desired in the Christian direction he pointed her. She went into a Roman Catholic sisterhood. This ended all her influence among her sisters and her own race. The "progressive" Hindus regarded this as the going out of a shining light from which they had hoped much. And some of us who have listened to Ramabai in England and America share in the disappointment.

It is probable that the zenana in India and the convents for women in Europe alike originated in the ages of tribal wars and invasions when the protection of sanctuary or asylum established itself. My friend General Pitt Rivers studied the various caps worn by women in Brittany and discovered that they were all variations of the nun's cap. In emerging from the convent-asylum the women would probably continue this badge of protection, as on battlefields a cross on the arm protects those who are there for succour. But the same evolutionary forces which have drawn the vast majority of European women out of the convent have been steadily drawing the women of India from the zenana. The streets of Indian cities already swarm with women, and if the peaceful régime of English rule is not overthrown by the recrudescent militarism, the zenanas are likely to become as antiquated as the convents of France. The

women seen on the streets, and in the sacred bathing-tanks, and at the many religious festivals, are by no means all of the "pariah" class; the majority of them, though not so richly dressed as those of the zenana, — judging by the high-caste ladies I saw at the Calcutta Exposition on Ladies' Day, — are quite as good-looking. The presence in India of so many English families, whose ladies drive about and enjoy themselves, and show themselves kind and charitable to their Hindu neighbours, is doing much to unbar the doors of the zenana. These English ladies rarely try to "convert" their neighbours; that is "bad form."

There was a good deal of conversation among the rationalistic Indians in Bombay, of all types, concerning the deceased Brahmo leader, Keshub Chunder Sen, apropos of the proposal of leading English scholars and statesmen to erect a monument to him. At the risk of some reiteration I must say something more about him.

It became plain to me that Brahmoism (Hindu theism) had proved a failure so far as the hopes of its founders and friends in England were concerned. It was in my South Place Chapel that Rammohun Roy was welcomed to England by its eloquent minister, W. J. Fox, in 1834. That was a dawn of the new interest of cultured England in Hindu religion. Mr. Fox was surrounded by the best men and women, — Harriet Martineau, Leigh Hunt, J. S. Mill, Eliza and Sarah Flower (who wrote "Nearer, my God, to Thee!") and all of the leading Unitarian ministers. It was in that homage to the grand Indian orator who had begun the work of emancipating his countrymen from "idolatry," as it is called, that the Unitarian Association dropped the title "Christian" and called itself "The British and Foreign Unitarian Association." But Rammohun

RAMABAI

Roy was a man of the world—though by no means a worldly man—and wished to free his countrymen from their ecstatic superstition about absorption in deity. He was not much interested in Christianity but had formed a conception of Jesus which led him to protest against the European paintings representing him (Jesus) as a white man. Keshub Chunder Sen had perhaps heard of this. He wrote me a letter from India saying that a friend of his there had discovered that most of the story of Christ was derived from India, and asked if I could secure a London publisher for such a work. I replied that the resemblances between the narratives in the New Testament and several in Hindu legends had been much discussed in Europe and America, but a learned and ably written book of that kind would surely find a publisher in London. Keshub was such an egoist that he could not learn anything. When he visited England he began his discourses in my Chapel, and with several of his companions was the guest of our beloved chapel treasurer, George Hickson, at Earlswood House, Highbury. His first discourse as well as his conversation revealed to me that he had come to England to teach, not to be taught, which was what he needed. At the great reception given him in St. James's Hall, where many distinguished men and women were present, he appealed to them passionately, "Come unto me!" He used the phrase repeatedly, and the impression was not pleasant. I cannot help thinking that he held some vague messianic theory of his mission. Professor Newman told me that some of his followers once knelt and worshipped him, and when criticised because he did not prevent them he said that he did not like to stop the flow of devout religious feeling. He used the word Bhakti, I think, in the sense of divine exaltation, the benefit of

which did not depend on its cause or the object to which it was directed. I had some hopes of him when he led his people into the movement for the suppression of infant marriages, but in the midst of it all he gave his own infant daughter in marriage to a little personage of title, and that was fatal to his general influence. Max Müller, Sir William Hunter, and others found excuses for him, but his congregation in Calcutta diminished, and it is probable that the severe judgments of Hindu reformers unbalanced his mind and led to that ascetic fasting under which, as I have already stated, his large frame succumbed. I contributed something for his monument at Calcutta because Sir William Hunter thought it would produce a good general effect there, and also because the Brahmo movement was in its origin connected with my London chapel.

But with none but kind feelings towards Keshub Chunder Sen personally I had some fears about the effect on young Hindus of seeing a monument erected chiefly by influential Englishmen to the leader of a sect, — and that sect strictly fenced off by creed and usages from the unorganized fraternity of scholars in India reared in different religions. I dreaded, too, the puritanical leaven. Mozoomdar spoke of the theatres with the horror that our old Methodists had made me familiar with, and said the Hindu actresses were bad characters. This I knew to be mere prejudice against institutions in Calcutta which were doing much for civilization and happiness.

Similar feelings exist even among many theists in England. I once gave a Sunday lecture at St. George's Hall, London, surrounded by a scenic landscape remaining from some play given there during the previous week, and Miss Frances Power Cobbe wrote me that though she was pre-

sent she could not enjoy it because of her distress at seeing anything suggestive of a theatre.

Some English writer complained of Renan that he not only made Jesus a man, but a Frenchman! The criticism, however, was inspired by the fact that in Great Britain Jesus has been made a Puritan Englishman. Renan's "Life of Jesus," whatever its faults, revealed in Jesus wit and humour, impulsiveness, enthusiasm of humanity, poetic genius, appreciation of feminine beauty. Are these exclusively French?

In truth, that ancient antagonism between the hard ascetic sacrificial spirit and the genial human and gentlemanly spirit, which so long made the conflict between the Jahvist and the Solomonic schools of Jerusalem, keeps them fighting their eternal duel in Europe and America, and gradually extending their war over the world.

The modern enthusiasm for Buddha, despite his atheism, is because of his supposed moral asceticism and puritanism. It is accompanied by a sort of rage against Krishna because of his supposed Solomonic disregard of conventionalities, his mythical sixteen hundred wives, his flute, and the unpardonable similarity of his birth-legend with that of Jesus.

There is no doubt that later efforts to give mystical interpretation to the youthful pranks of Krishna, after his deification, developed a religion of *Bhakti* (Faith) which must be morally dangerous. Professor Wilson, a great orientalist, states that in the Puranas the doctrine of Faith renders Conduct wholly immaterial.

It matters not how atrocious a sinner a man may be, if he paints his face, his breast, his arms, with certain sectarial marks, or, which is better, if he brands his skin permanently with them with a hot iron stamp; if he is

constantly chanting hymns in honor of Vishnu; or, what is equally efficacious, if he spends hours in the simple reiteration of his name or names; if he die with the word *Hari* or *Rama* or *Krishna* on his lips, and the thought of him in his mind, he may have lived a monster of iniquity, — he is certain of heaven.

Wilson thought that in this particular of the vital importance of faith the Vishnu-Krishna worship was "indirectly" influenced by the diffusion of Christianity. John M. Robertson, M. P., commenting on the paragraph just quoted from Wilson, says, "It cannot be denied that all this bears a very close resemblance to the practical applications of the Christian doctrine of faith in European history, and that that is of all Christian doctrines the one which may with most plausibility be held to have originated, in Europe, with the New Testament."[1] Robertson, however, finds the doctrine implicitly given in the Bhagavat Gita, which he regards as too early to have been influenced by Christianity. The date of that work is variously placed between the second century before, and the second after, our era. It is doubtful whether the doctrine of salvation by faith could have been carried from Palestine to India without connecting with it the doctrine of vicarious martyrdom. There is no suggestion of that kind in the life or death of Krishna. Indeed, one may almost suspect a repudiation of that doctrine in the commonplace deaths of Krishna and Buddha — the former by an accidental wound in the heel, the latter from an illness brought on by eating pork.

In the beginning of the sixteenth century, Chaitanya, recognized by Keshub Chunder Sen as "the Prophet of Nuddea," revived Vishnuism, and has had worshippers

[1] *Christ and Krishna*, p. 117.

even to this day who believe him to have been an incarnation of Vishnu. It was he who gave exaltation to the divine name, by the utterance of which he is said to have worked miracles. His followers discard all luxuries, touch not meat or wine, live on the bare necessaries of life, disregard caste, and consider mendicancy for the purpose of entire self-dedication to God honourable. After his death (1527) a sect arose among his followers who asserted the spiritual independence of women. They seem to be not very different from our American Shakers. "In their monastic enclosures," says Sir William Hunter, "male and female cenobites live in celibacy, — the women shaving their heads, with the exception of a single lock of hair. The two sexes chant together the praises of Vishnu and Chaitanya in hymn and solemn dance. But the really important doctrine of the sect is their recognition of the value of women as instructors of the outside female community. For long they were the only teachers admitted into the zenanas of good families in Bengal. Fifty years ago, they had effected a change for the better in the state of female education; and the value of such instruction was assigned as the cause of the sect having spread in Calcutta."

Out of these movements arose in the same century the rather aristocratic Krishnaism of which Vallabha-Swami was the apostle. "The special object of his homage," says Sir William Hunter, "was Vishnu in his pastoral incarnation, in which he took the form of the divine youth Krishna, and led an Arcadian life in the forest. Shady bowers, lovely women, exquisite viands, and everything that appeals to the luscious sensuousness of a tropical race are mingled in his worship. His daily ritual consists of eight services, in which Krishna's image, as a beautiful boy, is delicately bathed, anointed with essences,

splendidly attired, and sumptuously fed." "This sect performs its devotions arrayed in costly apparel, anointed with oil, and perfumed with camphor or sandal-wood. It seeks its converts not among weavers, or leather-dressers, or barbers, but among wealthy bankers and merchants, who look upon life as a thing to be enjoyed, and upon pilgrimage as a holiday excursion, or an opportunity for trade."

Keshub Chunder Sen spoke to me a good deal when he was in London of the ill-treatment of the Hindus by the average unofficial English business men resident in India. He gave me instances in which some of them were struck and many insulted. In my journeyings between Calcutta and Bombay, in first-class carriages, I was constantly thrown with such residents, and the burden of their talk was angry abuse of the Hon. Mr. Ilbert for his proposal to combine native with white jurymen in trials where persons of both races were equally involved. Their tone was much the same as that with which some of the Southerners in America denounce the provisions for negro equality.

What I have said about inappreciation of the great advantages of English rule to India is quite consistent with possible disadvantages to the British colonists. It is hardly possible for a white race to dwell with a race of coloured subjects without deterioration. I remember hearing an ethnographical lecture by Professor Huxley, in which, while pointing out on a map the smallness of Great Britain in contrast with India, he said casually, "That this small island should rule that vast country, with many times its population, is the most striking instance I know of the power of mind over matter." It was the only time I ever heard Huxley speak with the slightest jingoist accent, and I doubted that the ruler was not altogether

"mind" nor the ruled "matter." I found in India that the peaceful rule of England there was indeed due to the good sense of England in sending out many eminent scholars and men of science to fill the chief offices, and comparatively few military men and soldiers. The young men passing through English universities revered Huxley and the scientific men and the scholars sent out of them, and yet the Hindus generally did not love the English among them, nor their government. There were hereditary traditions of wrongs and cruelties transmitted from the ages before such scholars as Max Müller and others had awakened the western world to the splendours of oriental literature.[1]

In India I steadily realized not only that the true religion was that of Zoroaster, but that fundamentally the only practicable religion is the struggle of Good against Evil. That is what everybody is necessarily doing. Why then do I feel disappointed about these masses of the ignorant in

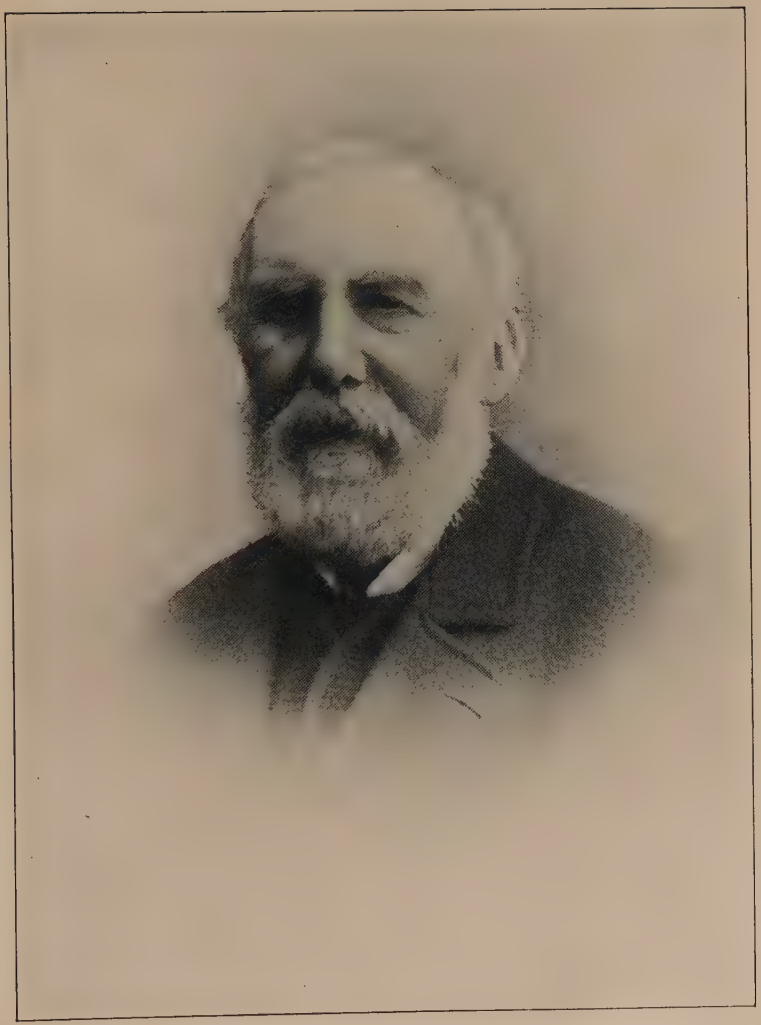
[1] "Blessed are the lowly, for they shall inherit the earth." Sublime paradox, which young ambition may despise but gray experience knows true! The conquerors of the earth do not really possess the earth; it possesses them. Gibbon smiles at Livy, who, he says, tries to persuade us that Rome conquered the world in self-defence. But such are the conditions. Whenever a nation makes a conquest, it must live up to it or down to it; must surround every subjugated country with a Monroe doctrine, ever expanding till it involves hostility to the whole world and loss of all that free-will, which alone can really inherit the earth, and enjoy it. Daniel Webster's rhetoric was splendid when in the Senate he spoke of Great Britain as that "Power whose morning drum-beat, travelling with the sun and keeping time with the stars, encircles the earth with one continuous strain of the martial airs of England." But what has it profited England to encircle the whole world and lose its real soul, its freedom, so that it has had to fight nearly every race, — Hindu, Russian, American, French, Chinese, Spanish, Egyptian, Kaffir, Boer, Tibetan, — in self-defence; every war being one for which England now hangs its head for shame. — From my oration at Dickinson College, June 6, 1905.

India? I suppose that unconsciously I expected to see the great epics reflected in their religious festivals instead of sacrificial superstitions. But after all, were not these poor people struggling against Evil, — disease, hunger, death, — in the only way they could? They are not physicians, nor learned, nor wealthy, nor even voters; are they then to give up even the feeling that their humble altar offerings and prayers may be doing some little to help the good side? And when I hesitate about this, and fear that when Evils are resisted as persons — Satans, Ahrimans — the resistance is ineffectual, because unscientific, the overwhelming sense of Fate confounds me. A population of 300,000,000 whose most imperative religious duty is to multiply, must inevitably act inorganically. It cannot have the free thought or free agency of an individual.

Those little boys I saw in the Calcutta Exposition weaving with shuttles obedient to a tune sung to them — each note signifying a thread colour — were only the more complex cerebral part of the loom. What, then, is this vast automatic loom called India, — what is it weaving?

English threads. Even the missionaries, who dread the Darwinians and sceptics at home, are coöperating with them in India. For the logic with which they expose the Hindu "idols" is a boomerang recoiling on their own Christian idols, and the result is that the Indian mind is steadily becoming irreligious. And it is the new song of the mind educated by England which spins and increasingly directs the children with their shuttles. But the children will go on with their old happy festivals until English wealth and knowledge give them happier ones.

While I was working at my own little loom, and weaving an ideal India with Zendavestan threads, a fine scholar in London, Samuel Laing, M. P., who had made



SAMUEL LAING

his pilgrimage in India long before, was developing a like conclusion. I cannot leave Bombay without inserting here some tribute to that admirable man and author, whom I used to meet in the house of my dear friends Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Macrae (she was his daughter), and with what delight I found on my return to England that a scientific Zoroaster had appeared in him. In his marvellous work, "A Modern Zoroastrian" (the most imporant religious volume written in my time), he maintains that Christianity has become practically Zoroastrian, with Christ for their Ormuzd. His grand work — long out of print, I fear, — rises finally into song: —

> Hail! gracious Ormuzd, author of all good,
> Spirit of beauty, purity, and light;
> Teach me like thee to hate dark deeds of night,
> And battle ever with the hellish brood
> Of Ahriman, dread prince of evil mood —
> Father of lies, uncleanness, envious spite,
> Thefts, murders, sensual sins that shun the light,
> Unreason, ugliness, and fancies lewd —
> Grant me, bright Ormuzd, in thy ranks to stand,
> A valiant soldier faithful to the end;
> So when I leave this life's familiar strand,
> Bound for the great Unknown, shall I commend
> My soul, if soul survive, into thy hand —
> Fearless of fate if thou thine aid will lend.

The ideal temple in Bombay is the Jain. I was told that there are only half a million Jains in India, but they are wealthy and educated, and erect their beautiful temples — which all may freely enter — each in the centre of a flower garden. The "images" are works of art. The statue resembling Buddha is not reclining nor slumbering in any Nirvana, but upright and open-eyed. There is fair Padmava, "Lady of the Lily," and her husband

Parsanatha — both purely human. On a glass door stained with pictures were side by side Yasoda nursing Krishna and Mary nursing Jesus. Without priesthood, without sacrifices, the Jain's daily worship is to gather flowers from the temple-garden, or from his own, and strew them before those forms — man and woman — saying: "Salutation to the saints, to the pure beings, to the sages, to the devout in all the world!"

CHAPTER XVI

Homeward — The Flying Dutchman — Our 'Lady of the Peking' — A letter of John Bright — "Chinese Gordon" in the Soudan and in Palestine — Pilgrimage to the Krupp Gun Works at Essen, Germany — Address at Dickinson College, Pennsylvania.

AND now Homeward!

Every week the "Bombay Times" prints a list of the deaths there, and usually several caused by cholera. These are generally ill-fed and poorly housed natives, and the list causes no alarm. But while I was there an English gentleman died of cholera, and this was so unlike the snobbish character of Death that the event was telegraphed to Europe, and after we left Aden none on our homeward bound ship was permitted to land in Egypt. Even the mails were not admitted, and an urgent dispatch was sent to the canal bank in a bottle. My hope of passing a week in Palestine was thus defeated.

The most interesting acquaintance I made on the voyage was a Zanzibar workman, — the blackest man I ever saw and one of the most finely formed. He generally stripped to the waist for his work, and his head, profile, features were as refined and beautiful as his bust. He spoke English, and I used to go to the fore part of the ship before sunrise to talk with him when he was not much occupied. From him I learned some of the Zanzibar folk-lore. One morning he told me that if I had only risen a little sooner I might have seen the Flying Dutchman. He had seen its dark sail on the horizon, but it never remains visible for more than a few moments. So

long lasts the Promethean legend of Captain Bernard Fokke, who defied the Creator by plating his ship with sheet-iron, which instead of thereby sinking was the swiftest ship afloat. Indeed to this day steam and solid iron ships cannot overtake the heaven-defying craft which must speed without reaching any port till Judgment Day!

Between Aden and Venice there was in our fairly large company only one woman,— Mrs. Fraser of Melbourne. There was not even a female servant on the Peking. The attractive and literary young lady had the wit to appreciate the humorous aspects of the situation, — one of these being the fact that she had recently obtained a divorce. She was familiar with the works of W. D. Howells and needed no explanation of my allusion to "The Lady of the Aroostook." Had Howells been along he might have written a variant of the story in which the lady instead of being taken under chivalrous protection of some youths would extend a sort of protection to the desolate bachelors who for more than a week could see no feminine face but hers. No queen in history ever reigned over her realm so modestly, gracefully, and graciously as this fair young dame over her floating empire. We were quarantined in the gulf of Venice four days — ninety-eight hours, — and so rigidly that when the captain opened the pigeon-house to let the birds enjoy the air, officers came out near enough to command that they should be housed, lest one should travel to Venice (miles away) and carry the cholera!

In Venice, Carnival was beginning, and the street scenes vividly reminded me of George Eliot's descriptions in "Romola." When I reached Paris the Mardi-gras mirth and grotesquerie were in full glory. On Wednesday (March 13, 1884) I was at my home in Bedford Park.

On my return to England I found the nation profoundly moved by the death of General Gordon in the Soudan. The mingled grief and rage was something like that which filled New England when John Brown was executed in Virginia, but as Gordon was slain in fair combat while invading a foreign country there was none to rage against except the government. The Prime Minister (Gladstone) had to defend himself as well as he could in a case where the attack was animated solely by a recrudescence of the crusading spirit. "Chinese Gordon," as he has been called, was now spoken of by the national clergy as "Our Christian Soldier." The wrath of the clerical aristocracy, reinforced by that of the Queen herself, seemed about to flood the Soudan with a deluge of blood, and the one great voice which in every such crisis had pleaded for peace — that of John Bright — was silent. After a good deal of consultation with his influential friends, I resolved to write to John Bright. My twenty years of friendship with him was a sufficient warrant for doing so, and in addition I had been engaged by some of his admirers in America to convey to him an invitation to visit our country. So the letter was written and the following answer returned: —

One Ash, Rochdale, April 9, '85.

My dear Mr. Conway, — I am very sensible of the kindness of your letter. It is not likely that I shall visit your country — I am too far on in life for such an adventure.

As to the main purport of your letter I could write much, but shall only write little. I left the Government nearly three years ago, giving up what men prize greatly, and separating myself from Mr. Gladstone, with whom I had acted for many years. This was my protest against the bombardment of Alexandria. I retired from

the Government, and abstained from any further open condemnation of my late colleagues. The outrage at Alexandria has been followed by other blunders and other crimes. I have looked on with grief and shame — but in public I have said nothing or almost nothing.

When war is on there is little use in protesting or condemning — I discovered that thirty years ago, during the Crimean war. If I could have done anything, it could only have been done by the overthrow of the Government — and their successors must have been those whose policy was and is worse than that of those they followed — a policy which, if insisted upon, would probably have involved a war with France. Viewing all the circumstances of the case, I have thought it was right for me to be silent. My position in regard to this unhappy business is peculiar, and I must follow such light as I have. I could not speak upon it without the use of language such as I am not willing to utter when dealing with the mistakes of my late colleagues, and of my personal friends. My language and purpose would be misunderstood, and wrong motives be attributed to me. One member of the Government is my colleague in the representation of Birmingham ; it would be painful for me to discuss the question before our Constituency, and I have spoken on other topics — partly on Foreign policy, but without direct reference to the Egyptian muddle.

You speak of the good people you know who ask why I am silent. I cannot now give them an answer — if they could trust me in so great a question, perhaps they will trust me even though I am silent when they would expect me to speak. If I have any influence with the Government it has not been withheld, but I have not appeared in public as their accuser. I believe, looking to the home interests of the Country, and to its foreign interests also I have done what was my duty in this difficult case. We want a thorough change in our notions of foreign policy — when it will come I know not. Perhaps some great catastrophe is approaching. I sometimes suspect it. Earthquakes come without noise of footstep. Europe is nearly ready for one, and its nations, we amongst them, may need a lesson.

[*Letter from John Bright*]

private

ONE ASH,
ROCHDALE.

April 9. 85

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Forgive this unsatisfactory reply to your very friendly letter. I feel sure you will not misunderstand me. I am my sincerely Your

John Bright

Mr Moncure D Conway
Highbury. New Park N.

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I am,

Very respectfully yours,

JOHN BRIGHT.

Meanwhile from the Foreign Office, and from Gordon's friend, W. H. Mallock, and from Gordon Hake, his relative, the facts and documents concerning Gordon and his mission flooded the papers and reviews, revealing the strangest character and wildest conduct known to modern history.

Gordon seemed to have passed much time in devout saunterings in the "Holy Land," discovering sacred localities. For instance, a hill near the Mount of Olives appearing something like a human form, its skull-like knoll reveals the exact spot of the Crucifixion. Gordon had made friends with the Soudanese and repeatedly declared Egyptian rule there to be "the curse of the country." As he also knew their language, he appeared the best man to send on a mission, — not military, but for persuasion and negotiation, — to secure release of the Egyptians held by the Mahdi.

Gordon accepted the mission and the instructions with perfect agreement, but when he arrived in Egypt the Khedive held up before him a divine mission, and Jahvist instructions. He was to command the hosts of the Egyptians, subdue the false Messiah (Mahdi) and prepare the way of the True Messiah. Gordon's diary contains entries that one might expect in a diary of Peter the Hermit. "I take this prophecy as my own" (Isa. xix): "And it shall be for a sign and for a witness unto the Lord of hosts in the land of Egypt." When the Mahdi has sent him a warning, Gordon writes the word and interrogation

"Armageddon?" One need only read the passage in Revelation xv, 12–16, to realize the fatal fanaticism of that word "Armageddon" in such a crisis. It was Mahdi meeting Mahdi. But these revelations seemed only to increase English enthusiasm for "Our Christian Soldier," and I reached the conclusion that if one scratches an Englishman with a Moslem spear he will find a crusader.

About this time I was requested by my friend the late Joseph Harper to visit Essen, and write for "Harper's Magazine" an account of the Krupp works. It was a rather droll commission for a Peace man like myself, but it was not inappropriate except by reason of my deficiency in the science of guns. I find that at that time I was still under the dominion of the belief in some universal law of progress. That implies of course that the work of destruction has its legitimate moral place. In India, whose most popular deity is Siva the Destroyer, I journeyed for many weeks amid peaceful homes and villages, charmed by the fact that over those innumerable people no cloud of war appeared. And now my first pilgrimage was to the land of European Siva, well represented by Von Moltke, this most accomplished commander of Europe, whom I had seen at the head of his armies in France, and who had just answered a Peace Association: "Your dream is not merely unpractical, it is not even beautiful." At that time I was naïve enough to believe that war had crushed slavery in America and Cæsarism in France.

So at Essen, with sixteen thousand people dwelling in an ideal town created by the Works, I saw the huge guns as the glittering vertebræ of monster saurians preparing the way for a human development attainable only through their extinction. They are, I thought, rude pioneers of a civilization whose peaceful abodes shall be paved

with their fossil bones. As I write now, long after these illusive rainbows have vanished, I may report my pilgrimage to the Krupp Works as visible through the vista of my later pilgrimage in time. This may be done by the following extract from an address given at Dickinson College (Carlisle, Pa.): —

Hence that dread doubleness of nations, each sending out sweet waters and bitter. Thirty-five years ago my duties as a journalist carried me to battlefields of France, where men were mowed down like grass and villages burned and desolated. Some time after, like duties carried me to the town of Essen, in Germany, seat of the Krupp Works, the largest forge of arms in the world. There I saw two kinds of perfection. One was the town of the Krupp workpeople. Socialistic reformers, — Babeuf, Fourier, St. Simon, Robert Owen, — have for more than a century been trying in vain to build ideal communities, and such have been successfully built only in romances. But where social enthusiasts have failed the Krupp Gun Works have succeeded. Exploring those beautiful habitations with happy wives and children, the library, reading-room, school, baths, church, gymnasium, playground, hospital, I walked through a veritable Utopia, — all the visionary romances become real. Then I saw the other perfection, — the exquisite evolution by which the iron ore passed from furnace to furnace, forge to forge, — announcing to the scientific refiner by tints of flame, red, yellow, blue, when it was ready to advance another stage towards that purity of heart when it becomes Bessemer steel, and then attain total sanctification as a gun able to carry a shell for miles. They entrusted me to a scientific manager who knew English, and revealed certain things I was not to print, — secrets of state. He showed me a transcendent gun, — a beauty. This dainty creature was surrounded by artistic shells, as Venus might be by Cupids, each shell with a face or dial, on which a hand is turned to a figure. The shell flies, and at the exact second pointed to by the dial hand infallibly explodes. When I saw the array of these perfect guns, with their families of shells nestling

around them, and the workmen's pretty and well-dressed children playing around, the touching scene recalled the early western epitaph of "Jeames Hambrick, who was shot with a revolver, one of the old-fashioned kind, brass-mounted, and of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

CHAPTER XVII

SEEKING THE BELOVED

FROM the deck of our quarantined ship in the waters of Egypt, gazing towards the consecrated land I was forbidden to enter, I asked myself the reason of my keen disappointment. Was it a real sentiment about the "blessed acres" which the feet of Jesus had trod, or was it curiosity, that caused my longing? Something of both perhaps, but one thing seemed certain, — my pilgrimage to the Wise Men of the East could not be continued in Palestine. What Wise Men were there?

But what I had seen and learned in Asia inspired me with a feeling that I had not yet come close enough for personal recognition to the wise man to whom Christendom was crying Lord, Lord, while doing the reverse of what he said. I had known him as the crucified, had recognized him in the oppressed slave, and in many a suffering Cause, but my occasional tentative essays about the individual Jesus — the flesh-and-blood man — still left him a sort of figure-head. There remained then a pilgrimage of exploration to be made, and I settled myself down to make it on shipboard during our week (nearly) of quarantine. But that exploration has continued to the day when this volume goes to press, and from notes written from time to time during twenty years are selected those contained in this final chapter. It is in my own mind some justification of its inclusion here that it partly grew out of my oriental pilgrimage.

In the tale from the Arabic Gospel with which I set out (*Prolegomena*), the Zoroastrian pilgrims who had followed a star till it took human shape, then led them back to their own country, were asked by the princes what they had brought back. They displayed a child's swaddling-band given them by its mother, and which their sacred fire could not consume. This they pressed to their lips and to their eyes. My own princes — my learned masters — will find that in the preceding pages I have brought back little that is new, unless errors about names and Hindu philosophies. But I have brought back a swaddling-band too! Yosada used it for the infant Krishna, and Maia for the babe Buddha, and Bathsheba for Solomon (Wisdom vii, 4: "I was nursed in swaddling clothes, and that with cares"); and when, after pressing it to my lips and eyes, I looked over towards Palestine, and saw in vision Lady Mary and her babe (as I had seen them in the Jain temple and the Positivist temple), the swaddling-band revealed itself as a symbol of religion in its loving, unsophisticated infancy. Fear may be the mother of Devotion, but Love is the mother of that real faith in all hearts which no fire — nor menaces of fire — can consume. Amid all the metaphysical and ceremonial cinders of oriental religions, and the fierce demons placated in temples but not worshipped, the humble homes know only the tender light shed from sweet faces on their walls, — mothers, lovers, wives, children, heroic men, — each picture with its simple tale or idyl.

From my swaddling-band point of view polytheism has its advantages. "To worship a god not your own is mere flattery," says Confucius. It is no flattery of the god but of some devotee of his who will hate you or kill you if you do not sacrifice your supreme ideal to his idol.

A collectivist deity has for me no religious meaning at all. "Do you believe in a God?" Which? Ormuzd, Brahma, Jupiter, Jehovah, Allah, Trinity, Triad, Mumbo-Jumbo? The mind may be "god-fearing," but the heart believes in the beloved; a universal "God" would be as unreal as a universal sweetheart. That which the heart loves it enshrines, and to me it is the loving, unselfish, giving, beautiful side of nature; it is Love, not omnipotent, but feminine. Should I personify it, there would be in my vision a composite picture of the lovely and beloved faces that watched over my infancy, and smiled on me through life, and rendered it impossible for my heart to bow at any shrine of Will or Omnipotence. To Power I offer no prayer, but to a beloved woman I have often said, and said beside her deathbed, "Forgive me my sins!"

"My mother," said Jesus, — "My mother the Holy Spirit bore me up to the great mountain Tabor."

There is perhaps some mystical significance in the faith that the perfect man is born of woman alone.

In 1876 I printed a collection of discourses in London, under the title, "Christianity," the motto beneath being, *Whoso will be great, let him serve.* The six sections were headed: Its Morning Star; Its Dawn; Its Day; Its Decline; Its Afterglow; The Morrow. In 1877 I appended it to my volume entitled, "Idols and Ideals." There is nothing in the essay that is of much importance to me now to cancel, but what I feel to be wanting in it is the lack of any deep personal feeling about Jesus. I exalt his character and teachings, but in a philosophic way, as if carving a novel figure on the sepulchre of his spirit, — sepulchre to me represented by the ecclesiastical system called Christianity; and the following words appeared to me then a sufficient epitaph: —

"Nor will the Morrow take away Christ. It will restore him to the World from which patristic metaphysics have removed him. It will no longer be considered any degradation to call him a man. He will be seen as one of a high and holy fraternity of seers and teachers, stretching through all ages, whom no one race can claim, who speak for universal right and reason."

I then preferred the name "Christ" to "Jesus," because Christ was a "royal title" which Jew and Gentile united to bestow on a poor man whose only claim to kingship was that he bore witness to the truth. Before passing through Egypt I had reached a definite belief that Jesus was the real name, probably given by his parents in homage to Jesus Ben Sira, principal author of the brilliant heretical book entitled "Wisdom," to which Christians gave the title "Ecclesiasticus." The name would thus be an indication that Jesus was brought up in an anti-jahvist household and trained in the secular wisdom associated with the Solomonic school; and that he was himself trained in boyhood in the academy of cosmopolitan Hillel. In my belief Jesus was, as Paul says, a rich man, who by devoting himself to a public cause became sufficiently poor to accept the pecuniary support of certain persons of rank, — such as Mary entitled the Magdalene; Joanna, the wife of Herod's steward; Susanna, "and many others."

In the absence of any mention of Jesus by any contemporary writer I could reach my conviction of his actual existence only by a purely literary investigation.

At the close of one day we were compensated for our quarantine imprisonment on Suez Canal by a sort of afterglow which shaped itself into a mirage. It needed but slight help of imagination to see lake and palms on the

horizon, and perhaps all my "lost bowers" of faith might have reappeared had not the black curtain of Egyptian night fallen.

My friend Charles Dudley Warner, who visited me in London on his return from the Nile, — about which he wrote two charming books, — was impressed by an incident which would not have been noticed by any mere traveller. It made me recognize in him a brother pilgrim who had come as far from the old Methodist meetings in Madison County, New York, as I had from those of Stafford in Virginia. Amid the solemn monuments of an immemorial Past, sitting alone on his barge far in the depths of night, with the mysteries of Sphinx and Pyramid and Temple around him, he heard from a neighbouring barge a flute sending out in the midnight the air of the familiar hymn, —

> How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
> Is laid in your faith by his excellent word.

Warner knew by instinct that this was some happy Yankee confronting the Sphinx with his solution of the enigma of the universe. There was a story that when Ralph Waldo Emerson first stood before the Sphinx she said to him, "You're another." This is a fair enough story to derive from lines in Emerson's first poem: —

> The old Sphinx bit her thick lip, —
> Said, "Who taught thee me to name?
> I am thy spirit, yoke-fellow,
> Of thine eye I am eyebeam."

But this humble believer, with his flute and his "firm foundation," coming from the same region as the philosopher who floated my foundation in early youth, far away in Virginia, gave me a mystical theme to ponder as I sat on the deck, able to visit Egypt only in dreams.

I began then to turn my little searchlight upon my

own consciousness. What remained of my old foundation? Especially did that being whom my early faith beheld moving amid the people over there, healing their sick, raising their dead, and teaching renunciation of the world, — did he ever exist at all? Or did any great man exist there in the remote past who could have any value for me? I could croon hymns as well as Warner's invisible neighbour with the flute; and I did remember over there a favourite old hymn of which my experience had changed only a word or two: —

> Hark, my soul, it is the Lord!
> 'T is the Spirit, hear her word:
> Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee, —
> 'Say poor pilgrim, lovest thou me?
> I delivered thee when bound,
> And when bleeding healed thy wound,
> Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
> Turned thy darkness into light.'

Did these lines have more than pathos for me, — did they hold any truth for me? It is perfectly true that in every vicissitude of thought, belief, life, that man had led me. It was he who when, in my twentieth year, I ceased to believe that he was Almighty God, led me gently out of my pulpit and bade me follow my light. It was he who gave me strength to leave father, mother, and home for the sake of what I believed the truth, and gave me courage to suffer exile and face peril for the sake of the negro slave. That carried me to the feet and the friendship of Emerson, of Longfellow, and ultimately of the poets and leaders of thought and science in my time. Could I not, then just past my fiftieth year, take to myself what Jesus said to one of his friends, "Are you sure you love me?"

Yes, I love thee, but it is since leaving thee as a preternatural being. I find indeed that even in the old days

my breast was unconsciously detaching Jesus from the Cosmos. Who can love a Cosmos?

Also, I had to detach Jesus from the *libretti* of the second and third century plays, which show him as the central messianic figure of allegorical *dramatis personæ*, — Judas (type of Jewry) Iscariot (a word made up of Issachar, couching between two burdens, — servant under tribute, — and *scortea* suggesting the money-bag, it being necessary to explain the unbelief of the Jews, despite miracles, as arising from self-interest); Mary Magdalene (see chapter xii); Saul, *alias* of Paul, in adaptation to the proverb, "Is Saul also among the prophets; Jesus Barabbas, and Bar Jesus, equivalents of Antichrist; Elymas the "sorcerer" (magus), i. e. Mr. Worldly-wise-man. The figure of John is a notable example of the freedom with which theatrical exigencies determined things. Although John is called a son of thunder (Boanerges), and Jesus repeatedly rebukes him for his ferocity and murderous intolerance, he is assumed to be the specially beloved disciple, so called in the gospel traditionally ascribed to him (John) though his name is not on it nor in it. The tableau of a beloved leaning on Christ's bosom and a Satan (Judas) on the other is too picturesque for any spectator to reflect on the morality of this favouritism for one disciple and the selection of the Satan to be treasurer.

In witnessing Rostand's play, "La Samaritaine," I remarked the religious feeling produced in the audience by the deception with which Jesus introduces himself to the woman. He says the sun is hot, and asks for water, but when after some talk she offers him water he says, "I have no thirst except for thy soul." It must be that all Christians feel that the incident at Jacob's well is a scene, none being troubled by the affectation of saying, "Call thy

husband," when he knew she had none. Some instinctive sense of dramatic licence must be charitably credited to readers of the story of the resurrection of Lazarus who feel no shock at the succession of untruths and deceptions attributed to Jesus. He is represented as staying away from the sick man, in order that he may die; he affects to believe that Lazarus is only asleep, but finding his disciples pleased with the prospect of recovery, in which case there would be no miracle, he becomes frank (*parresia*) and assures them that Lazarus is dead; he tells his disciples privately he is glad Lazarus is dead; he tells Martha, when she comes out to him *alone*, that her brother shall rise; but when her sister Mary comes out, accompanied by her Jewish consolers, Jesus breaks out into vehement groans and lamentations, lashing himself (*etarasen eauton*) into this sham grief over a man at whose death he has connived and who would presently be alive! Even in his prayer over Lazarus the pretence is kept up, and his father is informed, in an aside, "I know that thou hearest me always, but because of the multitude around I said it, that they may believe that thou didst send me." Thus does the Fourth Gospel if taken prosaically sink Jesus morally into the grave of Lazarus.

But the resurrection of Lazarus is a transparent drama made out of the parable of the rich man and the beggar. This parable is Zoroastrian and very ancient, being found in the *Bahman Yast*.[1] Among the visions of Zoroaster was a "celebrity with much wealth, whose soul, infamous in the body, was hungry and jaundiced and in hell. And I saw a beggar with no wealth and helpless, and his soul was thriving in paradise." (It will be noticed that in the Christian version the rich man's only sin was his

[1] *Sacred Books of the East*, vol. v. p. 197.

riches.) Abraham's words to the rich man — "neither will they be persuaded if one rose from the dead" — were not adapted to a faith built on a resurrection, and that parable is not found in the Fourth Gospel. The resurrection of a supernatural man is not sufficient for a people not supernatural. Those who had been looking for a returning Christ had died, just like the unbelievers. There was a tremendous necessity for an example of the resurrection of an ordinary man. There is audible in the story the pathetic cry of the human heart, and the demand that must be met by any gospel claiming the faith of humanity. "Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died!" Through what ages has that declaration ascended to cold and silent skies? It is found in the Vedas, in Job, in the Psalms. If there is a heart up there, why are we tortured? To the many apologies and explanations and pretences which imperilled systems had given, Christianity had to add something more than Egyptian dreams and Platonic speculations. A dead man must arise; it must be done dramatically, amid domestic grief and neighbourly sympathy; it must be done doctrinally, with funeral sermon turned to rejoicings. And this is all done in the story of Lazarus in such a way that it might surround every grave with happy visions. For who, while tears are falling, will pause to handle the wreaths, and find whether they are genuine? Who, while the service is proceeding, will analyze the details, and ask whether it is possible that Jesus could have practised such deception and assumed such theatrical attitudes as those described in the Fourth Gospel?

The forerunners of the freethinkers of our modern world were active founders of institutions, political and educational, but did not dream of building up anything practical

without the aid of religion. Thomas Jefferson even while at William and Mary College was a disbeliever in Christianity, but it was he who at the outbreak of the Revolution decreed for Virginia a day of fasting. Dr. Benjamin Rush was a Universalist and Governor John Dickinson a deist, but in together founding Dickinson College in Pennsylvania they imported from Scotland a president and faculty of Calvinists, avowedly because they regarded it as essential for success to attract the Presbyterians. Benjamin Franklin was what would now be pronounced an "infidel," but it was he who moved that the Constitutional Convention (1787) should be opened with prayer. Wakefield, the founder of the New Zealand Colony, was a theistic rationalist, but he did not even try to begin or carry on the work without obtaining aid of the English clergy, and establishing there the Church of England. It is probable that such men assumed as an axiom that the features of religion which they repudiated were merely incidental to the ethical system on which society was based. Thomas Jefferson, writing privately to John Adams, said: —

"Among the sayings and discourses imputed to him [Jesus] by his biographers, I find many passages of fine imagination, correct morality, and of the most lovely benevolence; and others, again, of so much ignorance, of so much absurdity, so much untruth, and imposture, as to pronounce it impossible that such contradictions should have proceeded from the same being. I separate, therefore, the gold from the dross, restore to him the former, and leave the latter to the stupidity of some and the roguery of others of his disciples."

Many years ago, Jefferson's granddaughters showed me the little book in which he pasted passages from the New

Testament which he considered the "gold," everything miraculous being omitted as dross.

This had already been done (1820) by the learned Brahman dissident, Rammohun Roy, who published in Sanscrit, Bengalee, and English his book "The Precepts of Jesus, the Guide to Peace and Happiness." This book did not guide the Hindu author to "peace and happiness," but brought on him the wrath of both Brahmans and missionaries. But every pilgrim, from unnatural to natural religion, has made for himself a similar selection.

Such compilations, — including my own "Sacred Anthology" (1874), — however restricted (by intention) to ethical instructions, leave the mind still in an atmosphere charged with superstitions. The ethics ascribed to Christ, such as the "Sermon on the Mount," are largely post-resurrectional and quasi-miraculous. They are meant in large part for people expecting a speedy end of the world. Therefore they are exhorted to lay up no treasures on the existing earth, take no thought for the morrow, give all their property to the poor, disregard family ties, mourn, make themselves sexless, hate the world, and do or abstain from other things, — conduct which for men and women living in a permanent world would be immoral and insane.

The tentative effort of Jefferson to separate gold from dross in the "Gospels" is creditable, and he shows, I think, especial acumen in describing Paul as the "first corrupter of the doctrines of Jesus." No miracle ascribed to Jesus is alluded to by Paul, but his fatalism, clerical ambition, and falsehood in pretending to receive private revelations from Jesus after death, corrupted the morals of the religious movement. His immeasurable crime was to restore in the form of Jesus himself the sacrificial victims Jesus

drove from the temple. It is due to Paul that Christianity rests upon a human sacrifice.[1]

Turning from the messianic myth and the "mystery," I find a Jesus in contrast with the post-resurrectional utterances ascribed to him and the accretions which have invested the "Christ" during the ages, and been put into the New Testament by translators, — such as deriving Jesus from peasant parents, making his father and even himself a carpenter. (The word τέκτων means any worker in wood. Joseph may have been a sculptor in wood.) Were the narratives read as if dug up in Persia and related to Zoroaster, we should find in them a gentleman, traditionally of high birth, educated, and in the best sense a man of the world. He eats and drinks with personages of rank, admires the Greeks, exalts cosmopolitan Solomon and the "Gentile" Queen of Sheba above the provincial sectarians of his time, and repudiates priesthood, sacrifices, sabbath, and pharisaic morality. His familiarity with refined and polite social life appears in poetic parables and metaphors often drawn from grand and elegant life, — a lost pearl, masters of fields and vineyards, wedding garments, royal ambassadors, precedence at feasts, the fine robe and ring, and the fatted calf.[2]

[1] Paul found the early separatists enjoying annually a merry wine supper (1 Cor. xi) which Jesus himself had substituted for the Passover, and suppressed it by pretending that Jesus had appeared to him and told him it was a sacrament in which his disciples ate his flesh and drank his blood. The Romans charged the Christians with cannibalism, and gradually this became an accusation of secret human sacrifices. As the Romans made no distinction between the Christian and non-Christian Jews, the Christians passed the accusation on to the Passover Jews, and multitudes of these have suffered — many suffer to this day — under an accusation of "ritual murder" which originated in the flesh-and-blood sacrament instituted by Paul's pretence of a personal interview with the dead Jesus.

[2] I cannot quote the parable of the Prodigal Son as a veritable utterance

The notion that Jesus drew around him ignorant and poor "fishermen" is fostered by a democratic age whose creed is *vox populi vox dei*. Fancy the absurdity of saying to poor fishermen the words Jesus is reported as addressing (Luke xvii, 7–10) to his apostles alone: "Who is there of you, having a bond servant ploughing or keeping sheep, that will say unto him, when he is come in from the field, Come straightway and sit down to meat; and will not rather say unto him, Make ready wherewith I may sup, and gird thyself and serve me till I have eaten and drunken?" No matter whether Jesus really said this or not, the writer of Luke could never imagine anything so preposterous as the use of such language to men of the lower class.

Divesting all the traditional accounts of everything that could be called post-resurrectional and everything miraculous, — no miracle ascribed to him being known to any of the early books of the New Testament, the Epistles, — I had to consider whether there were utterances, original in form if not in substance, derivable from those fragmentary accounts which could not have been invented by any of the persons who report them; and whether putting these together they indicated the presence about that time of an integral mind, and one of extraordinary genius.

of Jesus, because I think it was twisted by Pauline influence (see Eph. ii, 12, 13, and 14) to represent the relation of Jew and Gentile in the Church. The Gentile is the licentious prodigal, the Jew the elder brother. But that Jesus did utter some parable concerning individual immoralities seems probable from a passage in Eusebius: "The Gospel which comes to us in Hebrew characters has directed the threat not against the hider but against the profligate. For it has included three servants, one which devoured the substance with harlots and flute-women, and one which multiplied, and one which hid the talent: afterwards that one (the profligate) was received back, one simply blamed, and one (the hider) cast into prison." (It seems that in the original parable the chief usurer was censured.)

St. Augustine, in his Commentary on John, says that some had removed from their manuscripts the story of the woman taken in adultery. "I imagine," he adds, "out of fear that impunity of sin were granted to their wives." In that case, too, the story, suppressed in other gospels, could be preserved only by making Jesus partly take back his words, "Neither will I condemn thee," by adding, "Go and no longer sin." The addition is cant.[1] As for the story in itself, — the writing on the ground, the accusers slinking away, and the title of courtesy with which Jesus addresses the woman, "Mistress" (Gunai), — I cannot discover anything similar in eastern or oriental books. It would have required a first-century Boccaccio to invent such an exquisite story.[2]

The most important revelation to me of the Gospel according to the Hebrews, the only gospel written in Aramaic, the language spoken in Jerusalem in the time of Jesus, is that to which I alluded in my conversation with Dr. Rájendralála Mitra in Calcutta (chapter xii). The sentence has been preserved from this suppressed Aramaic Gospel by Epiphanius, who writes (Hær. xxx, 16): "And they say that he both came, and (as their so-called Gospel has it) instructed them that he had come to dissolve the Sacrifices: 'and unless ye cease from sacrificing,

[1] At Grimsby, England, when all doors were closed against John Wesley, a woman of bad repute offered him, without evil intent, a room in her house. He persuaded her to return to her husband in Newcastle-on-Tyne and accompanied her thither. That was not cant.

[2] My learned friend, John M. Robertson, M. P., to whom I mentioned the originality of the story, quoted from one or two Latin authors the sentiment that an accuser should be himself without the fault he charges. This is indeed our law maxim, that a plaintiff must come into court with clean hands, but the art of genius is displayed in the form and colour. As Confucius said, "The hide of a dog and the hide of a panther are the same if stripped of their decorative hair."

the wrath shall not cease from you.'" Dr. Nicholson is shocked at this threat, and suspects the Ebionites of having altered what Jesus said. But surely it is a true and grand admonition by one superseding a phantasm of heavenly egoism, demanding gifts from men for pacification, with the idea of Supreme Love. Dr. Nicholson connects it, no doubt rightly, with Luke xiii, 1–3, which should probably read: "There were some present at that very season who told him of the Galileans whose blood Pilate had mingled with their sacrifices. And he answered, Think ye these Galileans were sinners rather than all other Galileans because they suffered these things? I tell you, No! And unless ye cease from sacrificing, the wrath will not cease from you." That is, they would always be haunted by the delusion of a bloodthirsty god, a god of wrath, and see a judgment, not only in every accident, but in every calamity wrought by fiendish men.

Here for the first time I discovered why the Jews sought the death of Jesus. In my Essay on Christianity (1876) I expressed the belief that Jesus "was not put to death because of his beautiful moral teachings or his pure life," but because his religion "rendered a priesthood totally unnecessary," and because he turned the people against him by overthrowing their hopes of a national political Messiah and military deliverer and their future glory. But the insufficiency of these teachings, or any teachings, to excite a murderous purpose against Jesus had already been felt by me before I weighed the words of the Aramaic Gospel, and even these words alone did not explain the tragedy. Denunciations of the sacrifices are found in several prophetic Psalms, and in the peculiar expression used by Epiphanius in citing the Aramaic Gospel ("he both came and instructed them that he had come to

destroy the sacrifices") did not refer exactly to verbal teaching, but to something done. In revising the life of Jesus I perceived that the story of the alleged attack on the money-changers in the temple had been tampered with, and that the original story in the Fourth Gospel was: "He made a whip of small cords and drove out of the temple the sheep and oxen, and to those that sold doves said, Remove them." The clumsy importation into this text of the painstaking effort of the Synoptics to turn the action of Jesus from a demonstration against animal sacrifice into zeal for the temple and wrath against a legitimate business led me to reconsider that legend which I had totally discarded. I reached the conclusion, that he whom Church traditions have without scriptural warrant represented as a sort of peasant surrounded by peasant disciples, was on the contrary a gentleman of local distinction, enjoying the friendship of high personages, including Pilate and his wife, and that he gathered around him a number of anti-sacrifice reformers large enough to protect him in driving the animals out of the temple.

In the narrative of the trial of Jesus in the Fourth Gospel (xix) the English translations have massed together the clauses of verse 12, making it appear that the effort of Pilate to release Jesus was only to secure his acquittal at the trial. But in the original the first clause is a distinct sentence: "Thenceforth Pilate sought to release him." Taken in connection with the warning sent Pilate by his wife to do nothing against the just man, and the care of the Roman soldiers not to break any bones, and the entombment in a rich man's sepulchre without embalmment, a fair argument may be made that Pilate, while affecting to surrender Jesus to the mob, continued his effort to save him, and that when Mary Magdalene

went to the sepulchre while it was yet dark, it was to a living Jesus that she cried, "My Master!" It is possible that this lady of title and property acted with the advice of Pilate and his wife, and went while it was yet dark in order that she might spirit off Jesus to a place of safety. There is no evidence that Jesus received any fatal wound.

However this may be, it was essential for pious and ecclesiastical purposes that the purely human Jesus should be declared dead, and that there should emerge from his sepulchre a Messiah, — a Christ, — and also that the local traditions reporting the real man should be entombed, after selecting from them just such passages as might be edited and adapted to the supernatural founder of the Church and Priesthood. For human love and sympathies had to be preserved, as well as divine sanctities of the sword and of creeds and inquisitorial power. Fortunately, however, literary art at the end of the first century and in the second was not equal to the delicate task of welding the human Jesus with the Christ finely enough to prevent criticism from separating them sufficiently to recover, as I think, to some extent at least, the man some have thought irrecoverable and others entirely mythical.

Before quoting the ideas that appear genuine in the alleged utterances of Jesus, let me warn my reader that they are not selected for their intrinsic truth nor for their originality. The belief that Jesus was the son of a peasant or a carpenter, or particularly a man of sorrows, — traditional vestment given him to attract the sympathies of the poor and excite their wonder, — cannot remain in unprepossessed eyes. There are in the Solomonic books more than fifty sayings that flower in the parables and metaphors of Jesus, who was without any pretension to originality. He was no prophet, no

rabbi, and but incidentally a public teacher; he was, I believe, a scholar of genius trying to deliver the people from practically pernicious superstitions, and freely — eloquently, too — using for that end all the wisdom he could get hold of.

Next to Siddartha (Buddha) stands in the earliest annals of his life his relative and devout disciple, Ananda. It is related that Ananda, after a long walk in the country, met Matangi, a woman of low caste, near a well and asked her for some water. She tells him she must not come near him, being of lower caste. Ananda replies, "My sister, I ask not for thy caste or thy family, I ask only for a draught of water." She becomes a devotee of Buddha. There is no reason why this Buddhist anecdote should not have been known to the scholars of Jerusalem College, where the great liberal thinker Hillel presided, and where probably Jesus, as said in Luke (ii, 40, 52), grew strong, advanced in wisdom, and was beloved.

In Judea the caste was racial, that of being the "chosen people" of Abrahamic descent, and the especial application of its pretensions was against the Samaritans. There is every reason why a man of genius and of high position should take pains to visit Samaria, natural that he should talk with a woman there, again natural that when his friends marvel at his talking with the woman he should have reminded them of Ananda and the woman of low caste at the well. The Samaritans themselves could indeed provide the scenery: they were Assyrians, and Babylon had long been a great centre of Buddhism, whose missionaries and actors were going through all the world.[1] They

[1] "Babylone était devenue depuis quelque temps un vrai foyer de Bouddhisme; Boudasp (Bodhisattva) était réputé un sage chaldéen et le fondateur du sabisme. Le *sabisme* lui-même, qu'était-il? Ce que son

would readily associate the Well of Ananda with their Well of Jacob. But the coincidence relates solely to the frame around the picture. The repudiation of caste is a small thing compared with the sublime and far-reaching thought of Jesus: "Mistress, believe me, the hour comes when neither in this mountain nor yet in Jerusalem shall ye worship the Father: the hour comes, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth." Who would have been bold enough, even had he been liberal enough, to clear away all the most sacred places in one tremendous affirmation? Who could invent it? Matthew, Mark, Luke suppress it. Even in the one gospel that ventures to preserve the grand utterance it could only be done by attaching to it a sentence retracting it: "Ye worship that which ye know not; we worship that which we know: for salvation is from the Jews."

This interpolation in the Fourth Gospel (iv, 22) is the basest in the New Testament, as the utterance it perverts is the highest. It began the sectarian work of choking up the Well which symbolized a human religion in the water refreshing all without regard to sect or dogma. "There is nothing to be seen," says Stuart-Glennie ("Pilgrim Memories"), concerning Jacob's Well, "but

étymologie indique: le *baptisme*, c'est-à-dire la religion des baptêmes multipliés, la souche de la secte encore existante qu'on appelle chrétiens de Saint Jean ou mendaïtes, et que les Arabes appellent *el-mogtasila*, les baptistes." — Renan.

It is even possible that in the Samaritan woman's legend we have a reappearance of Draupadi, who with Krishna's advice was the wife of the five Pandava princes, and who pretended to be enamoured of one "who was not her husband," the warrior Kichaka, who perished because of his attempts on her loyalty and modesty. In the ancient time of polyandry, Draupadi was the ideal wife, woman, and princess. She was widely famous, and is still on the stage in India.

beside a little mound of ruins, a shallow pit half choked with rubbish." The rival sects surrounding the "holy places" with their gaudy temples — each maintaining its Gerizim or its Jerusalem, its Mecca or Rome or Constantinople — are all unconsciously attesting by their neglect of Jacob's Well that in two thousand years Christendom has never been able to appreciate, much less invent the sublime utterance associated with it. The utterance — wheresoever or to whomsoever spoken — is that of a great thinker and a great heart. Who was it?

It is not a question of whether there had not been as great thinkers — or greater — who spoke with equal catholicity before our era; but the simply historical question whether there was one such at the beginning of our era, and whether we are to identify him as the individual to whom the paradox is ascribed, with timid reservation, in the (anonymous) Fourth Gospel.

Setting aside all that is of messianic, post-resurrectional, perfunctory, or supernatural accent in the reported sayings of Jesus, and conceiving him as a man of genius who never dreamed of founding a new religious organization, I subjoin the sentences and statements which I accept (on literary grounds) in substance just as I accept the reported utterances of Socrates and Confucius.

I begin with that declaration which, translated into action, risked — and possibly cost — his life.

I am come to dissolve the Sacrifices; and unless you cease from sacrificing, the Wrath shall not cease from you.

Go you and learn the meaning of this: I desire mercifulness, not sacrifice.

If you carry a gift to an altar, bethink thee whether thy fellow man has any claim upon thee; leave there thy gift for the altar unoffered and first answer the need of man.

If you love not your brother man whom you have seen, how can you love God whom you have not seen?

If thy brother hath offended in anything and hath made thee amends, seven times in a day receive him. Simon said, Seven times in a day? Jesus answered, I tell thee also unto seventy times seven; for in the prophets likewise after they were anointed by the Holy Spirit utterance of error was found.

The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath.

Beholding a man working on the Sabbath, Jesus said to him, Man, if thou knowest what thou doest, blessed are thou; but if thou knowest not, thou art under a curse, a mere law-breaker.

Let your light shine before men. A lamp is not lit to be put under a bushel.

The lamp of the body is the eye. If thine eye be sound, the whole body is illumined; if the eye be diseased, the whole body is in darkness. If the inner eye be darkened, how great is the darkness!

Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

By their fruits both trees and men are known.

Each tree is known by its *own* fruit.

Just now my mother the Holy Spirit took me by one of my hairs and bore me up on to the great mountain Tabor. [1]

Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: on this hang all the law and the prophets.

The lawyer to whom Jesus said, Love thy neighbour as thyself, asked, Who is my neighbour? Jesus said: A certain man was going down from Jerusalem to Jericho; and he fell among robbers, which both stripped him and beat him, and departed leaving him half dead. And by chance a certain priest was going down that way; and when he saw him he passed by on the other side. And

[1] This isolated fragment is quoted simply because of the significance of the fact that in the only reference to the Holy Spirit by the pre-resurrectional Jesus he personifies it as a woman. This heresy alone was enough to suppress the Aramaic Gospel.

in like manner a Levite also, when he came to the place, and saw him, passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him he was moved with compassion, and came to him, and bound up his wounds pouring on them oil and wine; and he set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn and took care of him. And on the morrow he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, I, when I come back again, will repay thee. Which of these three, thinkest thou, proved neighbour to him that fell among the robbers? And he said, He that shewed mercy on him. And Jesus said unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.

Now as they went on their way, he entered into a certain village: and a certain woman named Martha received him into her house. And she had a sister called Mary, which also sat at the Lord's feet, and heard his word. But Martha was cumbered about much serving; and she came up to him, and said, Lord, dost thou not care that my sister leaves me to serve alone? bid her help me. Jesus said Martha, Martha, thou art anxious and troubled about many things; one dish is enough: Mary hath chosen a good share, which must not be taken from her. (No doubt said with some humour.)

The divine sway comes not visibly, so that a man may say, Lo here! lo there! for it is with (or within) you. It is like unto leaven which a woman hid in three measures of meal, till it was all leavened.

Suffer the little children to come to me; forbid them not; of such is the kingdom of the heavens.[1]

Many that are first shall be last, and last that shall be first.

The mother and brothers of Jesus said to him, John the Baptist baptizeth for remission of sins: let us go and be baptized by him. But he said to them, Wherein have

[1] Although Jesus at times uses this phrase, "kingdom of the heavens," it is oftener ascribed to him in a sense he repudiated with emphasis; it was not something external, in another world, nor in the future, nor was it anything royal.

I sinned that I should go and be baptized by him except perhaps this very thing that I have said is ignorance.

John the Baptist is great, yet he that is but little in the (real) kingdom of the heavens is greater. For from the days of John the Baptist till now this kingdom (that is within) suffers by violence, and by the violent who would take it by force.

It is like unto a grain of mustard seed, which a man took, and cast into his own garden; and it grew, and became a tree; and the birds of the heavens lodged in the branches thereof.

The woman (of Samaria) said to him, Our fathers worshipped in this mountain; and ye say, that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship. Jesus said Mistress, believe me, the hour is coming when neither in this mountain, nor in Jerusalem, shall ye worship the Father. But the hour comes, and now is, when true worshippers shall worship the Father in mind and heart: for such the Father also seeks. God is spirit: they that worship him must worship in spirit and sincerity.

The scribes and the Pharisees bring a woman taken up for adultery: and having placed her in the midst they said to him, Teacher, this woman has been taken up in adultery, in the very act; and in the law Moses commanded us to stone such: what dost thou say? Jesus having bent down, wrote with his finger upon the ground. But as they continued asking him, he unbent and said to them, Let the sinless one of you first cast against her the stone. And having bent down again, he kept writing upon the ground. But they went out one by one, beginning from the elder ones, and Jesus was left alone with the woman. And Jesus having unbent, said to her, Mistress, where are they? Hath none condemned thee? She said, None, sir. Jesus said, Neither will I condemn thee.

Say not ye, There are yet four months, and *then* cometh the harvest? Behold I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields, that they are white already unto harvest.

Ye have heard it said, An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, but I say, Resist not him that is evil. Ye have

heard it said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour and hate thine enemy: I say, Love your enemies.

Why are ye anxious about raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow: they toil not, spin not; yet Solomon amid all his glory never arrayed himself like one of these. (The Palestine lilies are gorgeous.)

Be not anxious for the morrow: the morrow will be anxious for itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

Judge not!

Give not that which is holy to the dogs, which turn and tear you; cast not your pearls before swine, which trample them under their feet.

Wide and broad is the path to destruction, and many enter the wide gate: how narrow the gate and straitened the way (of true) life, and how few find it!

Certain scribes and Pharisees said, Teacher, we would see a sign from thee. Jesus answered, An evil and sensual time looks for a miracle: no miracle will occur.

Jesus (speaking in the temple to the chief priests) said, Did ye never read in the Scriptures, The stone which the builders rejected was made the head of the corner? He that falleth on this stone shall be broken, but on whomsoever it shall fall it will grind him to dust.

Call no man master.

One of the Pharisees desired him to eat with him. A woman of the town when she knew that he was sitting at meat in the Pharisee's house brought a flask of ointment and began to wet his feet with tears and wiped them with the hair of her head and kissed his feet and anointed them with the ointment.

She has loved much.

The house was filled with the odour of the ointment; but some said, To what purpose this waste? The ointment might have been sold for three hundred pence and given to the poor, and they murmured against her. Jesus said, Let her alone; why trouble her? On me she has wrought a good work. She has done what she could.

Put not new wine into old wine-skins, lest they burst.

Be wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.

If any man will be great, let him serve.

The lowly shall be exalted, the proud humbled.

Blind guides strain out on the gnat, and swallow a camel.

Give, and it shall be given you.

The measure ye mete shall be measured to you.

Cast the beam from thine eye, before noticing the mote in thy neighbour's eye.

He is a great criminal, who hath grieved the spirit of his brother.

No thank to you if you love them that love you, but there is thank if you love your enemies and them that hate you.

Be ye never joyful save when you have looked upon your brother in charity.

Be as lambkins (though) in the midst of wolves.

The son and the daughter should inherit alike.

It is happier to give than to receive.

No servant can serve two masters.

Out of entire heart and out of entire mind.

What is the profit if a man gain the entire world, and lose his life?

Become proved bankers.

If ye have not been faithful in the little, who will trust you with the large?

Happy are the lowly; they enjoy the earth.

Happy are they that hunger and thirst after justice: in them it is fulfilled.

Happy are the compassionate; they shall receive compassion.

Happy are the pure in heart.

Happy are the peacemakers.

The evil one is the tempter.

Give no opportunity to the evil one.

A man sowed good seed in his field, but while he slept his enemy sowed tares amid his wheat and went off. When the blade sprang up and bore forth fruit there appeared the tares also, and the servants of the householder came and said, Sir, didst thou not sow good seed in thy field? Whence then has it tares? And he said unto them, An enemy hath done this.

In these selections I have included only what I believe Jesus said. There are several things reported in the New Testament in which there is reality and beauty, but so much disguised that it is difficult to give them precise expression. No doubt there was some real remark in the concluding reference to John the Baptist in Luke vii, 31–34, but Jesus could not have used the phrase 'Son of man' as a title. For the rest, there is both humour and pathos in the incident:—

Whereunto then shall I liken the men of this generation, and to what are they like? They are like unto children that sit in the market-place, and call one to another; which say, We piped unto you, and ye did not dance; we wailed, and ye did not weep. For John the Baptist is come eating no bread nor drinking wine; and ye say, He hath a devil. The Son of man is come eating and drinking; and ye say, Behold a gluttonous man, and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners! But wisdom is justified of all her children.

It is not be considered that those who do not accept narratives of supernatural events as history are indifferent to their significance. It is not merely as poetry that such legends as that of the Nativity are valuable, but as serious witnesses to the mental and moral conditions amid which were shaped traditions literally unhistoric. In the Nativity we have a dramatic and realistic composition based on an earlier story of the baptism of Jesus. The earliest account is certainly that of the Aramaic Gospel:—

When the people had been baptized, Jesus also came and was baptized by John. And as he went up the heavens were opened, and he saw the Holy Spirit in shape of a dove descending and entering into him. And a voice out of the heaven, saying, Thou art my beloved Son, in thee I am well pleased: and again, I have this day begotten thee. And straightway a great light shone around the

place. And when John saw it he saith unto him, Who art thou, Lord? And again a voice out of heaven unto him, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. Then John fell down before him and said, I pray thee, Lord, baptize thou me. But he prevented him, saying, Let be; for thus it is becoming that all things should be fulfilled. And it came to pass, when the Lord had come up from the water, the entire fountain of the Holy Spirit descended and rested upon him and said to him, My son, in all the prophets did I await thee, that thou mightest come and I might rest in thee; for thou art my rest; thou art my first born Son that reignest forever.

In no other gospel are found the words, "This day have I begotten thee." When that was written it could not have been believed that this divine paternity dated back to a physical event thirty years before. That story was not yet completed in the middle of the second century, when we find Clement of Alexandria (Stromateis) saying that some people in his time were maintaining that Mary was a virgin, an opinion which he condemns. The Holy Spirit overshadowing Jesus at baptism is the same that later overshadows Mary, to whom was transferred the title he had applied to the Holy Spirit, — "My mother." The great light which shines over the baptism, not mentioned in the other Gospels, becomes afterwards the glory that shone around the shepherds. The maternal words of the Spirit entering Jesus at baptism in the Aramaic narrative — a dove which he alone saw or heard — correspond with the words of Simeon, who came by the Spirit into the Temple.[1]

[1] In the ancient Lalita Vistara it is related that an inspired rishi or sage, dwelling in the Himalayas, named Asita, became informed by portents of the birth of a future lawgiver, as the son of King Suddhodana, at Kapilavastu, and journeyed thither to pay his homage to the infant. Among the portents Asita heard joyful gods acclaiming in the sky Buddha's name, and he saw far off the babe in his cradle.

Theologians have naturally claimed that the words addressed to Jesus by the Jews, "We were not born of fornication," were a sneer, and prove their knowledge that Joseph was not the father of Jesus. The Jewish tradition that Jesus was the son of a young Roman named Panthera might seem fortified by the alleged rudeness of Jesus to his mother, "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" and his apparent refusal to see her and his brethren when they asked to see him (Mark iii, 31–35). It is also said that the brothers of Jesus did not believe in him. But such texts are mainly messianic and mean that Jesus did not derive his wisdom from earthly parentage, but as one begotten "not of the will of man, but of God." In the genealogy of Jesus (Matt. i) the only wives mentioned are those about whom some irregularity was traditional — Tamar, Ruth, Bathsheba, Mary, — and it is possible that in the post-resurrectional era it had become important to accept and magnify the alleged illegitimacy.

It is not improbable that the superstition about illegitimacy, as under some conditions a sign of a hero's heavenly origin, may have had some foundation in the facts of heredity. In times when love or even passion had little connection with any marriage, and none with royal marriages, the offspring of an amour might naturally manifest more force of character than the legitimate, and the inherited sensual impulses, often displayed in noble energies, might prove of enormous importance in breaking down an old oppression continued by an automatic legitimacy of succession.

The phrase, "entire fountain of the Holy Spirit," is Zoroastrian: in the Avesta the Holy Spirit is Anâhita; her influence is always described as a fountain descending on the saints or heroes to whom she gives strength.

The narrative of the Annunciation and Nativity is inserted in the New Testament with simplicity, and without any fraudulent effort to harmonize it with the earlier biography. Mary says to Jesus, "Thy father and I have sought thee;" she makes the usual sacrifice in the Temple for purification; and despite the offerings to the infant of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, it is said his brothers did not believe in him. The story has become to us a Christmas carol which testifies, however, to the exaltation of popular faith and hope when it was believed that Jesus had risen from the dead, and that he would speedily reappear in resplendent power to bring peace on earth and joy to all mankind. My own belief is that it was written out as a play, with borrowings from old Buddhist plays, and was acted in the villages. And all this brings me testimony that there actually was at that period a great original orator who so uplifted and charmed the best minds around him — probably not many — that they could not bear the thought of his death; and that one of these, the Magdalene, reporting that she had seen him after his supposed death, though, as Luke says, the disciples regarded her story as idle talk, nevertheless gave rise to dramas of martyrdom and resurrection. Out of the womb of one Mary Jesus was born, out of the heart of another Mary he was born again. As she sat alone beside the sepulchre, she heard a voice saying, "Why weepest thou?" "Because they have taken away my master and I know not where they have laid him!" "Mary!" "Rabboni — my master!"

Mary does not speak as if she supposed Jesus had died, and it cannot now be determined whether the Jesus she saw "while it was yet dark" was living or a vision.

Had the loving lady — the most calumniated that ever lived — foreseen what was to come, the vision, if such

it was, could not have occurred. Mary's heart would have said, "Rest, my beloved! Sleep on till a purer age can raise thee for a higher, not a lower, career, — for a loving, not cursing, career! The earth is dark without thee, but thou must not rise to incarnate the authority of cruel gods, and crown the power of cruel men, and trace thy steps through history in blood of hearts most like thine own!" But Mary saw not that; her love was not that of the penitent of Christian fiction, but that of the pure human lover of a great lover; and if Jesus is ever released by the angel Imagination from his tomb of pious and moral mediocrity, there will come forth with him grand epics and romances, among these that of the Lady of Maudleyn Castle, whose wealth helped to support her Beloved when from being rich he had become poor.

An intelligent American fellow-traveller said to me, "Don't feel distressed at not visiting Palestine. My wife there and I came all the way from Boston, chiefly to visit the places associated with Jesus; and both of us came away, feeling rather sorry we had gone. It is difficult to explain our disillusion, but it was partly the vulgarization by showmen of everything sacred, and the sectarian monuments, splendid memorials of intolerance, continually exciting disgust, instead of the sweet and happy emotions we had expected."

I easily recognized in this Boston gentleman an old-fashioned intellectual Socinian, whose ideal was a Jesus not too far, nor yet too near. My early Methodist training in the South had continued through all vicissitudes, as an increasing love for my teachers, for those who helped me at a pinch, whether they were ancient or modern. There are in my "Sacred Anthology" some selections from Buddha, — such as his "Excellencies," — and

some from Saadi, which I ceased to read to my congregation as Lessons, because they brought those men before me so vividly that the strain on my feeling was too great. The ideas I gradually formed of Jesus as a man, and my interpretations as given above, of what he really thought and felt (so far as there were any data before me) awakened in me a great love for him. Out there on our ship, in the Suez Canal, in the darkness, it was as if he sat on the deck beside me, and said softly, "I was lonely in life because the age was frantic about religion, and everybody was trying to make me out some kind of a priest or prophet or messiah; only one or two men loved me for my real human self, but there were some affectionate ladies, with one of whom, Mary of Magdala, my relations were tender and intimate. Mary of Bethany anointed me at the table as if I were a king, but what I prized were her tears and kisses. She, too, had a heart, and loved me."

"And the tears," I said, "were they not then simply penitential?"

"Not at all."

Then I repeated the words preserved from the suppressed Gospel: "The disciples say, 'Where wilt thou that we prepare for the passover to eat?' Jesus answered, 'Have I desired to eat this flesh, the passover, with you?'"

Through the darkness came the words: "Nothing sacrificial could I tolerate, nor could I participate in a memorial feast based upon the wild and guilty superstition of an angel killing one in every Egyptian home, and passing over the homes of Israelites. My little circle of friends had been accustomed to the feast, long become merry, and I invited them to a wine-supper where we enjoyed ourselves. It was quite a simple affair."

CHAPTER XVIII

ADDENDA 1905, 1906.

THE Oxford scholars engaged in the Exploration of Egypt, principally Dr. Bernard Grenfell of Queen's College, and Dr. Arthur Hunt of Lincoln College, were rewarded in 1897 by the discovery on the site of Oxyrhynchus, one of the chief cities of ancient Egypt, of a page from a book containing some Sayings ascribed to Jesus. In 1903 their search was renewed with even greater success. These gentlemen have edited the papyri in a pamphlet of 45 pages, published for the Egypt Exploration Fund in 1904, with facsimiles of the inscriptions and English translations. From these I cite certain passages that impress me as presenting in a reflected way, though sometimes refracted, genuine utterances of Jesus. In reading the New Testament and these writings from the early centuries of our era it is important to remember that classical Greek had been a good deal modified. The word *basileia*, kingdom, for instance, had become very elastic and represented any kind of sway, so that the Cromwellians were not far wrong when they prayed, "Thy Commonwealth come!"

One of these sayings is:—

Jesus said, Thou hearest with one ear, but the other thou hast closed.

Still more striking is the following:—

Jesus said, Wherever there are two, they are not without God, and wherever there is one alone, I say, I am

with him. Raise the stone, and there thou shalt find me: cleave the wood, and there am I.

Does this mean that God is simply a collectivist term and conception, and that Jesus represents the interior individual mind? Also that he is found in the heart of him who has done hard work?

One of the fragments shows that in what Jesus said about the clothing of the lilies, and that "the life is more than the food, and the body more than raiment," he uttered something too startling to be canonically reproduced: —

Who could add to your stature? He himself will give you your garment. His disciples say unto him, when wilt thou be manifest to us, and when shall we see thee? He said, When ye shall be stripped and not be ashamed?[1]

The longest of the Sayings is considerably broken, and in giving it as conjecturally made out by Grenfell and Hunt I must express grave misgivings about the words they have supplied paranthetically: —

Jesus saith, (Ye ask? who are these) that draw us (to the kingdom, if) the kingdom is in Heaven? . . . the fowls of the air, and all beasts that are under the earth or upon the earth, and the fishes of the sea, (these are they which draw) you, and the Kingdom of Heaven is

[1] On this saying may be based a passage from an early Gospel according to the Egyptians referred to by Clement of Alexandria. It is quoted by the Oxford editors and suggests the process by which the celibacy of priest and nun was developed: —

Salome asked how long death would prevail. The Lord said, So long as ye women bear children. For I have come to destroy the works of the female. And Salome said to him, Did I therefore well in bearing no children? The Lord answered and said, Eat every herb, but eat not that which is bitterness. When Salome asked when those things about which she questioned should be made known, the Lord said, When ye trample upon the garment of shame; when the two become one, and the male with the female neither male nor female.

within you; and whoever shall know himself shall find it. (Strive therefore?) to know yourselves, and ye shall be aware that ye are the sons of the (almighty?) Father; (and?) ye shall know that ye are in (the city of God?) and ye are (the city?).

There is a notable absence from most of these newly discovered fragments of things post-resurrectional, and in them Jesus appears as an unworldly man of the world, original and witty, philosophical and profound, looking to the clearing away of oppressive prejudices rather than to any Utopia. In the second Epistle of Clement it is said that when Jesus was asked when his kingdom should come, he replied, "When the two shall be one, and the outside as the inside, and the male with the female neither male nor female." This appears to be a humorous way of saying *Never*.

I have little doubt that if these admirable Oxford scholars were permitted the free exploration of the Vatican library, and a few other guarded collections, they would find copies of the Aramaic and other lost Gospels. Meanwhile they may take to heart more literally than the rest of us two of the Sayings they have discovered: —

Jesus saith, Everything that is not before thy face and that which is hidden from thee shall be revealed to thee. For there is nothing hidden which shall not be made manifest, nor buried which shall not be raised.

Jesus saith, let not him who seeks . . . until he finds, and when he finds he shall be astonished; astonished he shall reach the kingdom, and having reached the kingdom he shall rest.

"He who knows only one religion knows none." This fine generalization of Max Müller I often recalled in the East, but oftener since my return. The oriental swaddling-

bands pressed to my eyes, I found that I had not really interpreted the religions around me at home, — in America and Europe, — and my little excursions, and my records of former excursions reread, were found to be continuations of my pilgrimage to the Wise Men of the East. The star that drew me thither had taken a purely human face, and when it led me back westward I could see in Christian sects not their creeds but solely the extent to which that human face was reflected in them.

Archbishop Manning gave in London a lecture on "Progress," which interested me a good deal. I had a pleasant feeling towards Manning because, when he was trying to have fountains provided throughout London, so that people should not be driven into the liquor shops by sheer thirst, he invited all the ministers in the city to meet him at the Archbishop's palace (plain as a Quaker meeting-house), and did not exclude even such a test of tolerance as myself. Not many ministers attended the assembly in the palace, but I did, and was pleased by the earnestness of Manning in the matter.

I never heard Manning preach, but in his lecture he made no effort at eloquence. His tall, thin form often moved backward and forward, but his face did not change, nor his voice, which was not entirely agreeable. His aim was simply to make a clear statement, and that it should be heard in every part of the hall. He began by relating as serious history a legend of Pope Hildebrand's boyhood. His father was a wood-cutter, and once when the lad was cutting a tree the flying chips shaped themselves into letters and into this sentence: *Regnabit ex mare ad mare.* It was the prophetic sign of his destiny — to reign from sea to sea — and steadily fulfilled. That, declared the Archbishop, was progress, and all progress means sim-

ply the fulfilment of the pointings of Providence. That masses of people and their leaders should pursue their interests and follow their ambitions was natural, but not progress; it might indeed be retrogression. It was a suggestive line of thought, but it affected me strangely that a man should be trained amid the modern culture and science of England to find the salient example of the world's progress in the development of the temporal power of the Church — visibly crumbling under the Archbishop's eyes.

The régime Hildebrand of centuries having terminated, and the Catholic Church having been set on the way of depending on its merits, wherefore the hatred of it? Was not this sincere Archbishop, whose every physical and mental trait represented a distinct individual evolution, — was he not a nobler figure than any conventionalized Protestant? At any rate, he had individuality enough to make his pilgrim-progress from his inherited to his genuine church.

My belief is that the persistent animosity against the Catholic Church in England and America is a Protestant heritage from Hildebrandism. Protestantism, having dropped the individual man from the cross, has made it the ensign of the most powerful race, and vowed that it shall reign from sea to sea. Trade travels with it, and pride of empire. The crucifix bars the way of the cross in many regions, and hatred of it is fostered in the democracy by constant and vivid descriptions of papal oppressions that have long ceased. It is terrible to think of the brutal disregard by the Protestant Hildebrand of all the tenderness and happiness intertwined with the ancient religions, and of the cost to the destroyers. When the cross reigns from sea to sea those who win that victory will have meanwhile become werewolves.

In September, 1904, I was requested by the American United Secularist Societies to represent them at the Congress of Freethinkers at Rome, and by the Committee of that International Congress I was requested to give before it an address on "Science and Dogma." My address was carefully translated into French in Paris, and part of it read to the Congress by my friend, John M. Robertson, M. P., — my successor at South Place Chapel, — as I could not trust my French pronunciation nor my ability to deal with a crowd of nearly two thousand in the large hall provided for us by the Italian government. I had been especially warned by the fate of Haeckel, from whose large form sounds a feeble voice, and whose carefully prepared German speech was heard by few except those on the platform. The managers demanded that I should deliver an address in English, which I did; but it speedily became plain that the delegates from France, Italy, Spain, and most of those from Switzerland, had come simply for a demonstration in favour of the separation of Church and State. The careful studies of Haeckel and Robertson, and of the eloquent Chicago minister Mangasarian, like my discourse on "Science and Dogma," had to find their way into print as they could. The Church and State issue brought into play a party of Anarchists who wished to make their cause a rider on both free thought and separation. The Anarchists, however, were inferior in numbers to the Socialists, who silenced them and ultimately were themselves silenced when they tried to utilize the Congress for their propaganda.

The proceedings of the Congress, daily reported in a Catholic journal in a way fittest to horrify the Pope, culminated in a procession with banners to the monument of Bruno. My friend Robertson and myself did not march

with the procession, as we desired to see several collections, especially the Lateran, which we had been officially informed would be opened that day. But when we arrived at the door we found it closed. We managed to summon the janitor inside, who opened the little wicket and asked in Italian if we were pilgrims, — there being at the time a pilgrimage from some country in the city. Robertson said, "No," and imprudently showed our official ticket of admission to all such places. The wicket-slide was sharply closed in our faces, and we went off feeling that we had been consigned to Gehenna by order of the vicar of Christ.

There was little inconvenience in this exclusion to myself personally, for I had repeatedly explored Rome, but Robertson had not, and we had to soothe ourselves with the satisfaction of having celebrated the burning of Bruno by a little martyrdom of our own. There was some absurdity in my own case, as I had been the only member of the Congress who had warned the French, in my English speech, that after they had swept and garnished their house, before the mind of the masses was swept clear of superstitions, they would be likely to find their house entered by a combination of sects like that virtually established in America, and their last case be worse than the first.

One may hope, that now, when the political issue with Papacy is out of the arena in France, the many men and women of genius in that nation will be able to recognize more clearly the fine elements potential in their system, as they are recognized by a good many foreign rationalists who have never had cause for concern about the Pope. None of us, I suppose, who have been brought up under the paralyzing Sabbaths, the horrible dogmas, the undecorated church walls, and the unlovely deities of Protestant countries, have visited France without envying the people

their free and happy Sunday, their sweet feminine deity, their churches shining with saintly forms, their Universalist doctrine of Purgatory. As it is not to be supposed that the people generally will be transformed into Renans and Zolas, were it not well that the great scholars and writers of France should recognize that the disestablishment of a world of religious usages and habits evolved through many ages is impossible, but that it is not impossible by sympathetic art to cultivate the good seeds in any system. It is by human art that briers have been changed to roses and these to many-leaved roses, and finally to thornless roses.

A good many years of my ministerial life were passed in the development of Theism as opposed to Christianity. This was largely because Christianity as a system is sectarian; it demands the exclusion of all other religions as untrue and needing to be supplanted and destroyed. The most vulgar and ignorant Christian must confront a Confucius, a Zoroaster, a Buddha, with, so to say, a holier-than-thou attitude. The work of social humanization is thereby confined to Christendom at most, and the system tends to degeneration within because many of the learned and thinking do not believe in it and withdraw from it, and their leaven of sweetness and light is lost. My belief is that the real faith of educated Christendom is deism. That which so many of us contended for seems to be in a sense triumphant, but for myself it has come in a dogmatic form, turning to ashes on my lips.

Christ Jesus at any rate carries flesh and blood into the godhead. But who or what is this cosmic, creative, omnipotent, overruling force responsible for everything in this unlovable universe? A French author, deeply interested in religion, recently travelled about France interviewing

people of every rank and condition about their religious ideas. One incident was an exchange of question and answer with a poor woman hard at work. "May I ask what is your idea of God?" "He has never shown any concern about me, and I don't see why I should concern myself about him." Probably in the little shanty of this humble woman there looked from the wall a holy mother and babe or a crucified friend, and the simple reply she gave held in it the secret of those tender divinities. So did mankind turn from the cold and distant deities, unconcerned about their agonies, to weak and sorrowful deities compassionately regarding them. They love him because he first loved them.

The primitive Hindu cosmic Pantheism broke up gradually into multitudinous divinities, so that each heart and home can cherish its ideal being.

One Sunday evening in Paris I went to the Gaiété-Montparnasse, a cheap popular theatre, and witnessed a spectacular *revue* in which local events are ridiculed or celebrated in travesty, tableau, and dance. It was all pretty and musical, but a succession of trivial jests and scenes, some of them audacious. In one scene a repulsive tramp appears and informs the gaily dressed commère and compère of the repairs on a bridge which deprive him of his only sleeping place under one of its arches. A wretched woman then enters and complains of some other repairs which deprived her of her chief haunt. The compère and commère shrink away from the brazen woman and the thief. Then slowly moving from behind the scene appears the white-robed Jesus. The vast audience, which had been roaring with laughter and at times calling out to favourite figurantes, suddenly, on the appearance of

"Le Christ," was breathlessly silent. Jesus — a beautiful figure — standing between the man and woman, said to the audience, "These are the people you create by your passions and your selfishness, and then shrink from!" In this grave way he began, with low voice, but gradually his words grew passionate, his rebuke of inhumanity pathetic and almost intoned. Then he paused, and silently moving towards the miserable two placed his arms around their necks and between them slowly walked off the stage. That was the end. The curtain fell. But the crowd would not leave. After a few moments of awed silence they shouted "Le Christ! Le Christ!" so long that the curtain rose again and the white-robed figure was seen again gazing on the tramp and the hag — who at first had been brazen but now hung their heads.

That Jesus from a Montparnasse manger was not forgettable like the automatic Christ at Oberammergau. His raiment and parted flowing hair were just artistically conventional enough for recognition by all. He recited no text, made no allusion to the sins of ancient tribes, but without cant spoke to the Latin Quarter, and touched every heart by a simple appeal for justice and consideration for all, however degraded.

My English or American reader may feel that the introduction of Jesus amid such frivolity was objectionable. But my companions — John and Kate Macdonald, serious English writers — felt with me that much of the charm was due to contrast with the caricatures and sparkling audacities of the *revue*. The aged Faust in his cloister, on Easter Day, hears the young people outside singing "Christ is risen!" and reflects that they themselves have risen, — out of their hovels and workshops, — and will have the holiday frolic. The Gaiété-Montparnasse was

crowded with the poor, who for that glad Sunday evening had risen from the dens of drudgery and seen beautiful actresses and costumes, and heard merry songs, and it was fitting that the humanly haloed man should be there to remind each that he or she must diffuse gladness, and press no thorns on any head.

Jesus will remain in the popular mind and share its development, whether upward or downward. The "bon sansculotte" of the Revolution, bringing not peace but a sword, the carpenter, the communist, the hater of priesthood, as may be demanded politically, he will also be ideally the holy babe in every mother's arms, the bringer of peace on earth and good will to men, the saviour of the suffering and the fallen. The higher criticism will never reach the Jesus of popular imagination; the ideal has struck too deep — it has been adopted by the law of natural selection. We can hope to make it more and more a source of justice, kindness, and happiness.

And even in the legends that seem to sceptics cruel the human heart often hives sweetness. One of my pilgrimages was to the Salpetrière hospital in Paris, under the guidance of a specialist in epilepsy. The cases in which I was interested were those of which I had heard as of a religious type. These were all women and of the humble class. One I saw, as we passed through their ward, sitting with uplifted eyes and clasped hands, as if in beatitude. The most interesting case was that of a comely woman who once every week underwent a sort of crucifixion. This I did not witness, but the physician described it and gave me photographs representing every stage of the strange convulsion. The crucifixion generally lasted three hours, but sometimes nearly all day, — and during the time the woman's attitude reproduced closely the conventional pic-

ture of the churches. Even one foot was placed upon the other and there rigidly remained as if a spike were driven through the two. When I expressed some horror that the young woman should undergo such agony the physician told me that my sympathy was misplaced. When she first came she had lain in the rigid attitude over four hours, then waked as from a dream, and exclaimed: "Where am I? I have been so happy up there! It was so beautiful!" When asked what she had seen, she answered: "I was in heaven amid dazzling light. There was a meadow and little St. John with curly sheep. There were shining diamonds, pictures, stars of all colours. Our Lord had long chestnut hair, curling, and a grand red beard. He is beautiful, large, strong, all in gold. The holy Virgin is in silver. Our Lord spoke to me but I cannot remember his words. I did not answer him, for I was dumb."

Such was the bliss going on four hours under an exterior of protracted agony. In such a type, as through a small crevice, one may see, down a long vista of self-inflicted martyrdoms, the evolution of the cult of pain and sorrow as the portal to paradise. The Hindu saying was, "Cool to the widow's breast is the flame of her husband's pyre." But the widow-burning has ceased, and human sacrifices seem to be now confined to Christendom. "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins" is the consecration of all violence, — war, lynchings, revolutions. In social life educated people do not sacrifice themselves really, but many of them have a notion that "crosses" are good for the masses to bear, and hence the weekly epileptic crucifixion of England and America on the Sabbath.[1]

[1] France, too, has now (1906) adopted a hebdomaire day of rest from labour, — from noon Sunday to noon Monday, — obligatory on employers. But every individual is free to work or play during that time, and indeed

If some of the violent invective ascribed to Christ were genuine there would be some ground for the charge of casting out devils by Beelzebub. It is not, however, in language but in spirit and method that the possessed and the prepossessed are made manifest. I had a talk with the famous communist Louise Michel after her return from exile. In her homely and stormbeaten countenance the look of the beatified epileptic was visible in perfect sweetness, but in her pleading for a socialism involving the destruction of Christianity the crucified epileptic was apparent. Kropotkin and Gorki, in Russia, and the Socialists everywhere are labouring for the early Christian commune and millennium under an antichristian flag. They would take it by violence. They would seat on the throne of Authority a multi-million-armed despotism of masses under which individual liberty would be impossible.[1]

the main object of the new law is to enable the workpeople to enjoy the Sunday theatres and the sports.

[1] A French journal, referring (1906) to the so-called "revolution" in Russia, said: "There is too much Tolstoi in the Russian masses and too much Nietsche in their masters." Tolstoi, while rejecting the Apostles' Creed, has with apostolic fervour insisted on the primitive communism which is the corrollary of that creed. He has raised before the ignorant masses visions which cannot be realized without every owner of property falling like Ananias and Sapphira. It is doubtful if Tolstoi himself is not keeping back part of the price! Being a man of peace he is appalled by the violence caused by his retention of a primitive communism which is an integral part of the miraculous system he rejects. The great writer has sadly misled the youth everywhere who having abandoned old creeds still long to believe in something. Among the instances I have personally known one is that of a young woman who belonged to South Place Society, London. In one of my discourses I alluded to the ancient notion that the Holy Ghost never pardoned. The sin of Ananias and Sapphira was not, as Peter explained, keeping their property but "lying to the Holy Ghost." The woman waited for me at the chapel door; she was ready to give up the whole New Testament except part of Acts iv and v. She believed herself a freethinker, but that Ananias and Sapphira perished,

Guizot described himself as a republican who believed in no republic. "The republic begins with Plato and ends in the policeman."

This policeman, who metes out to every citizen his measure of freedom and thraldom, is the ignorant, vulgar creature of the many-headed mediocrity around him. He is the agent of the aggregate apehood surviving in human society in their determination that no variation shall be tolerated.

Goldwin Smith fears that the decay of faith may be followed by a decline of morality, but my old friend may depend on the policeman for the protection of the virtues of mediocrity, especially from those who would elevate or liberalize them. The grand publicist of Toronto belongs to a generation whose standard of morality demanded self-truthfulness, — independence in thought, speech, and action, — justice, — protection of the weak and lowly, — defence of peace. It is buried in the graves of Boers, Filipinos, lynched negroes, — beyond the reach of help or harm.

Were my public ministry to begin again, I should assume that the old theological ideas exist no more in minds capable of ideas, but make for the nests in which the ova of defunct superstitions are bred into living wrongs. These nests are in the nerves, in timid complaisance, in the torpor of habit, the dread of isolation, which lead the leaders to a conformity with the ritual of human sacrifice. For every sacrifice is a human sacrifice, — be it sacrifice of reason, veracity, moral freedom, pleasure, happiness, or of the senses, — and implies a low and mean conception

justly albeit mysteriously, for the unspeakable crime of keeping back money pledged to their commune. She never entered my chapel again.

of deity. "I am come to end the sacrifices," said Jesus. They are offerings to Abaddon — to Wrath. Love needs no conciliation.

Is there no courageous young orator in the orthodox pulpit to take up this recovered Gospel of Jesus? It does not require a whip of small cords, — there are no animals to be driven from the temple, — but it is human beings who need the bringer of tidings of Joy. The other day a young and valiant Presbyterian in America, of poetic insight and fine culture, Van Dyke by name, confronted and with soft invincibility led out of that Confession a dogma of predestination which had preyed vampire-like on the hearts of parents and children for eight generations. A revolution gentle as that of the earth passing from winter snows to summer blossoms, a victory in which the wintry antagonists are equally victorious, is a shining revelation in our dark time of the strength that dwells in a right and true man inspired by a longing to save human souls from real and present torments.

Now let a chorus be heard in the churches, — stop the sacrifices! Cease to immolate one seventh of human time to the sabbath idol! Unbind those hearts fettered on the marriage altar by chains forged out of antiquated notions of divorce! Stop beating that child with a rod from some ancient proverb, instructing him to beat others smaller than himself! Cease to sacrifice social welfare and justice to a barbaric text enjoining the punishment of a murderer by imitating him! Cease to call love and generosity "self-sacrifice," — sweep all these sacrificial savageries out of good hearts and healthy minds, and out of our language, so that the woman may find fair measures of honest meal in which to mingle her leaven of civilization! There is no other hope of a better world.

One of the "Cowley Brothers" at Poonah, India, — Mr. Congreve, — is reported as preaching a new doctrine called "Self-anatomization." The indefiniteness of the phrase is definitive, in a sense: such familiar phrases as "self-examination," "self-denial," "self-sacrifice," could only have been set aside for some new variety of self-immolation. But after all, why call these investments of bodily health and pleasure for splendid futures, — why call them "self-sacrifice?" The ancient Hindus offered sacrifices to placate one or another adversary of man, — or what may be plainly called devils, — and it is a strange anomaly that learned Anglicans should be the first to carry to India a deity demanding sacrifices of human happiness!

The old Methodist aim was to secure the bliss of souls, not only in another world but in this, and we used to consider every sermon good that elicited joyful exclamations. I remember preaching on the anecdote of a sceptic who found a negro woman — a slave — singing a hymn loudly while at work. "What are you singing for, aunty?" he asked. "'Cause Jesus make my soul happy." "Soul! why you have n't any soul, — nobody has." "Well, massa, Jesus make my body happy."

The Christmas carol heard in childhood — the angel's song —

> Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
> To you and all mankind —

gave me a standard of every religion; and having detached Catholicism from all political questions, I long ago found that there was in it as a faith more sunshine than in the average Protestantism.

Nathaniel Hawthorne's notes in Rome reveal himself as a figure striking as any novel he ever wrote. He had

been so crushed by the cruelty of his ancestors in New England to Quakers and "witches" that, except at his marriage, he could never be persuaded to enter a church in America. In Rome he sees religion illustrated by art and laments that "Protestantism should have entirely laid aside this method of appealing to the religious sentiment." He seems unable, however, to recognize the Madonna. In the Sistine Chapel he is troubled by Michel Angelo's Last Judgment. "Above sits Jesus, not looking in the least like the Saviour of the world, but, with uplifted arm, denouncing eternal misery on those whom He came to save. I fear I am myself among the wicked, for I found myself inevitably taking their part, and asking for at least a little pity, some few regrets, and not such a stern, denunciatory spirit on the part of Him who had thought us worth dying for." Hawthorne is consoled at Florence by the Jesus of Fra Angelico's "Last Judgment."

"Above sits Jesus, with the throng of blessed saints around Him, and a flow of tender and powerful love in His own face, that ought to suffice to redeem all the damned, and convert the very fiends, and quench the fires of hell. At any rate, Fra Angelico had a higher conception of his Saviour than Michel Angelo."

New England Protestantism had not only deprived Hawthorne — its first imaginative genius — of the pictorial gospel which alone could move him, but of the eyes for interpreting the heart of that gospel when at fifty-eight it was before him. For the soul of Michel Angelo's Last Judgment is not the wrathful judge, but his mother, full of compassion, restraining the wrath. Protestantism had eliminated the Madonna but gradually transferred her compassionateness to Jesus, whose feminine face and hair are conventionalized in modern pictures. And after

looking at Fra Angelico's picture of the Last Judgment, blessing those on his right, Hawthorne does not doubt that the benignity includes the damned. That was quite in accord with the Jesus of New England Universalism, and Hawthorne had no eyes to see or even look for the conpanion picture near by in which Fra Angelico painted Jesus turning to the wicked on the left, his face distorted with anger.

Critics may doubt whether Jesus was the son of Mary, but it is certain that the gentle and loving and humane Jesus is the child of the Madonna. It is she who has given cultured Protestantism eyes unable, like Hawthorne's, to see a Christ crying, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire," and "He that hath no sword let him sell his cloak and buy one," and "I came not to send peace but a sword." It is not "Higher Criticism" that has divested Jesus of such trappings of ancient war-gods, but the Madonna.

Calvin and Luther and John Knox, and the Puritans in England and America, instead of building up their revolution against Papacy on the maternal and feminine principle, restored the throne of the man of war, Jehovah, and set forth the Old Testament with its ferocities as the word of God. The innumerable wars followed and the nations organized by and for bloodshed and conquest. Civilization means the boundless domination over the earth. Those who regard all this as retrogression, deterioration, and the spread of misery, are still not left helpless and hopeless. For woman, with her leaven of love, her beauty and charm, is still in the earth, and by her exclusion from armies, navies, political functions and ecclesiastical shams is enabled to build beautiful homes and happy societies. These Madonnas of everyday life have

steadily humanized their Christ, and in the cloister as well as in worldly society a force finer than that called virile is steadily evolved.

I visited the ancient Convent of Marmoutier near Tours, mainly to see the graves of the Seven Sleepers. I carried a good note of introduction, and an Irish lady came out to be my guide. She was only about thirty, but, as I understood, the abbess of the English-speaking sisters of the convent. She was large and handsome, also cheerful and very intelligent. When we had passed through the beautiful garden and grounds to the grotto with its seven coffin-shaped open and empty graves she told me their local version of the legend: the earlier legend of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus had travelled into central France in the form of pilgrims from the East who came to see St. Martin, who gave them the sacrament, which when they died preserved their bodies from decay. I was careful not to inquire too far, but looked up from the empty graves to the active woman before me, who — as I well knew by two summers passed in that neighbourhood — represented a Sisterhood sleeplessly watching over all sufferers around them. I spoke to her of the noble services rendered by her ladies two or three years before to the wounded soldiers, both French and German, and to the suffering families of that region. She gave me some account of the terrible trials they had passed through, with the rough soldiers passing about their grounds, but never rough enough, it seemed, to invade the asylum of the Sisterhood. The wounded man, however rough, was sacred enough to be nursed by these refined Samaritaines. The abbess appeared beside the seven graves as a Sleeping Beauty very wide awake.

It was from the threshold of Marmoutier that Peter

the Hermit made his appeal for the Crusades, and in the centuries the convent had become famous as an asylum of Peace. In parting from this attractive lady she said, perhaps with reference to some remark of mine (which I forget): "This is an abode of happiness; every hour brings us a task we love, and we continually offer thanks for our happiness in having such a home, and such constant opportunities for charity and helpfulness."

The belligerent Christ of the Crusades has no part in the ideal of the humble and the cultured Catholics of our time, but the feminine heart cannot adore a feminine divinity alone. One finds in the pious meditations of Madame Guion, Madame Adorna, and other devout and refined Catholic women, a Jesus and Madonna combined in an incarnation of blended force and gentleness to which the modern Christian rationalism has steadily led the pews, if not yet the pulpits, of nearly all Protestant churches. Many years ago I picked up somewhere a copy of the New York "Catholic World" (xx, 665) and copied from it an anonymous poem: —

Friend, the way is steep and lonely,
Thickly grows the rue;
All around are shadows only:
May I walk with you?

Not too near — for oh! your going
Is upon the heights
Where the airs of heaven are blowing
Through the morning lights.

Dare I brush the dews that glisten
All about your feet?
Can I listen where you listen,
Meet the sights you meet?

Not too far — I faint at missing
You from out my way —
Vain is then the glory kissing
All the peaks of day:

Vain are all the laughing showers
Leading on the Spring,
All the Summer green and flowers,
All the birds that sing.

At your side my way is clearest:
Tell me I may stay!
Not too far — and yet, my dearest,
Not too far away.

It is said that Jesus in a crowd once paused and said, "Who touched me?" Through the miraculous veil one may discern the sensitive man who could distinguish the lightest caress from all accidental touches. Amid the multitudinous throng in New York crying, "Lord, Lord," to a conventionalized Jesus there may be recognized in the above poem one who really touched him. I feel certain that it is the song of a Madonna who had spiritually conceived and borne and exalted above herself, *but not too far*, a Son of the universal motherhood. For her "Friend" is not commonplace nor conventional, but an original and genuine expression of that force which a great man of science, W. K. Clifford, enunciated in a lecture in London which filled me with emotion when I heard it, and in which my old age now finds one of the few contemporary evangels and prophecies which survive my many vanished illusions: —

In this principle (evolution) we must recognize the mother of life, and especially of human life, powerful enough to subdue the elements, and yet always working gently against them; biding her time in the whole ex-

panse of heaven, to make the highest cosmos out of inorganic chaos; the actor, not of all the actions of living things, but only of the good actions; for a bad action is one by which the organism tends to be less organic, and acts for a time as if inorganic. To this mother of life, personifying herself in the good works of humanity, it seems to me we may fitly address a splendid hymn of Mr Swinburne's ("Mater Triumphalis"): —

Mother of man's time-travelling generations,
Breath of his nostrils, heart-blood of his heart,
God above all Gods worshipped of all nations,
Light above light, law beyond law, thou art.

Thy face is as a sword smiting in sunder
Shadows and chains and dreams and iron things;
The sea is dumb before thy face, the thunder
Silent, the skies are narrower than thy wings.

All old grey histories hiding thy clear features,
O secret spirit and sovereign, all men's tales,
Creeds woven of men thy children and thy creatures,
They have woven for vestures of thee and for veils.

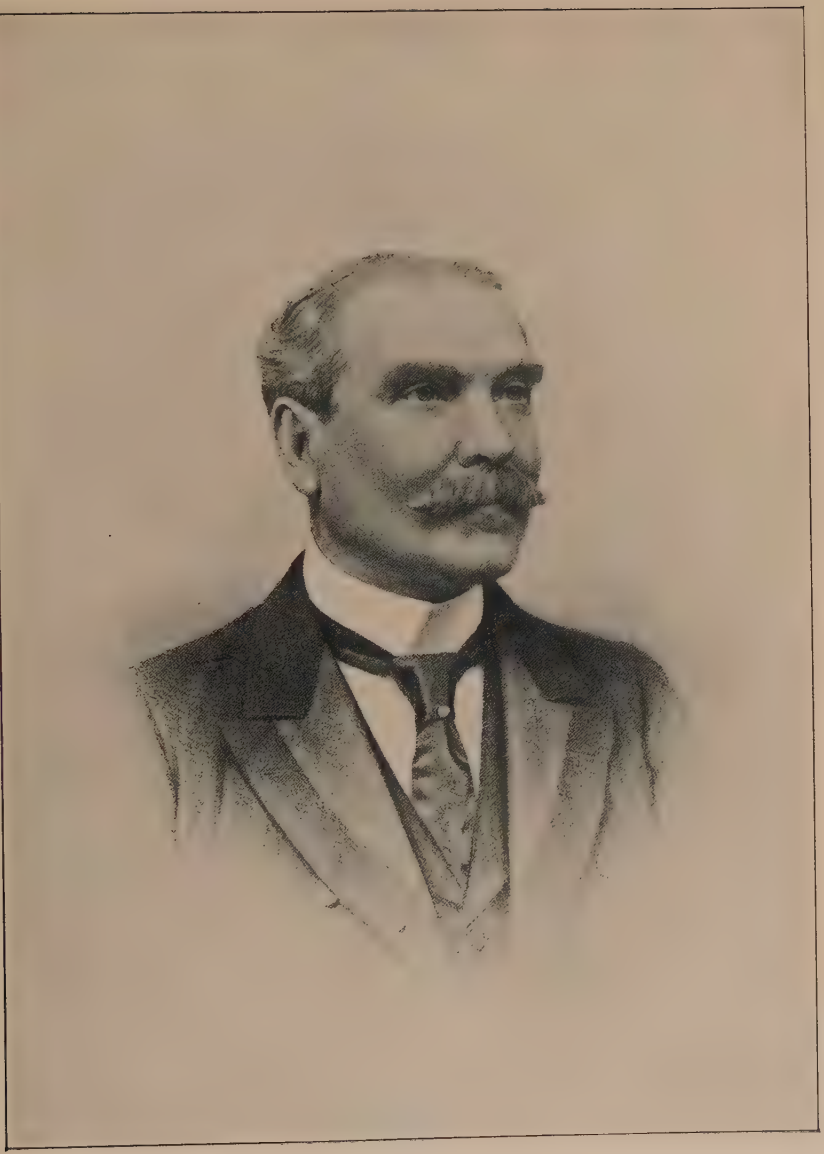
Thine hands, without election or exemption,
Feed all men fainting from false peace or strife,
O thou, the resurrection and redemption,
The godhead, and the manhood, and the life!

In the recently discovered Gospel of Peter it is said that Jesus in dying cried, "My power, my power, why hast thou forsaken me?" It is not likely, as Professor Estlin Carpenter says in his able work on the Synoptics, that any disciple would invent such a cry of despair from his dying master. There are indeed various indications in the New Testament that Jesus tried to escape from the mobs, and the termination of his life when it was just unfolding must have been bitter indeed. But it is to be hoped that his last days were not haunted by any fear

that his ghost would appear and unsay all that he had taught. For it is certain that side by side with the beautiful and humane teachings which I have quoted, others are ascribed to him which deny every one of them. His "power" passed into the hands of the deified forces of predatory Nature, and the still small voice of Jesus is drowned by the dogmas born of volcano and lightnings.

It is terrible to consider how hard it is to nurse any brierless rose of religious faith in a world where the cruel phenomena of hereditary diseases, the fatal and never-ending consequences of even small errors, the indiscriminate sufferings of both innocent and guilty, proclaim so loudly a creative Demiurgos. An eminent Unitarian preacher, teaching unweariedly that God is Love, relates the following incident: "One day a lady in Boston came to me, a member of the Old South Church, one of the finest and richest churches in Boston. She belonged to the best society. She was cultivated and intelligent; and she sat down beside me, and said, 'Mr. Savage, won't you tell me what you believe?' I told her. When I was through, she said, 'I would give the world if I dared to believe as you do.' Then she added, 'How do I know, after all, how can I be sure, that there is no such God in the universe as I have been taught to believe in? and if there is, I am afraid of him.'"

The ages of Christian theology had brought this Boston lady to the mental condition of some of the aboriginal tribes of India. The Santals, who know not distinctions of caste nor polygamy, and respect women, cannot, says Sir William Hunter, imagine "one omnipotent and beneficent deity, who watches over mankind." A Santal said to an eloquent missionary who had discoursed of the Christian God, "What if that Strong One should eat me?"



SIR WILLIAM W. HUNTER

My friend Henri Monod of Paris told me of a little girl who said to her mother, — "Mamma, if the good God and the devil were both dead I would feel more tranquil." She was brought up a Catholic, and her case — as she was still taught to believe in a devil — was happier than the Boston lady trained to believe in one single omnipotent creator responsible for all the evils and agonies proceeding from his creation. Of such a dread power why should a sweet and tender woman not be afraid?

From such deities Buddha and Confucius and Zoroaster and Jesus led their friends, and in America Emerson led the descendants of the terrible Calvinist deity in the same direction by calling them to the religion of their own hearts. When I was studying in the Unitarian Divinity School, Cambridge (Massachusetts), I occasionally went to preach in the temporarily vacant Unitarian pulpit at Plymouth. The church was the ancient foundation of the Pilgrims, and I never entered it without a feeling of exaltation. The prickly Calvinistic cactus planted there in 1621 had then budded into the beautiful faith of Channing and was finally flowering in the idealism of Emerson! Emerson had married a Plymouth lady and had warm friends there; among these being Mrs. Lucia Briggs, who stands in my memory as a humanized saint, — sympathetic and individual, serene and smiling, cultured and simple. "She is one of the precious persons," said Emerson, when I spoke of her, but I did not know then that he had been an influence in her life. In a book written by her son, "Routine and Ideals," appears a letter of Emerson to little Lucia at Plymouth, aged thirteen, which contains a paragraph not surpassed by any saying of the haloed sages: —

I would gladly know what books Lucia likes to read when nobody advises her, and most of all what her thoughts are when she walks alone or sits alone. For, though I know that Lucia is the happiest of girls in having in her sister so wise and kind a guide, yet even her aid must stop when she has put the book before you; neither sister nor brother nor mother nor father can think for us; in the little private chapel of your own mind none but you can know the happy thoughts that follow each other, the beautiful affections that spring there, the little silent hymns that are sung there at morning and at evening. And I hope that every sun that shines, every star that rises, every wind that blows upon you will only bring you better thoughts and sweeter music.

Here, then, I find the inscription on my final shrine. After voyaging around the world and visiting many temples I come at last to the "little private chapel in my own mind," where the ideals are small but intimate and the services lowly but loving.

Many years ago an American spoke to me after my discourse at South Place Chapel, London, and asked me to call on him at his hotel. He was gentlemanly and attractive, and invited me so earnestly that I complied. It was a fashionable hotel and he received me in a fine large room. A table was covered with large drawings and designs of an invention this American had made for tunnelling mountains. He showed me clearly that a mountain could be perforated with far less cost in money, time, and labour, and he enumerated the mountain chains still separating nations and peoples, impeding commerce and civilization, rendering impossible the "federation of the world." Some London engineers and men of wealth were interested in his invention, and a syndicate would be formed. He did not require any help from me, but having listened to my discourse thought I would be interested in

his invention. I was indeed interested, and hoped to hear from him again, but did not, and the matter passed from my mind.

Years later I was accosted by a stranger near King's Cross, a haggard man in threadbare coat, who said pleasantly, "You do not remember me, but you came to see me once at Charing Cross Hotel." "Ah, yes, you had an invention of some kind, what came of it?" "Well, the capitalists would not go into it, but I have another invention now, — I wish you would let me show it to you." "I can go now." I followed the inventor to a poor lodging-house near by, felt my way through the narrow passages and up the creaking stairways to a dingy little attic, with cot and two wooden chairs. There he showed me his new invention, — a little machine for sharpening knives and forks.

Pathetic comedies are not rare in London, so I soon forgot the inventor. I never saw him again and do not remember his name, but in later years think of him. Could I meet him to-day I would take that man by the hand and say, "Brother, we are in the same case. I too started out with my invention for tunnelling barriers between races and nations and promoting universal peace and fraternity; but I have come down to something small, — not exactly sharpening knives and forks, possibly less useful. I am now content if I can win a smile to the faces that surround me, or bring a little cheer to homes that look to me for help."

As I write this in the happy home of my daughter Mildred and her husband, in New York, the midnight chimes are ringing in Christmas, 1905. My devoted two children and children-in-law do all that affection can to withdraw me from memories of the bereavement we suffered in the

death of their mother on Christmas day, 1897. The Christmas tree is dressed for the little children, although none of us believe in any supernatural birth. The human Jesus is with us in human kindness, and the house is full of the odour of the love poured out from our little alabaster boxes to gladden the hearts that surround us.

In a sentence preserved by Hippolytus from a lost Gospel of St. Thomas, Jesus says, "He who seeks me shall find me in children from seven years old."

In a newly discovered *logia* Jesus says, "I stood in the midst of the world . . . and found all men drunken, and none found I athirst among them, and my soul grieves over the sons of men because they are blind in the hearts and see not" — The rest of the papyrus is broken. My conjecture is that Jesus felt that his efforts to reform mankind had failed, and that none were eager for the beatitude, "Happy are they that hunger and thirst for justice." (Even now Christians thirst so little for justice that they hide it under the mongrel "righteousness"!)

But with Jesus to the last were the women; and shall I forget that sweetest of all parables, the woman hiding her leaven in the measures of meal till the whole was raised? So long as the earth still produces lovely and loving women, one cannot despair of the happier world, that is not seen but is within every true and loving heart. In all the world loving women are bowing down before deities that seem to me loveless and heartless, but those hearts are still singing, "Jesus, lover of my soul." Deep beneath those maternal breasts is a potent alchemy like that which in the flower turns the foulest mud and slime at its root into purity and fragrance of lily and rose. It is said with some truth that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world; but it is not a visible rule, — not a rule

of which men may say, Lo here! lo there! Were woman to be withdrawn by public ambition from her realm of beauty and lowliness, she would be added to the measures of meal, but where would be the leaven?

O sisters, our sorest need is to end the Wrath by ending the sacrifices, as Jesus said, — like him to clear the temple of every victim. But that leaven, for which we must also with Jesus look to woman — constitutionally deriving happiness from giving rather than receiving — can reach the temple best by being hid in hearts and homes.

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